

FEBRUARY 1946

THE *Atlantic*



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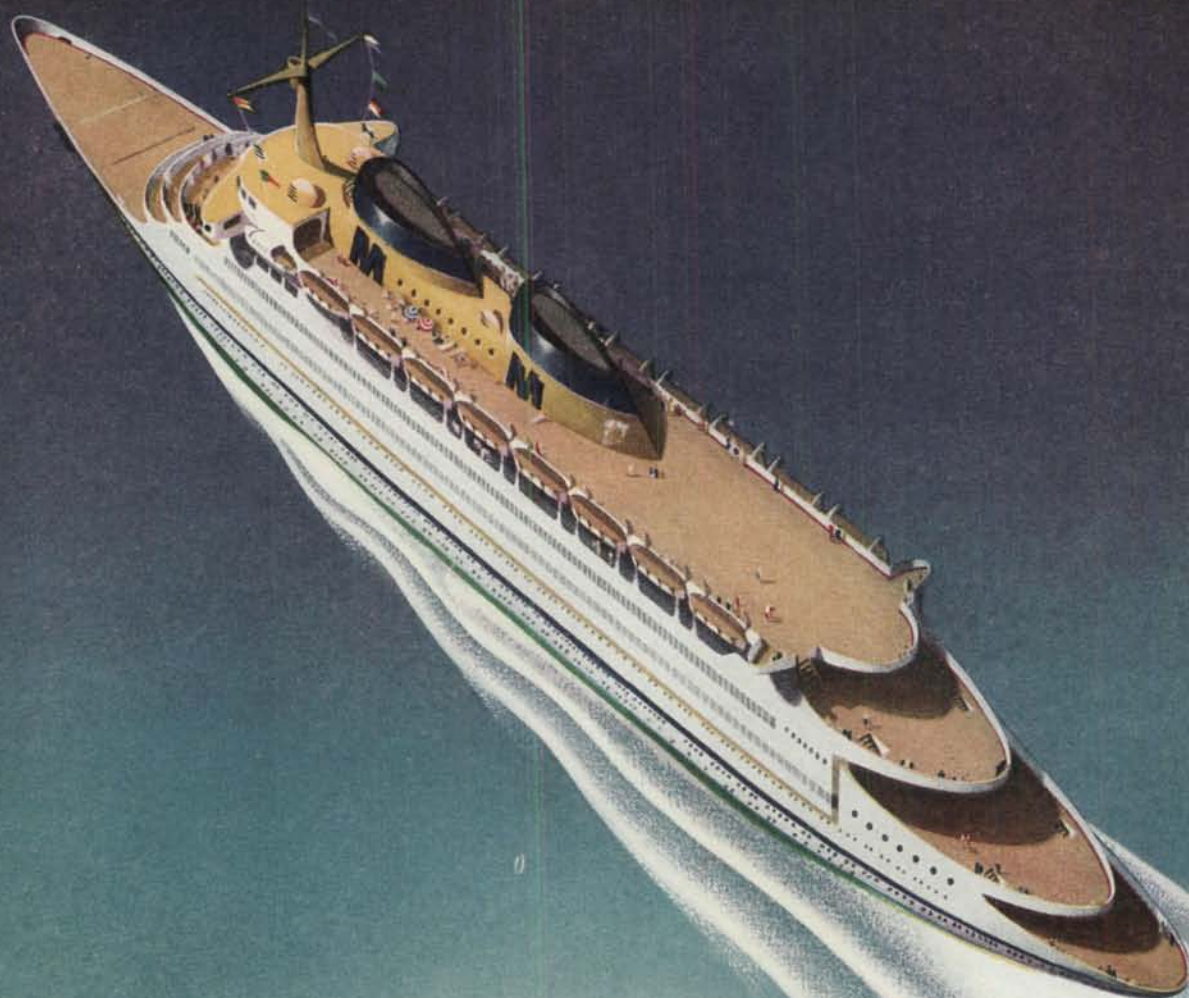
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

THE British Labor Government, after flirting with socialism, is now more boldly walking out with the girl. The affair has taken a more serious turn, including honorable intentions and all that, since the Government presented to Parliament the bill to nationalize the entire coal industry.

The bill charts the course for transforming the coal fields and all their appurtenances from private ownership to a modernized state enterprise. Coal is a problem with its own peculiarities in Britain, and this fact explains why a sector of the public which otherwise shrinks from socialism has welcomed the Government's coal legislation as a good beginning.

In proposing to take over the coal industry, the Government is legally adopting a pale, emaciated orphan. Production has sagged to 180 million tons a year from 230 millions in 1939. Coal supplies to factories are limited, and there is scarcely enough fuel for domestic use to keep people warm in the chill and fog. Miners are working hard at poor wages, and in six years their number has dropped from 766,000 to 697,000. Almost one fourth of the total labor force consists of men above the age of fifty.

Much of the machinery is antiquated. By giving priority to mechanization, the Government's bill shows enlightenment. Within five years the national treasury will lend up to 150 million pounds (about 600 million dollars) for equipping the mines with up-to-date installations. Only the state could have offered so large a sum. Upon this capital for technical improvement depends the industry's future.

Much more than comfortable homes and smoking chimneys is involved in this attempt to resurrect Britain's coal output. Full employment is at stake along almost the whole range of the nation's life. An ample surplus of coal for export has been a major

source of revenue enabling the British to pay for imports of essential food and raw material.

Coal has played a crucial part in British history. It was the center from which radiated the industrial revolution that reshaped the character of the country, marking the passage from feudalism to capitalism, just as it is now leading from capitalism towards socialism.

A National Coal Board

The new bill sets up a National Coal Board with nine members. The board will have three duties: working and getting the coal; developing the industry efficiently; and "making coal supplies available in such quantities and at such prices as may seem best calculated to further the public interest."

Until lately coal was just raw fuel. With the rise of new industries like synthetic rubber, oil, and plastics, the by-products of coal are surpassing the importance of coal as a generator of heat. In the coming years the state-owned coal mines of Britain will have to keep abreast of the new technological age.

The Coal Board will be appointed by the Minister of Fuel and Power and will be responsible to him. The Minister in turn must answer to Parliament, and Parliament to the people. Members of the Board are to be chosen for their experience and specialized qualifications, and will represent neither workers nor management. The bill suggests that the Government will tempt skilled engineers and other technicians to stay at their mining jobs or to enter this field as public servants.

Two councils will be created, one representing domestic consumers and the other industrial users. They will advise the Government on the quantity of coal needed, on prices, and on distribution.



Catherine de Medici said "Mmmmm!"

Catherine, it seems, was not quite so heartless a hostess as she was cracked up to be. She *did* serve an occasional cup of nice, hot poison. But most of her dinner guests fared very well indeed, for she fed them heaping dishes of a new delicacy — ice cream!

As brides will, Catherine brought favorite family recipes from Florence to her husband's court. One of them was for ice cream. And the novelty-loving French, unused to such a rare delight, promptly lapped it up!

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There is to be no confiscation. The Government offered the mine owners a lump sum of about 200 million pounds (roughly 800 million dollars), but they refused it. Instead of delaying the industry's nationalization until the owners' claims are settled, Emanuel Shinwell, the Fuel Minister, is going ahead with the transfer of mining properties to the state and has asked Parliament to pass the necessary law.

A tribunal of two Supreme Court judges and one accountant will fix the compensation. This state payment will indemnify the owners not only for the mines but also for ancillary property like coke ovens, freight cars, and existing stocks of coal and timber. The tribunal will assess the value of these assets at the sum those properties would realize if sold in the open market by a willing vendor to a willing buyer.

Compensation is to be paid in government stock, not cash. The present owners are to be reimbursed according to the annual revenue which the industry could reasonably be expected to maintain if it were not nationalized. The tribunal will fix the number of years for which the expected revenue will be capitalized.

Right and Left dissent

Conservative opponents of the bill are singling out for attack the payment of stock instead of cash as compensation. More particularly they are criticizing the bill's provision enabling the Government to forbid coal companies to buy or sell such stock. Apparently the Government fears that open trading in this stock would attract money otherwise available to purchase new government securities. The Government's proposed right to restrict the marketing of this compensation stock is denounced on behalf of the investors by the weekly *Economist* as "monstrous tyranny."

The whole "willing seller-willing buyer" basis for the compensation scheme is under fire from the leftists, who denounced it as meeting the capitalists on their own terms. Leftist critics maintain that the scheme creates a precedent for other industries earmarked for nationalization. They say, "Let the Government establish a fair return for the small investors, and to hell with the rich owners."

Parliament will debate and pass the law nationalizing the coal industry amid a flood of other legislative business. Approval (muttered through clenched teeth) of the American loan to Britain and of the Bretton Woods Monetary Agreements, just before the Christmas recess, freed the House of Commons for tasks among which socialist measures will become more conspicuous.

Britain gags on American credit

Of the British attitude toward the United States credit, one of the truest comments was that British

opinion is divided between those who believe the Anglo-American financial deal is a necessary evil and those who believe it is an evil. Once the British negotiators in Washington had won the best terms obtainable, the majority in Parliament reluctantly approved. The House of Lords might have tried to reverse the decision if it had not feared that this act would precipitate a crisis threatening the very existence of the upper chamber.

For Parliament to have rejected the loan, it was said, would have opened a trade war between the sterling bloc and the dollar, and would have endangered Anglo-American friendship. What was less often admitted was that without this American help Britain would be doomed to a bleak living standard for more years than it cared to contemplate. Britain simply had to have enough dollars to buy American food, materials, and the machinery needed for industrial reconversion. She could not afford to reject the loan.

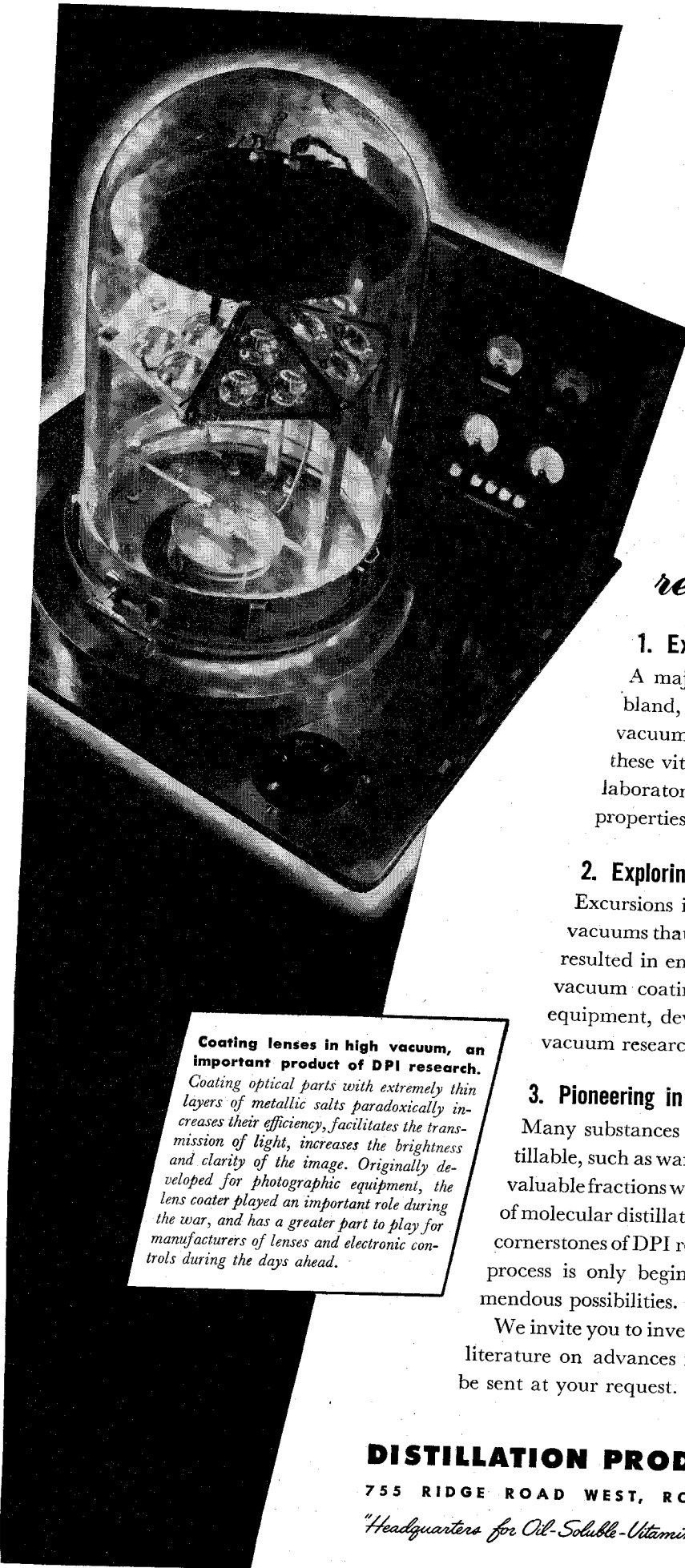
Informed criticism was not aimed at the terms of the loan. The \$3,750,000,000 of new money at what will amount to 1.63 per cent interest for fifty-five years, combined with Britain's right to waive interest payments in bad trade years — all this was acknowledged to be generous.

There were those who argued that America ought to have given an interest-free loan because Britain had lost one fourth of her total national wealth in our common war. But a ready answer to this was the renunciation by the United States of all but 650 million dollars in payment of the 15 billion dollars of Lend-Lease supplies to the United Kingdom.

British teeth were set against a promise not to restrict imports of any commodity from the United States unless British imports from the Commonwealth are proportionately cut. Critics also stressed that American tariffs, even after an all-round reduction, would remain higher than those of Britain and other countries. Financial writers insisted that the very conditions imposed on Britain make certain her future default on this new debt.

Conservatives recoiled from American dictation of British economic relations with the Empire and with the world generally. Socialists resented a return to what they consider an unplanned competitive policy and outworn free-trade practices which clash with state-managed economy.

Before the loan agreement, the Government had announced that Britain, to get back on her feet, must raise her exports 50 per cent beyond their 1938 volume. The obligation to repay the American loan with interest is said to make a 75 per cent increase imperative. To reach that target, it is estimated that Britain would have to capture and hold 40 per cent



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The Parliamentary debate and the press persuaded most Britons that the entire American credit will be exhausted swiftly and that Britain has bought a short breathing space at a steep price. Talk in the lobby of the Commons suggested a revolt of the British colony against its American sugar daddy. The London *Economist*, remarking that beggars cannot be choosers, added, "But they can by long tradition put a curse on the ambitions of the rich."

The international horizon clears

Meanwhile the gloom which has overcast international politics since the collapse of the conference of the five Foreign Ministers in London on October 2 has been partly lifted by the results of the Byrnes-Molotov-Bevin Christmas meeting in Moscow. Except for those who in advance see a sellout to the Bolsheviks whenever Great Britain and the United States take their seats at a table with the Russians, British opinion has welcomed the Moscow agreements as easing a tense world situation.

Admittance of the Soviet Union to a share in the control of Japan was bound to provoke less concern in Britain than in the United States, because the British are less interested in Japan than are the Americans. Even before going to Moscow, Bevin had privately expressed the view that United States domination in Japan was the principal cause of Russia's growing distrust; and if America was willing to yield a point to Russia there, why should Britain object?

Britain's desire to limit the spread of Soviet influence in Asia as well as in Europe has not prevented the British from questioning the wisdom of United States policy in Japan. The London *Times* expressed an opinion that a number of people hold when it mentioned the weakness of the American policy, which is attempting "a moral and material revolution in Japan through the present governing classes. So long as they remain in power, the social system for which they stand will endure."

What is the use, it is asked, of depriving Shintoism of its status as a state religion, if the practice of this religion continues to inculcate obedience to the Emperor and the myth of racial superiority, which are the most formidable obstacles to democracy in Japan?

The decision of the three Foreign Ministers in Moscow to restart preparation of the European peace treaties on a pattern combining Soviet and American proposals for procedure was accepted in Britain as common sense. Bevin at first had doubts about this procedure. He was loath to present France with an-

other ready-made Big Three solution and thus risk alienating the French at a time when Britain is hoping that 1946 will see a new Anglo-French military and political alliance.

British comment has approved the plan for setting up the United Nations Commission for the Control of Atomic Energy and making it responsible to the Security Council. The belief in London is that this commission will talk rather than act; and, doubting that international inspection of atomic-weapon plants will in fact be permitted, British diplomats are privately skeptical of this part of the results of the Moscow Conference.

There is disappointment at the failure of the conference to check great-power rivalries in Persia and Turkey, which are much more important to Britain than is Japan. And the intention of the United States and Great Britain to recognize the pro-Soviet Rumanian and Bulgarian governments after slight changes in their composition is regarded as a distinct Russian success.

Awareness that the Byrnes-Molotov-Bevin negotiations left many major and minor conflicts unsettled is subordinated in British comment to relief at the narrowing of differences between the Soviet Union and the West.

Picasso-Matisse fireworks

Despite their preoccupation with big league politics, the American loan, and the United Nations and Britain's veering towards socialism, and despite their worry about housing, short rations, and fuel, Londoners have been diverted by a racy controversy about the paintings of Picasso and Matisse. An exhibition of the work of these two artists at the Victoria and Albert Museum resulted in a flare-up of the temperament which the English are not supposed to possess.

It began with a public protest by a woman who clapped her hands and gathered an impromptu audience in the room where the paintings are being shown. The quarrel raged between apoplectic Blimps, who regard everything painted in the past eighty years as rubbish, and young enthusiasts, for whom the history of art begins with the French surrealists. Some of the reputable critics remained silent, remembering perhaps that nineteenth-century painters like Gauguin and Cézanne, and artists of the Barbizon school before them, had been targets of similar anger, derision, and adulation.

A jaded newspaper reader satiated with daily columns of politics and economics expressed his gratitude that thanks to the Picasso-Matisse fireworks, "several organs of the press are giving space to something serious for once."

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

FRANCE is worried; and the disclosure of the contents of Hitler's last will and testament, calling upon Germany to prepare for revenge, has added to her concern. Fears grow in Paris that the British, American, and Russian attitudes toward the Germans mean repetition of the diplomatic follies of the nineteen-twenties.

From the French point of view, the parallels are ominous. This view merits attention, for it is shared by most of France's neighbors. Significant consequences of the attitude of Paris, moreover, are beginning to appear in French relations with several states on the Continent.

At Versailles, and persistently thereafter, the cornerstone of French policy in Europe was security against the Germans. That policy has remained unchanged. To see "egoism or any form of imperialism" in the French proposals concerning the Rhineland and the Ruhr, says Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, would be to overlook the obvious fact that individual security depends upon international security. "Central administration in Germany might be convenient," he declares in a bitter reply to the insistence of the Big Three that Germany be given political unity swiftly, "but we refuse to sacrifice lasting benefits to the convenience of the moment."

France admits that administrative unity may be desirable for the German state, under Allied direction, but maintains that no attempt should be made to build up a new German nation with centralized political agencies, at least until settlement has been made of the status of the Rhineland and the Ruhr.

After World War I, France demanded control of the banks of the Rhine. She was thwarted by the British, who, true to their policy of balance of power, sought to weaken French authority on the Continent by

supporting a defeated Germany. This policy continued into the thirties, reaching its disastrous climax at Munich.

At Versailles French security was invested in a fifteen-year hegemony over the Saar coal fields and in the creation of a demilitarized zone fifty miles deep along the banks of the Rhine. Hitler had no difficulty in erasing both when the opportune moment arrived.

Germany's war base

Today, France demands that the Rhineland be set up as a separate state, under Allied supervision, and that the Ruhr be internationalized with the Allies in charge. Britain's recent action expropriating the German steel and coal barons in the Ruhr suggests that the Labor Government at London may yet find substance in the French demands. So does the promise that a strip of the British zone of occupation will be handed over to the Belgians sometime in the spring.

Yet so far there has been no real move toward internationalization. Up to mid-January, ten months after the downfall of Germany, French proposals regarding Germany's western boundaries still awaited adequate examination by the Big Three, though there were signs that the impasse might end.

After World War I, France urged that Germany's war power be throttled. But, under British lead, and with American support, Germany was nursed toward recovery and eventually fortified by foreign loans. The Americans withdrew in haste; then the Allied Commission established to control German armaments fizzled out.

Today, France watches the steady diminution of the American armed forces and cocks an anxious ear toward hints from Washington that the whole Ameri-



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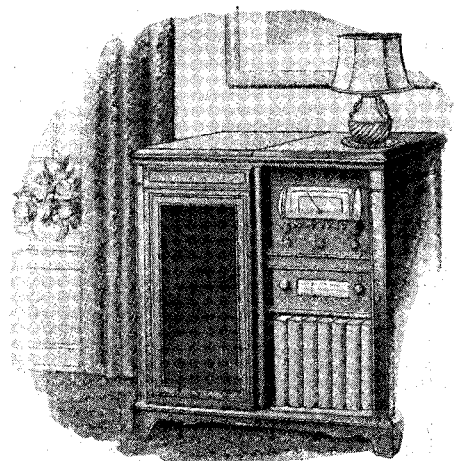
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can occupational army will be out of Germany by the end of five years.

With grim attention Paris also observes that the powerful German I. G. Farben is close to 80 per cent intact; that its staggering \$6,000,000,000 in assets has by no means been uncovered, thanks to financial legerdemain in Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, and the Argentine; that its vast web of more than 2000 cartel ties, reaching into 173 firms abroad, has still to be wiped out effectively; that American military experts who have explored the ramifications of this gigantic economic base of German fascism are protesting in vain against the slow pace of Allied attack upon I. G. Farben; and that British and American business spokesmen increasingly champion preservation of "a substantial part" of the German industrial machine as "essential" to making Germany self-supporting.

Only about 9 per cent of I. G. Farben's assets are in the American zone. Fewer than half a dozen of its 55 industrial plants and 25 administrative structures had been destroyed by the end of 1945. What, ask the French, does this mean? If Germany is to retain any important part of her industrial base, — which means her war base, — especially in the Rhineland and Ruhr, her power for aggression is preserved.

Concentration in western Germany of several million Germans driven from Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other areas adds to that potential. Russia is settling the question of Germany's eastern frontiers to her own satisfaction, with the assent of the two other major Allies. Why is the dangerous question of Germany's western frontiers evaded or postponed? Does the Moscow directive on framing peace treaties with Axis satellites mean that this momentous problem is to be allowed to drift during the next six months?

It was over her western borders that Germany struck in 1792, and again in 1870, and again in 1914. It was here that she opened her first full-scale drive for conquest of Western Europe in 1940.

Hints from Secretary of State Byrnes that the Big Three may seek to frame political unity for Germany without including France, like the criticism leveled at the French position by General McNarney, Byron Price, and others, elicit barrages of counterattack in all sections of the French press regardless of party lines.

Suggestions from Washington about withdrawal of military control confirm predictions made long ago by the worried French and sharpen their demands for a speedy clarification of Allied purposes with respect to western Germany. What will happen, they ask, when the Americans leave? Do the Allies assess at their

true proportions recent revelations of renewed activity by the Nazi underground?

The "Pity Germany" campaign

Contributing to the growing stubbornness of the French, and to the unease of their neighbors as well, is the progress made by the "Pity Germany" campaign being waged in England and the United States. Here, again, our allies in Western Europe see a parallel to events after World War I.

Norway, turning to the task of restoring 6000 farms burned flat by the retreating Germans in the Finnmark, surveying the 12,000 homes and other buildings in ruins in that Arctic province where the long night now complicates the tasks of reconstruction, counting the bones of her slaughtered herds, and remembering her reward for giving shelter to thousands of German children after World War I, dismisses the "Pity Germany" campaign as the product of "optimism" and a failure to distinguish properly between justice and revenge.

The outspoken Dutch say that "the murdered are being forgotten for the sake of the murderers." The mood of the cold and hungry Netherlands toward Germany remains grim. In the recent poll taken by the government to discover whether the time has arrived to moderate severity toward collaborators, more than 73 per cent of the Dutch voted to continue the death penalty.

A Dutch writer levels contempt at "an invisibly organized campaign of pity for the poor German women and children who, themselves, did not show pity for the victims of their brutes of husbands and fathers — those hard-working, friendly people, who are still dressed in stolen clothes, sleep under stolen blankets, ride in stolen trains, and speak through stolen telephones."

Comment in France is sardonic. It notes that no international pity campaigns work up concern over an infant mortality rate fluctuating between 60 and 75 per cent in the liberated areas, though tremendous flurries stir abroad because the infant mortality rate in Germany approaches 50 per cent!

What France and her neighbors perceive more clearly than those far from the shivering and starving continent is that the Nazi policy of biological warfare is still exacting its terrible toll among Germany's neighbors in grisly death rates, shattered birth rates, malnutrition, a frightful spread of tuberculosis, and maternity deaths — a toll which gravely jeopardizes the future strength of them all.

The Danube and the Straits

As experts for the Big Three come to the task of framing peace treaties, one of the oldest, thorniest

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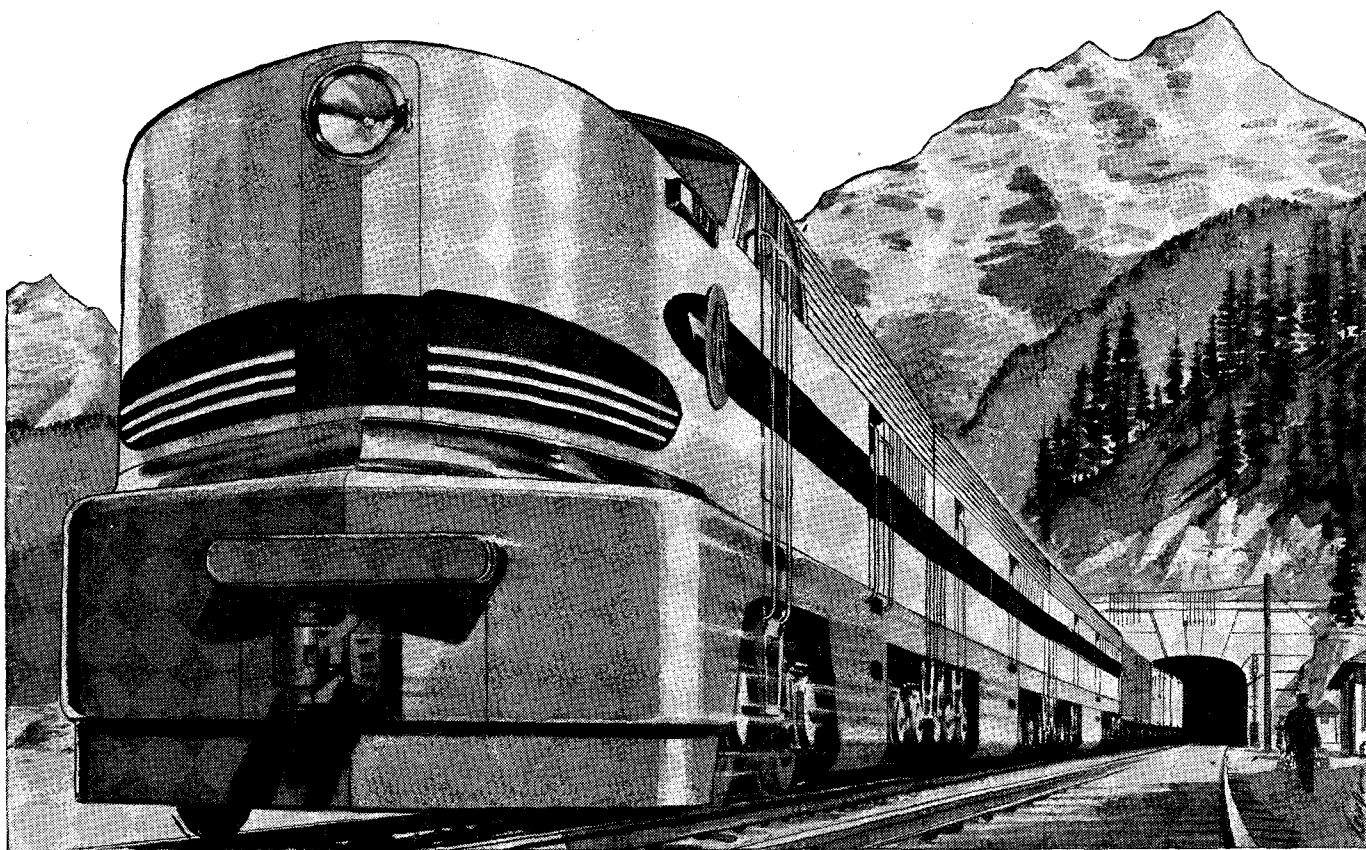
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problems of European diplomacy edges to the front: waterways.

The Rhine affects the economic interests of Western Europe — Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, and Switzerland, in addition to Germany. It also plays an important part in the shipping economy of Italy and Britain. The Danube, winding through its 2855 kilometers to the Black Sea, is the veritable lifeline of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

The Moscow Conference directs the attention of treaty-makers to all four former enemy states. Since 1718, the question of free navigation of the Danube has been one of Europe's perennials. Today the problem merges in the Black Sea with Russia's interest in the Dardanelles.

Full utilization of the Danube as a traffic artery is impossible without settlement of the issue of the Straits, in Russia's view. Moscow is the more insistent upon this since Rumania, Bulgaria, and to a certain extent Hungary, now lie with Yugoslavia in her Balkan sphere of influence. Since Soviet policy returned to the old Russian aims in this matter last spring, when Moscow notified Turkey of demands for bases in the Dardanelles, the most notable development has been the cooling of British interest toward the anxious Turks.

Does this mean that Britain expects, eventually, to yield to Russia's insistence? Anglo-Russian disputes on this question date back to 1809. In 1806, 1829, 1854, and 1877 Russia fought Turkey to achieve control of the Straits. In 1915, the secret Treaty of London granted Russia's demands in that area. Renewal of the ancient quarrel today finds Turkey isolated from her former European supporters, who have not forgotten Ankara's slick game of following the main chance during the recent war.

Russia's outlet to the sea

Russia watches closely Britain's troubles in Palestine and Egypt, and is not averse to stoking fires under Turkey. The crisis in Iran and the threat of domestic revolution in the northern Russian-occupied zone of that oil-rich and ruthlessly exploited country fits into this pattern.

There are but two possible exits to deep water for the Russians in the Mediterranean-Middle East zone. One is by way of the Dardanelles and the greatest of inland seas. There Russia has already won the right to participate in the management of Tangier, opposite Gibraltar, at the Western Gate. She has also indicated her interest in the approaches to Suez — Tripolitania and Eritrea. Finally, she has served notice on Turkey that the question of the Straits must be settled acceptably to Moscow.

Proposals advanced last summer by President Truman to the Turks, urging liberalization of the Montreux Agreement (which governs the Straits), continue to have cool reception at the Russian capital. They do not go far enough. Besides, the Dardanelles is on Russia's doorstep, not America's; and the United States was not a signatory to the Montreux Agreement. Diplomatically, this means that Mr. Truman is out of order.

The real tussle now centers on Turkey. That is where the dispute in Iran comes in. An exit for Russia to the Indian Ocean via Iran is the Russian alternative to an exit via the Straits to the Mediterranean. Russia could not obtain access to the Indian Ocean short of war with Great Britain; and war is not included in Russia's plans. But by adopting a tolerant attitude toward the aspirations of rebels in northern Iran for escape from control by the Shah's British-dominated government at Teheran, Russia raises alarm among Britain's oil interests and warms up a vital question of imperial strategic position.

The new oil peddler

If the Iranian rebels should overthrow the regime at Teheran that would not necessarily constitute a violation of the Teheran agreement made by the Big Three. That pact is not a pledge to back any Persian government against domestic dissenters. But success of the rebel maneuver might mean restoration to Russia of her old oil concession in northern Iran, to match the British and American concessions in southern Iran. This could bring another peddler of oil into world markets — a possibility both British and American oil interests dislike because Russia is bound by no marketing and price agreements.

Moreover, there is always the danger of a Russian thrust to the upper Persian Gulf. The Iranian contest has been waged between Russia and Great Britain since the beginning of the present century. Observe, however, that the region involved is directly behind Turkey, and Russian claims for extension of sovereignty into Turkish Armenia along the Black Sea raise the temperature in that quarter. With the cancellation notice given by Russia to the Turks, Turkey and Russia now have no treaty whatsoever. By warming things up in Iran and Armenia, Moscow is warning Turkey to act.

London has sized up this situation correctly and dispatched a note to Turkey proposing concessions by the Turks on the question of the Straits. As between choosing to yield to Russian pressure via Iran, and choosing to concede something at the Dardanelles, British interest lies with the latter course. There are several checks and balances available in the Mediterranean area — including good prospects for joint safeguards under the United Nations. No such expedients are available in Iran.

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"We reaffirm the declaration made by the Association on September 15, 1943, that direct domestic commercial loans by the government or the governmental guarantee of domestic commercial loans are not only unnecessary for the financing of postwar commercial enterprise, but are actually contrary to sound financial policy and the best interests of the American economy."

Bankers Trust Company completely endorses this policy and calls attention to the fact that the banking facilities of the nation have been marshalled to assure that every competent individual, firm or corporation that needs bank credit will get it if the money is to be used for some constructive purpose that will serve the country's economy.

With total deposits of over \$140-billion and with substantially increased capital funds, the individual banks are in a stronger position than ever before to do the job. In addition, through Correspondent Banking relationships, the banks in the larger cities co-operate closely with smaller local banks . . . and Regional Credit Pools, now 45 in number, which themselves have over \$650-million of credit funds available, are further assurance that the full credit needs of business will be met by the banks.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

THE Moscow Conference was an important step in the development of good relations between the United States and Russia. That process is more advanced in the Far East than it is in Europe, because in Asia it concerns mainly the two principals and is less complicated by the interests of the other great powers.

The dominant role that we played in the occupation of Japan for the first six months after V-J Day, whatever the measure of our success or failure, also made it easier to arrive at a *modus operandi*, because we avoided the impasse which four-power division of Germany presents. We could therefore share some of our responsibilities with other powers in an orderly and possibly constructive manner.

The question as to whether there should be any sharing is no longer debatable. It is clear to most people that the wretched, disorganized countries of the Far East can neither be ignored nor be restored to prosperity and order by our own unaided efforts. The important issue is the terms on which responsibility is shared.

Our policy, it appears, is to attract the Russians into as many international arrangements as possible, in order to break down Russia's isolationist tendencies and long-standing suspicion of the Western powers.

The Russians made a measurable contribution to the defeat of Japan by holding down thousands of Japanese troops in Manchuria as well as by their final entry into the war. But even if the Russians had not lifted a finger to assist in the war against Japan, even if they had sold scrap iron and oil to our enemy, it would still be to our long-term interest to have them represented on the Allied Control Council in Tokyo and on the Far Eastern Advisory Commission in Washington.

In the pattern of developing world government, or at least world organization, the law will lag behind practice. We are building where and as we may, measuring success or failure by modest yardsticks. We are keeping close to political realities, knowing that the pace of the team is that of its slowest member.

The Moscow Conference broke the deadlock over the Far Eastern Advisory Commission, which the Soviet Union had formerly refused to join, and also made some provision for eliminating the division of Korea into two parts.

It did not solve the basic issues between us and the Soviet Union, but it at least provided the machinery through which they could be worked out. We arranged to tackle a common problem jointly, and in closer coöperation than we have so far achieved in Europe.

Capitalism or communism for Asia

It would be fatal to begin our joint work with the Russians without admitting frankly that we are trying to get along with a system of organized power vastly different from ours. Whatever we may have in common with the Russians as individuals, we have very little in common with them in institutions and political practices.

Moreover, Russian communism today is not the isolated and struggling movement it was a generation ago, when the Bolsheviks were arguing whether or not they could have socialism in one country only. We are faced more and more with the problem of whether or not we can have capitalism in one country only, for conventional capitalism is dead in Europe and greatly modified in England.

In most of Asia, and especially in China, there can hardly be reconstruction and rehabilitation without



And suddenly—a wonderland of light...

It was an unforgettable sight that greeted the crowds at the Chicago Columbian Exposition, back in May, 1893.

For suddenly 250,000 incandescent lamps—more than there were in *all* the rest of *America* at that time—blazed in the night. They transformed the World's Fair Grounds into a gleaming wonderland of light.

George Westinghouse had done it again. Overcoming tremendous obstacles, he had accomplished the "impossible" . . . *in one short year.*

Using an entirely new principle, this great inventor-engineer had developed a completely *new type* of incandescent lamp—the famous "stopper lamp." And

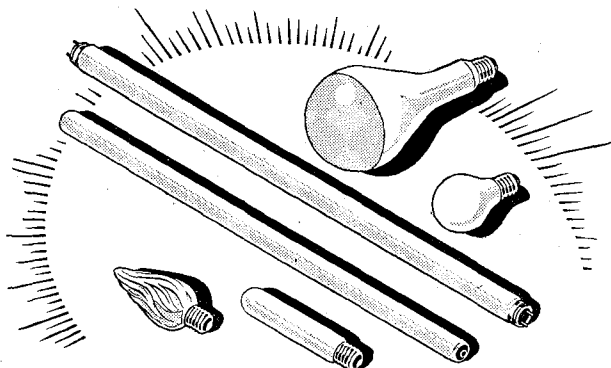
he had equipped a new glass factory to turn them out by the hundreds of thousands!

Here again, George Westinghouse in this historical light demonstration proved the vision and ability of a great engineer.

The lighting of the Columbian Exposition was a brilliant spectacle—and an important one, for it launched for all time the new age of electric lighting.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE



TODAY—the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, one of many companies founded by this great inventor, makes incandescent lamps in all sizes, from tiny "grain of wheat" surgical lamps to high-power flood lights . . . fluorescent lamps that glow without flicker . . . high-intensity mercury lamps for industrial use . . . Sterilamps* that kill air-borne bacteria. In all, over 10,000 different types of lamps are made, each the result of skilled engineering—and over half a century of diversified experience.

*Registered Trademark

Tune in: JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday, 2:30 pm, EST, NBC • TED MALONE—Monday through Friday, 11:45 am, EST, American Network

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strong and continuous government control and planning. The only lasting basis for world peace lies in the development of world economic security. How are we going to get along with an economic system so radically different from our own?

In practice the problem comes down to the immediate question of those Far Eastern countries in which the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States have varying interests. We can better understand what is going on in Asia if we admit the differences in the way the great powers project themselves to their weaker neighbors.

Colonial dependence

The British, the Dutch, and the French, who were largely responsible for the economic and political pattern of Far Eastern countries before the war, have brought to a high level of development the colonial relations which still persist in southeastern Asia and Indonesia. By political control the home countries secured the benefits of unequal exchange of cheaply produced raw materials and expensively manufactured goods.

In varying degrees, sometimes willingly and sometimes not, they prepared the colonies for eventual emancipation. But because of the relative decrease in military and economic strength of the home countries, Britain, Holland, and France are much more dependent upon their colonies than formerly, and therefore much less willing to let them go, unless they have guarantees of world trade unhampered by high tariffs and free of restrictions due to violent economic nationalism.

American sentiment is largely anti-imperialist and acutely aware of some of the contrasts in the Pacific. It is embarrassingly obvious, for example, that after forty years of Japanese occupation, plus five years of international trusteeship, the people of Korea are to be considered fit for independence, while the Indonesians, after three hundred years of Dutch rule, are not. The Koreans are vociferous in their objections over even the five-year delay.

The new American imperialism

In our concern for the independence of other countries, we are expressing the best parts of the American tradition. But in taking steps to ensure that countries such as China shall develop along democratic lines on the American pattern, we are not always aware that to countries such as Russia, which have different ideas of political organization, our actions are viewed as an extension of American imperialist influence.

The Truman statement on our China policy is, in this connection, a significant declaration of foreign policy. For the first time we went on record with a

modification of our age-old policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries, by stating that "a breach of the peace anywhere in the world threatens the peace of the entire world."

From this premise Mr. Truman argued that it is a vital interest of the United States and all the United Nations that the people of China overlook no opportunity to adjust their internal differences promptly by methods of peaceful negotiation.

This definition of our attitude towards civil disturbances in other countries is a further contribution — of which the statement by Robert H. Jackson, Chief of Counsel for the United States at the war trials, was the first — to the development of a theory of world government.

If men can be punished for crimes against humanity, then there must be a body, presumably "humanity," against which the crimes are committed. President Truman's doctrine says in effect that "humanity" shall act to prevent as well as to punish crimes.

Our idea of relations with other countries, stripped of political idealism, is to use all our influence to make them as similar to ourselves as possible in order the better to trade and live with them. Of the three main approaches now current in foreign relations, we think it is the most humane, the most flexible, and potentially the most conducive to political stability in colonial areas.

How the Russians work

The Russians have left no doubts as to the way in which they deal with their immediate neighbors. They believe in a satellite policy. They destroy the ruling groups where necessary and set up their own friends in power by direct and ruthless means. Beyond the ring of satellite states they play a straight power-politics game, undisturbed by the political coloration of the actors if their ends can ultimately be achieved.

In China, for example, they have supported both Chungking and Yen-an at the same time, and in different ways. Their approach to the Japanese problem is entirely different from ours, for they work by remaking the social system, not by using the existing groups.

Much of our problem in dealing with the Russians is due to the contrast between their methods and the methods we are willing to use. We want entirely different things from what the Russians want, and go about getting them in ways entirely different from theirs.

We put a premium on political and social stability; we really want people to fashion their own way in

political freedom, but with democratic methods. Our approach demands a high level of political participation, freedom of information, and economic competition.

The Russians go in for monopolistic political and economic systems, a low level of political participation, controlled information, and professional leadership of social change. They use the *fait accompli*. They know how to organize, control, and manipulate political power, and how to coordinate it with economic and military power.

Democracy, as Churchill once put it, is not a harlot to be picked up in the streets. The development of our way of life takes time, education, constant vigilance, a specific economic system. Democracy may vary from country to country, but certain conditions must exist or it disappears altogether. There must be a certain minimum of civil liberties, the rule of law, freedom of access to information, freedom of association.

Do these ideas, for which we fought, have any appeal in Asia? Can people who believe in them survive against the techniques of organized power as developed by the Communists?

It seems clear that a struggle for influence between Russia and ourselves will take place in the realm of social and political movements within other countries. This means that the really important facts about Asia are not statistics but attitudes, not political forms but political movements, not social conventions but social forces.

What we want

It is with the whole peoples, not merely the governments, of Asia that we shall have to deal if we are going to keep up with the Russians and find a way of living with them. It is commonly argued that the Russians know what they want and, with their monolithic state structure, go about getting it in a brilliantly integrated manner, and that the United States does not know what it wants.

The facts do not support this view, in spite of our admitted shortcomings. We took the leadership in setting up the Pacific Commission and the Allied Council, thus opening up the way to cooperation with the U.S.S.R. on terms much more constructive than those arrived at in Europe. The Truman statement of policy on China is forthright, honest, and politically adroit. No other country has produced anything to compare with it.

When the Siamese found themselves embroiled with the British in December over the terms on which they should end their war with the British Empire, the United States took a firm stand in protecting

Siam's sovereignty and brought about a modification of British demands.

We must continue to accommodate ourselves to the facts. If we are going to survive, the essential things we believe in must be acceptable to the rest of the world; they must have the vitality to attract men everywhere. The acceptance and projection of this attitude towards the highly complex and rapidly changing conditions of Asia is the first task of our government.

We do not mean that we should flaunt our virtues or beliefs in a sort of righteous exhibitionism before the world, as Pericles did before Sparta. We should then deservedly suffer the same fate as Athens. Rather we should accept our ideas for what they are — the most revolutionary and difficult of achievement in the world today — and express them in every way possible, but especially through a purposeful and integrated foreign policy.

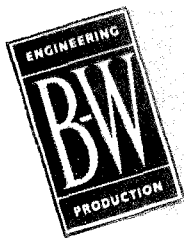
Ideals versus the facts

There are some signs that we are beginning to face facts. The addition of an information arm to the Department of State is presumably in recognition of the new situation. The day has gone when we could afford to leave the understanding of America and American policies to the news agencies, whose purpose is to sell, not to inform; to the movies, which are geared to American tastes; to the irregular and accidental export of books, magazines, and American tourists.

If our policies can bear the light of day, why not put the genius of American publicity techniques behind them? We did it to keep allies during the war — why not to get allies for the peace? We must bear in mind that an information arm can be no better than the policies which guide it.

The Pearl Harbor investigation has brought out the lack of integration, before the war, of our political and military power. The danger of such lack of integration is patent. Since the war it has been a natural tendency for the War Department to correct this weakness by bringing all its influence to bear on the formulation of policy both at home and abroad. In fact, in the Far East nearly all of our policy-making representatives are generals: MacArthur, Marshall, Wedemeyer, and Hodge.

The Department of State has been slow to recover its pre-war position. The Moscow Agreement is important as the first big policy arrangement made for the Far East by the State Department acting in its own right. No good thing can come out of a fight between War and State. But there is every advantage in a continuation of the high degree of cooperation achieved between them during the war.



Almost every American benefits every day
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**Makers of essential operating parts
for the automotive, aviation, marine
and farm implement industries, and
of Norge home appliances.**

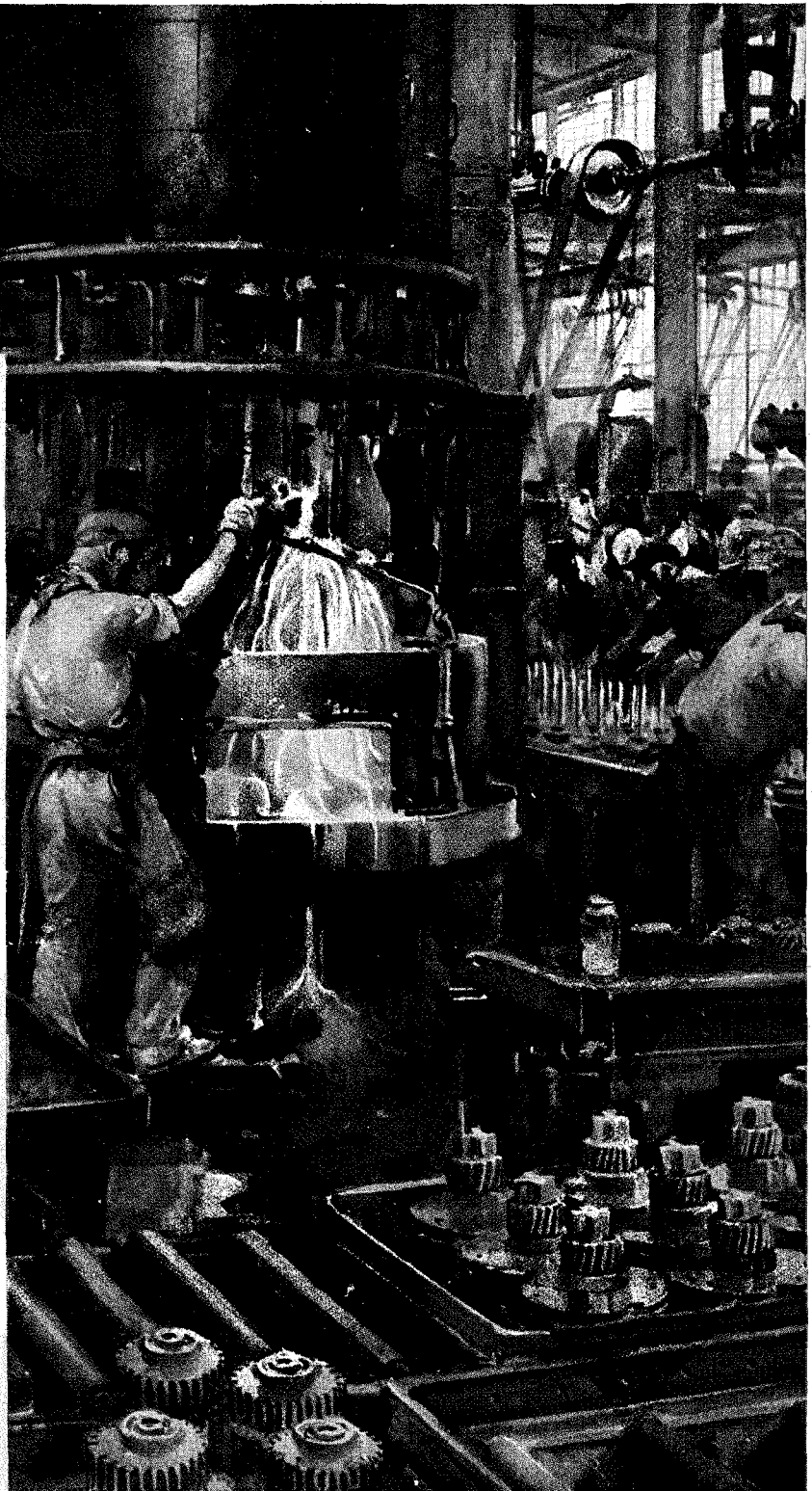
New models for car-hungry America use many essential parts that require specialized skills in their design and production. Borg-Warner has anticipated the scale of these needs in its many plants which provide original equipment for 17 of the 18 makes of automobiles.

Transmissions and clutches—radiators, universal joints and timing chains—these are essential operating parts for which the motor car industry has looked to Borg-Warner from the beginning.

The automotive industry is but one of many fields in which B-W engineering and large-scale production are constantly working to "Design it better, make it better."

In the farm implement, aviation and marine industries—in housing and in home appliances—Borg-Warner is a key contributor.

VITAL NEW CAR EQUIPMENT IN THE MAKING—
An eminent artist paints the rush of activity at B-W's Warner Gear Division, the world's largest independent maker of transmissions and gear assemblies.



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—From reconstruction of a Coal Age scene in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

This was Adam's Bug Killer

Meet one of the original fighters in the world's longest war—the war against insects.

When our globe was young and man was new, this giant dragon fly with the two-foot wingspread was one of the world's few bug killers. Without her, and others of her family *Libellulidae*, mankind might never have gotten a start. Instead, the insects probably would have taken over.

From insect-devouring dragon flies of a quarter billion years ago to the modern insecticides of Monsanto Chemistry, the war on predatory insects continues.

Each year sees new gains made as science adds more weapons to the arsenal against insects. And every gain is important to mankind, for there is an esti-

mated loss of well over a billion dollars a year from insect-borne diseases and from insect damage to food crops, stored products, livestock, forests, and lumber products.

One of the most recent aids in this age-old struggle is DDT (dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane), manufactured by Monsanto under its trade name, Santobane. But this is just one of many Monsanto products serving on the insecticide front. See list at the right.

Monsanto will welcome inquiries on any of these products from industries which are at work to cut that billion-a-year loss from insect damage. Please address, on business letterhead:

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY
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MONSANTO INSECTICIDE PRODUCTS

Santobane—dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane. (DDT)

Santophen 20—for termite and powder-post beetle control in wood.

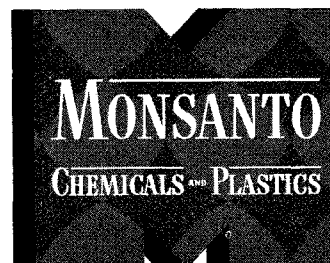
Aroclors, Santophen 20, Santobrite Orthodichloro-benzene, Trichloro-benzene—for control of termites in soil.

Santochlor (paradichlorobenzene)—moth repellent, peach and apple borer repellent.

Benzyl Benzoate—for mite control.

Dimethyl Phthalate—repellent for chiggers, mosquitoes, black flies, sand flies, gnats.

Chemical Adjuncts for Insecticidal Preparations—Cresol, Methyl Salicylate, Saccharin, Santomerse wetting agents, Tricalcium phosphate.



SERVING INDUSTRY...WHICH SERVES MANKIND

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

IN Latin America two forces — variegated groups working for democratic liberties and the economic emancipation of peoples, and equally variegated groups striving to preserve special privileges through fascist or traditional dictatorships — are struggling more and more fiercely for control.

Victory over the Axis has not brought political peace or much understanding as to how nations must organize themselves socially and politically to promote the general welfare and to preserve physical security. Out of the clash of ideas as to how these things should be accomplished, a general battle seems to be emerging — in its broadest terms a battle of Left versus Right.

Some observers in Latin America expect decisive actions to develop in the first six months of 1946 — events that will indicate whether the decision is for or against further democratic development among our Latin neighbors. Others argue with equal plausibility that it will take until 1950 to tell which way the tide is turning.

The balance sheet

1. *Argentina* appears to be nearer than ever to taking the fascist path. The Perón terror is less widespread than in October and early November, but the reason is probably that Perón's chances of being elected president on February 24 are improving.

2. In *Peru*, liberal President Bustamante, elected last June in the first authentically democratic election in Peruvian history, ran into the hardest kind of political sledding in December. The coalition of Apra Party members, Socialists, and Communists which elected Bustamante and controlled Congress was badly divided, if not entirely split, by inner disagreements and by the maneuvers of its enemies in a clash over government regulation of the press.

3. The elections of December 2 in *Brazil* gave an almost two to one majority to General Eurico Gaspar Dutra, the most conservative of the three candidates. But the seating of Dutra in January is regarded merely as a signal for the opening of a behind-the-scenes battle as to whether a genuine conservative political democracy will be established in Brazil, or whether the Dutra regime will be utilized to restore former President Vargas's semi-fascist controls.

Meanwhile Provisional President Linhares sought to clear the decks for a battle against the restoration of Vargasism under the Dutra administration, by outlawing censorship and by abolishing the government propaganda department. There is no guarantee that these actions will be upheld, but at least the issue of freedom of the press and of information has been raised.

4. The efforts of *Chile's* vaguely liberal government to extricate the country from an apparently undrainable bog of inflation have been hopelessly snarled by multi-partisan politics in Congress. Communists at the national convention early in December used the popular distress and the government's helplessness as an opportunity to attract followers and to perfect their organization either for establishing themselves as the strongest single force in the 1948 elections, or for action before 1948.

5. Three attempted coups and revolutionary movements in smaller Latin republics show how high the tensions are elsewhere. There was mysterious shooting against the Somoza regime in *Nicaragua* in mid-November, followed by the usual flock of political arrests and news suppressions practiced by dictators. A month later, Dictator Higinio Morinigo of *Paraguay* blocked an ostensible coup by alleged Communists, labor leaders, and discontented national police and Army officers. Whatever the merits of the

Helping you sleep better



It may seem a bit unusual...

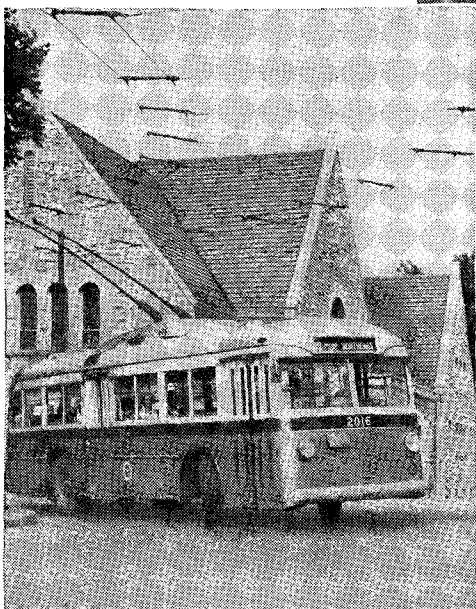
...that an electrical manufacturing company serving so many needs of a wide-awake, workaday world should be interested in helping you *sleep*. But with General Electric it's a fact.

Air conditioning units that make every night in the year "a good night to sleep"—automatic home heating systems—silent fans—quieter street cars and buses—heating pads—and feather-weight electric blankets for zero nights...

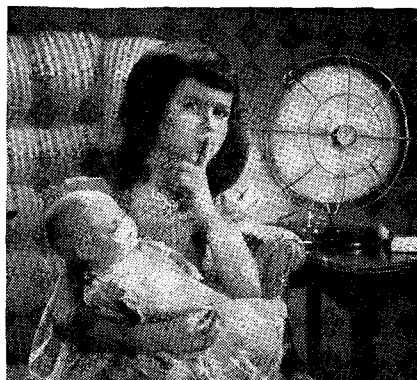
These are only a few of the many aids to better sleep developed by General Electric engineers and research scientists. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



She likes to sleep "snug as a bug in a rug" on zero nights. Her husband is a rugged, warmer-blooded sort. But a feather-weight G-E automatic blanket for each is perfect—for these blankets can be adjusted to keep beds at any degree of warmth evenly all night long, despite temperature changes. G-E automatic blankets are made according to the same principle that keeps high-altitude flying suits "electrically warm" even at 60° F. below zero.



Taking the clatter out of the trolleys. Lucky indeed are folks sleeping along the routes of modern street cars and G-E powered electric trolley coaches. For these hush-hush vehicles barely whisper when they pass—even at full speed. The electric trolley coach is quieter by actual noise-meter test.



Taking the buzz out of fans means taking the buzz out of the blades. For a lot of fan noise, like airplane noise, comes from the whirring blades. The result of G. E.'s designing and testing innumerable fan blades is the unique "Vortalex" type. You can hardly hear it even if you listen carefully!



Taking street light out of bedrooms. This new street light is the greatest advance in residential street lighting in 40 years. Designed by G-E lighting engineers, it projects light away from the houses and to the street. It provides more light on the street where it belongs and less on your house front.

More Goods for More People at Less Cost

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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leaders of these clashes, anyone trying to oust Somoza or Morínigo is bound to have democratic followers.

Late in December, in *Panama*, nationalistic anti-American followers of former President Arnulfo Arias, petty imitator of fascist Führers the year before Pearl Harbor, attacked the national police and the Army in Colón with the obvious purpose of overthrowing the government. Six died and more than a score were wounded in the shooting.

Arias, whose politics thrive on real and fancied grievances against the United States because of our administration of the Canal Zone, wound up in jail protesting that he had no connection with the rebels. There was general agreement in Panama, however, that Arias would have headed an anti-American regime if the rebels had won.

The Larreta Doctrine under fire

It now appears that the sturdy courage of Foreign Minister Rodríguez Larreta of Uruguay in tackling the intervention issue in a basically constructive proposal may block indefinitely acceptance of the principle of collective preservation of democratic liberties within the hemisphere, even in watered-down form. Except in Argentina and in the Dominican Republic, a less forthright proposal merely binding the American republics to defend democratic liberties from individual dictatorial violators might have been accepted.

Even in those Latin countries where free speech and parliamentary institutions function, any government accepting the Larreta program would immediately be subject to concentrated attack from all the opposition elements, which would take the position that the nation's defenses had been stripped naked to Yanqui Marine bayonets by its leaders.

Furthermore, in all the republics there is a natural coalition of diverse elements opposed to the Doctrine: powerful reactionary groups anxious to maintain or restore traditional strong-arm dictatorships; Communists working to reduce or prevent extension of United States influence in Latin America; strong right-wing Catholic clerical elements fearful that American Protestantism, unopposed by liberal American Catholics, might use the Larreta Doctrine as a means of fostering separation of Church and State in the Latin republics.

In addition, domestic political issues plainly affect reactions to the Larreta proposal in most countries rejecting it. Inside political leaders in the Brazilian government are naturally unwilling to commit themselves to a program sanctioning collective action against dictators until they know how much democracy or how much veiled dictatorship will come out of the constituent assembly elected in December.

Consequently, while Brazilian Foreign Minister Leão Velloso's reply to Foreign Minister Rodríguez Larreta left the subject open, the possibility of eventual rejection must be borne in mind.

Chile's reply was definite for equally practical reasons. The Ríos administration, trying to function in a mad squirrel cage of multi-factional politics, could hardly risk a head-on collision with the opposition over the sacred "patriotic" issue of "non-intervention." With Argentine fortifications and troop concentrations on Chile's Andean borders, its Foreign Office, while in no sense supporting fascism, is cautious about taking on any avoidable disagreements with the larger "good" neighbor.

Colombia is disposed to take no chances because many factions there still regard the seizure of Panama in 1903 as the supreme crime of interventionism. Other rejecting countries — Mexico, Cuba, El Salvador, with apparently Nicaragua and Honduras to follow — either have suffered United States military intervention in the past or have felt themselves dangerously exposed to it in more recent times.

The scales tip against us

The fact should not be overlooked that the Latin American opponents of the Doctrine have considerable ammunition to use against it. All twenty republics, for instance, ask: Why was Washington so suddenly converted to intervention as a means of preserving democracy manifestly in Argentina? They remember that both before and during the war, the United States lavished favors on the Trujillo regime in the Dominican Republic, and that barely a year ago the only United States Ambassador ever to lock horns with Trujillo, Ellis Briggs, now chief assistant to former Ambassador Braden in our State Department, was promptly ousted from his post through the influence of Assistant Secretary Nelson Rockefeller and Avra Warren.

Assistant Secretary Braden, in addresses at Yale and before the American Geographic Society in December, sought to answer the objectors by insisting that consultation and discussion would eventually bring about common agreement either on the Doctrine in its original form, or on other practical methods of realizing its objective. He took the position that not using the power of the United States and the collective power of the Americas to defend democracy was as much intervention in favor of dictatorships as direct pressures on totalitarian states would be in favor of democracy.

It is still too early for final judgments, but it appears that for the time being the United States, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the small pro-Larreta nations are losing the battle to throw the collective weight of the republics on the side of democracy in this hemisphere.



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

INFLATION is the number one domestic problem in America. Why the notion should have prevailed that somehow the end of the war would sidetrack this danger is beyond comprehension. It was held that, with the end of wartime work, the thing to be feared was deflation. There would be no more overtime, pay envelopes would shrink, work would be unavailable for millions. Controls of all kinds were dropped, the theory being that the absence of control would speed up production.

What was left out of account was the combination of the huge pile of wartime savings and a spending psychology pressing upon a limited volume of civilian goods. The arithmetic of this situation is inflation, and inflation is here, as any shopper can testify.

Some of the controls are now being recaptured. Priorities for beef are being reinstated for the armed forces. Allocations of building materials are being restored. In both cases the return of a free market was having a disastrous effect. The packers were diverting short supplies to civilian markets, which have been starved. Short building materials were going into the construction of race tracks, roadhouses, and other nonessentials designed to produce quick profits. There were no homes for returning veterans.

Congress, however, hesitates to take the necessary steps. The President wanted a year's extension of his war powers, but Congress gave him only six months, and businessmen are still fighting price controls.

Price controls are vital in these inflationary times. On the OPA rests the responsibility for safeguarding the purchasing power of our dollars. Thus the campaign against Chester Bowles by business interests is shortsighted. OPA has made mistakes, but Chester Bowles has become Horatius at the Bridge, and deserves national support. He is chagrined over Con-

gressional action on war powers. Rightly he fears that goods will be held off the market on the assumption that in six months all controls will expire and sellers will be able to charge all that the traffic will bear. He wants price control extension for a year to be voted right now.

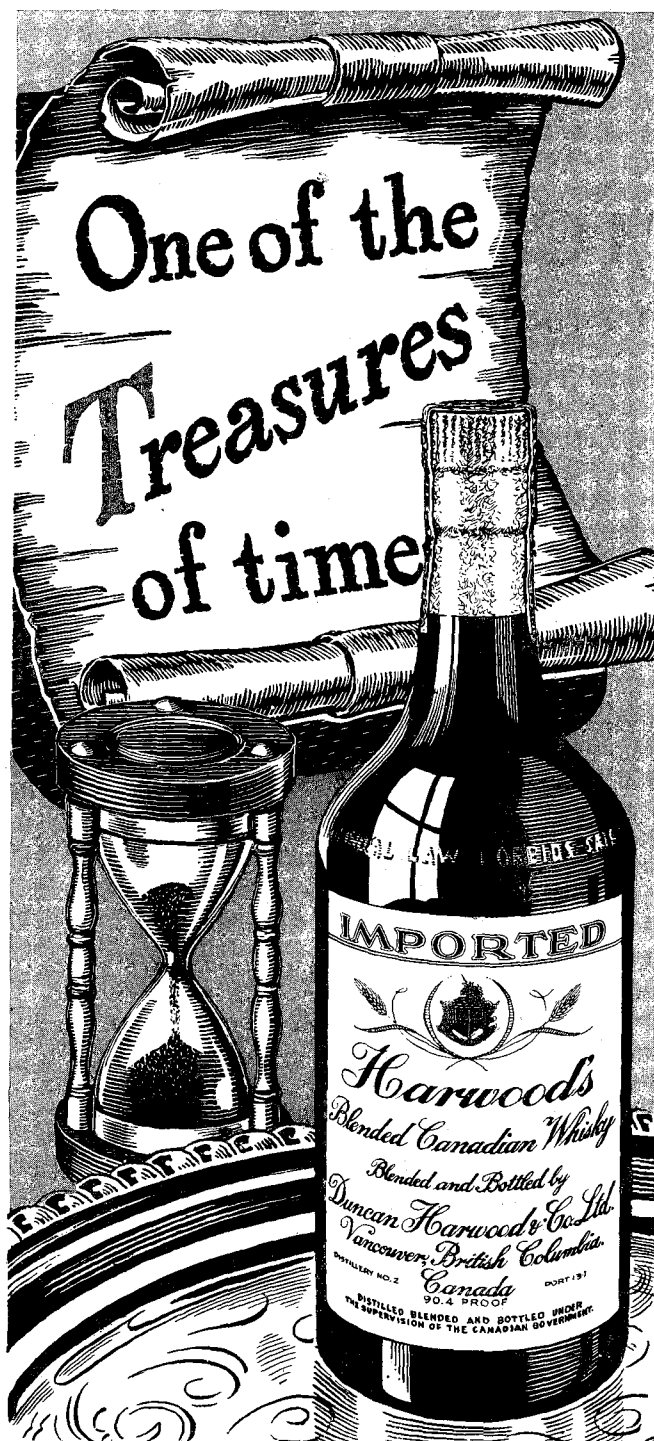
Army-Navy rivalry

A single Department of National Defense will be one of the big issues in the forthcoming session of Congress. The President's recommendation was clear and forceful. It made new converts in Congress, which had already seemed to be sympathetic with this idea. The facts had spoken for themselves.

Divided command in the war made for waste of time, money, and lives. As demonstrated in the Pacific, it produced the worst kind of rivalry, so that the simplest orders to commanders in another service had to be channeled through Washington. Mr. Truman, reviewing this situation from his vantage point as chairman of the Special Senate Committee Investigating the National Defense Program, concluded eighteen months ago, in a magazine article, that "a Divine Providence watches over the United States."

During the war the need for unification appealed even to the admirals. A committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff a year ago found the testimony overwhelmingly in favor of it. To the official inquirers Admiral Nimitz, referring to unification, declared, "I think the sooner you can get this thing under consideration, the better it will be." Admiral Halsey said he was "probably one of the lone Naval officers in favor of a single department."

These and other admirals since then have sought to disown their conclusions. They say they had no chance of reflection when visitors arrived in the war zone, that what they said was offhand, conversa-



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WASHINGTON (continued)

tional. But they are on the record, and Congress knows it.

Most of the feuding over the merger issue has been carried on by the civilian members of the two departments. The new Chief of Staff and the new Chief of Naval Operations — Eisenhower and Nimitz — have been dignified. They take every opportunity to demonstrate their friendship. At the Gridiron Club dinner, for example, where a skit was played about the "shotgun wedding" of Army and Navy, Eisenhower got out of his seat, walked over to Nimitz, and put his arm around him.

But the battle has left scars that will not heal for many a day. Word-slinging has been unbridled. The civilian Secretaries and their assistants have warred openly in the "Battle of the Press Conferences." Brochures have been circulated throughout the country. Spokesmen from the two departments have expressed themselves before public audiences.

Feeling has run so high that the President several times has been importuned to put a stop to the departmental propaganda. He could have done so by reminding the various protagonists that a section of the Criminal Code forbids departmental use of public money in payment of propaganda for or against any bill before Congress without express authorization of Congress. The President doesn't seem to be aware of this prohibition. For, after he had sent his unification message to Congress, he disclaimed any intention of "muzzling" the armed services.

Mr. Truman's plan

Mr. Truman's idea of unification is to merge authority at the top. There would be one Secretary and one Under Secretary. In this respect it differs from the Hill proposal, which reflects the Army point of view. Senator Lister Hill would provide for three Under Secretaries, for Army, Navy, and Air respectively. The danger here is that, while one Secretary would represent all branches of the armed forces in the Cabinet, he would be bedeviled by the three Under Secretaries as advocates of their respective branches.

Mr. Truman would avoid this pitfall. His recommendation would make the national defense the activating influence in the Under Secretary as well as the Secretary. His plan would avoid the danger that an Under Secretary for Air might be the medium for absorbing Naval aviation.

The fear of Naval aviation that it might be submerged is justified. Army Air would love to take over Navy Air. Such fusion will be impossible if a bill modeled on the President's plan is passed. Mr. Truman would safeguard Naval aviation by including it in the Navy branch.

Congress studies the atom

No committee of Congress is working more earnestly on its problem than the Select Committee on Atomic

Energy headed by Senator McMahon of Connecticut. The members of the committee decided that they could not handle the problem without education. Accordingly they are taking a course in nuclear physics at the hands of the new head of the Bureau of Standards, Dr. John H. Condon.

They have gone over all the work that has been done in the "Manhattan district," the code designation of the Army division in charge of atomic bomb manufacture. That they have profited from their tuition, both academic and practical, is evident from their conduct.

The Senate committee stands in contrast to the House committee which accepted the May-Johnson bill. None of the members of this committee had even read the Smyth Report, the statement on atomic energy which the Army published after the bombing of Hiroshima. The country will be well served by the Senate committee.

The genii of the bomb

What exercises this committee is the need for an interim measure to take control of atomic bomb manufacture out of the hands of the military. Bigger and better atomic bombs continue to be made. In charge of the work is Major General Leslie R. Groves, a man of limited vision whose vast responsibility seems to have gone to his head.

Groves imagines that he is the guardian of the genii of this new Aladdin's lamp, and his is the type of mentality that supported the May-Johnson bill, which would have set up an authoritarian state over the nuclear scientists and their work. An interim bill would take away Groves's authority and vest it in a civilian agency. The committee would then consider what American policy should be for development of atomic energy.

Some of the conclusions drawn by the committee should make the country pause. An increase in the effectiveness of atomic weapons is possible in a short time, to the point where any nation can destroy any other nation. The United States is particularly vulnerable, because it is the leading world power, because it stands in the path of an aggressor, and because it has a concentrated industry and population.

Senator McMahon is driving home these conclusions to all and sundry. He feels that, in order to get action, it is necessary to make people's flesh creep. When he hears people say the "secret" must be withheld, he gives them a short account of the committee's preliminary findings, as he did when Mayor Kelly of Chicago offered him a conversational admonition to "hold on to the secret." He finds the facts are persuasive with other people, as they were with the committee.

The problem remains: What can be done about the atom bomb? Many of the atomic scientists feel that provision for international control and for free exchange of information are essential to any international accord on atomic energy. The establishment by the United Nations Organization of a Commission for the Control of Atomic Energy, recommended by the Big Three at Moscow, would be the first step in this direction.

Another suggestion is that the exploitation of the materials for making the bomb should be international. There are international bodies of government representatives for all manner of purposes. Why not private international banks and businesses operating under charters granted by the United Nations? The suggestion is made, for instance, that if oil is the international problem in Iran, an international corporation should be set up to take over all Iranian concessions.

Russian suspicion in Iran is based on the fear of rival exploitation. It is known that Russia felt that something dangerous to her strategic frontier was afoot when the Iranians turned to the United States for oil advisers and when American prospectors began to show up in Iran.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital on the Moscow agreement and on Secretary Byrnes's explanation of it is querulous. Two objections were immediately entered: first, that the stage-by-stage internationalization of the atom bomb might leave us without any safeguards after we had parted with all our atomic secrets; second, that General MacArthur's position and prestige were endangered by the creation of the Allied Council for Japan.

As to the first objection, Secretary Byrnes came back with a great concession when he got Russian acquiescence to the appointment of the Atomic Commission by the General Assembly. Everything will now be made public unless the Security Council, where the veto-empowered Big Five sit, determines otherwise. There can be no action by the Council without American agreement. The veto power cuts both ways.

As for General MacArthur, there is no diminution in his military authority. He will continue as an administrator instead of a proconsul.

Secretary Byrnes, despite the defensive tone in his explanations, feels that at last Russo-American relations are on firm ground. He is of the opinion, moreover, that a better atmosphere has been created for the General Assembly of the United Nations.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"When the Wall Is Fallen"

Sir:

The anonymous article "When the Wall Is Fallen," in the December *Atlantic*, is one of the most stirring pieces I've read in years. You are to be heartily congratulated on finding and publishing it.

REV. HARTLEY J. HARTMAN, D.D.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

The uncompleted religious odyssey of Anonymous is a revelation of a purely personal sequence of responses to each successive religious influence that entered his life. But he frequently slips from the singular to a plural, writing of himself not as an individual but as typical of the orthodox Jews of America. At this point one is compelled to take exception to his statements.

One may grant as accurate his delineation of the narrowly limited horizons of the family in which he grew up. In view of the unconquerable extent and unplumbable depths of human knowledge today, he may well have been entitled to some of the startling and naïve ignorances which he portrays in himself when he had become a college professor. One subject on which he still possesses a massive and comprehensive ignorance is Judaism.

Even more distressing than his ignorance of what should have been the religion of his childhood and youth is his revelation of his not consciously recognized antagonistic reaction to his Jewish antecedents. He repeatedly identifies this purely personal psychological vagary with the attitudes of the normal American orthodox Jew.

A psychologist would find in the frustrations of his childhood and the maladjustments to his environment the source of his misunderstanding of and flight from Jewish values. If Anonymous had eyes to see and a heart to remember, he would have quite another tale to tell of life in the ghetto. True it was a slum. True that there was oftentimes a chasm between the refugees from bitter persecution and the freeborn children of America, and between the two generations

misunderstandings to the point of calumny of the old inarticulate immigrant background.

Let me cite but one more instance of this author's unhappy misinterpretation of everything associated with his Jewish antecedents. In answering the question to which church Christ would go if he returned to earth, he imagines him as at home in all of them, but he sometimes permits himself to imagine that Jesus might feel at home also in the orthodox Hebrew worship. If only he had obtained but a superficial understanding of the New Testament story during the quarter of a century in which he has been a Methodist-Congregationalist-Presbyterian, he would know that the orthodox Hebrew worship of the Synagogue of today is the only one Jesus would recognize if he returned to earth. For it is essentially the same service that Jesus knew nineteen centuries ago in the synagogues of Galilee which he frequented, in which he had learned, and in which he taught.

D. DE SOLA POOL
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

"When the Wall Is Fallen" is a tragic reflection upon the intelligence and integrity of the author. A college professor who majored in philosophy in college and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa has no reticence about admitting that at the time of his graduation he was appallingly ignorant of the predominant religions of the world.

He proceeds to generalize the experiences of his warped upbringing into an attack on all aspects of Judaism. Examples are: (1) A bigoted interpretation of Christianity by an incompetent "rabbi" in his impressionable years resulted in his conception that all rabbinical teaching consists of groups of Jewish children being taught that Christ was no good, that Christianity is evil, and that the Jews are supposed to fear and hate all Gentiles. (2) From his impressions of his own family life he construes all Jewish families to be indifferent to the welfare of their children. The women of the Gentiles "had large

bosoms that smelled more clean than those of our aunts, and we were content to nestle in security on strong Christian arms that picked us up out of street dangers." It would be interesting to know who fed, clothed, and supported him through college.

This article seems to be nothing more than a rabid attack on a whole people, religion, and culture—one which has been caused by purely personal differences and the author's inability to adjust himself to his position as a Jew in society. Instead of trying to maintain himself in the peculiarly uncertain position in which a Jew finds himself in every field of activity, especially that of a professor in the academic world, he took the easy way out by denying his religion and insinuating himself among those who might have been the only bar to his success, whatever that may be.

For a national magazine, celebrated for its liberalism and its intelligent selection of content, to have included an article so obviously defective and intolerant in interpretation is discouraging and a distinct disappointment to its readers.

WILLIAM EIDUS
HENRY FRIEDMANN
SAM ROSENBLUM
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

I wondered if in his "wanderings and peerings" Anonymous had never been so fortunate as to happen upon and peer into the Wider Quaker Fellowship. I am sure it would prove a surprising revelation to him as it was and is to me, who belong to that group he found behind sectarian barriers. Truly "their gaze . . . is turned forward to boundless horizons undistorted by straggling walls."

ALSO ANONYMOUS
Milford, Ohio

Sir:

I have been impressed with the emotional glow of "When the Wall Is Fallen." The Protestant practice which made it possible for the author to be received as a member of a Christian church on the strength of nothing more than the capacity to draw moral inspiration from the Old Testament and to accept the Sermon on the Mount as ultimate guide to conduct has become a very familiar pattern.

I shall say nothing as to the value of his experiences to him — of that he may perhaps be the best judge.

But I fail to see what there is in such a church that can call itself specifically Christian. I think George Santayana states the case (in *Persons and Places*): "I was a spontaneous modernist in theology and philosophy: but not being pledged, either socially or superstitiously, to any sect or tradition, I was spared the torments of those poor Catholic priests or those limping Anglicans who think they can be at

once modernists and believers. They can be only amateurs, at best connoisseurs, in religion. The rest for them will be only a belated masquerade."

T. H. B. ROBERTSON
Springfield, Mass.

From the author of "When the Wall Is Fallen" the Editor of the *Atlantic* has received the following letter:—

● I have received many moving letters of appreciation of "When the Wall Is Fallen" from Quakers, Unitarians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Catholics, and persons without church affiliation. I have become aware, however, that some Jewish readers are grieved by the impression the article may leave, with its tale of my early training and my subsequent disaffection with the synagogue. To reassure them, I might relate that in one Western city, while I was a Congregationalist, I was asked by the Jews to lead them in the services of Rosh Hashonoh and Yom Kippur. This I gladly did, reading Hebrew and pausing so that my fellow worshipers might pronounce the prayers whose translation into English was before them. The most inspiring occasion came on Passover, when for the first time in their lives my Jewish comrades sat down to the Pascal supper while I led them through the joyous ceremony of the Hagadah, with four little boys trained by me to ask the ritual questions. Recently I put on my phylacteries and prayer-shawl in a synagogue and recited Kadish in a memorial service for my mother. I have the deepest respect for these ancient acts of worship and am glad to address myself to the Father of us all in an ancient language beautiful with adoration.

Rebuttal on Poland

Sir:

I heartily approve of the stand which you have taken in answering the critics who have protested against your publication of Anna Louise Strong's article, "Getting Democracy in Poland," in the October issue, and against your failure to designate her as a Communist. A writer's political affiliations are his own business, and need not be cited as proof of the worth or worthlessness of his ideas, which should stand on their own merits. But there is something else behind these criticisms. The implication is that because Anna Louise Strong is a Communist we should distrust her ideas and question her facts; that because she is married to a Russian official we should take it for granted that it is impossible for her to observe a situation with objectivity or to report it without the injection of propaganda. It is assumed that it is especially impossible for her to give us a fair report of the situation inside Poland.

It occurs to me that the fact that Miss Strong has been in Poland and seen things at first hand, and the fact that she is married to a Russian official and

knows the people of Eastern Europe very well, might make her one of the best people to report on what has been going on there. And the fact that she is an American by birth makes her particularly suited to interpreting these things to Americans. I have read a number of other articles by Miss Strong, and I do not think she falsifies the facts, though undoubtedly her point of view towards them is that of a person who, after long association with it, likes the Soviet way of doing things. Soviet Russia proved to be our very gallant and very essential ally in this war, and it seems to me less than realistic to question a writer's ideas solely because she likes the Soviet system.

I see that you have published another of Miss Strong's articles in the December *Atlantic*. I feel that here she has avoided overstating the facts when it would have been very easy to do so. And if she writes against the London Poles, who supported the "Home Army" in Poland, it is well to remember that the government of the London Poles was thoroughly discredited by the governments of both Great Britain and the United States.

I like the present policies of your magazine and it is because of them that I continue to subscribe. I hope you will continue these policies, which are adapted to the world today.

MRS. ELIZABETH S. HELFMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Psychiatry in the Army

Sir:

As one of the half-million members of the Army who cracked up with a psychoneurosis, General William C. Menninger's article on "Psychiatry and the War" in the November *Atlantic* interested me greatly.

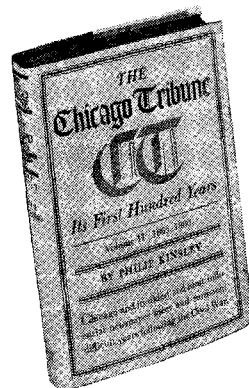
I can agree only to a minor extent with the somewhat congratulatory picture which General Menninger paints of the Army's methods of dealing with this problem. Many psychiatrists did excellent work in the Army, but Army policies were such that in too many cases the psychiatrists did not receive the patients until they were hopelessly "off the beam."

General Menninger's article does not mention the fact that several hundred thousand officers (and some enlisted men who volunteered) were taken into the Army *without* the five-minute examination usually given to drafted men, and were never psychiatrically screened at any later date. As a result, thousands of such individuals cracked up. Curiously enough, an unduly large proportion were officers of the Army Medical Department.

This condition of things cannot be attributed to General Menninger. It was the responsibility of the Surgeon General, who could have had effective measures set up to screen this "missed" personnel, but instead preferred to set up a rather futile system of pep talks and sermons on "Personal Adjustment" and "Personnel Adjustment."

It cannot be argued that a shortage of psychiatrists prevented such screening. Many simple questionnaires exist for psychiatric screening, which can be filled out in about five minutes, and be graded by a semi-skilled clerk. Individuals giving replies indicative of a neurosis or other disturbance can then be examined individually by a psychiatrist. But such measures were never taken.

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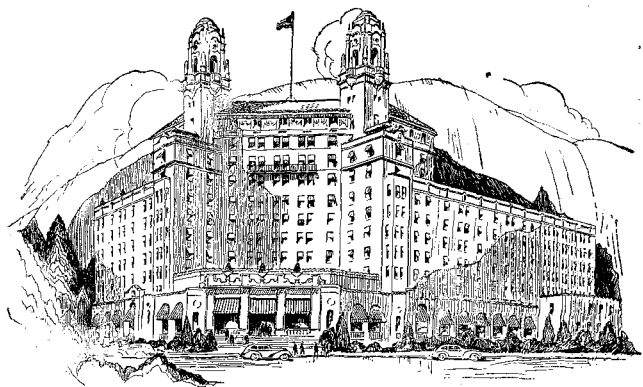
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General Menninger is undoubtedly a capable man, but unfortunately he writes as one who is still a member of the Army. And the Army censors the publications of its members (even if they are generals) so as to present the nicest possible picture of things for civilian consumption.

From my own experience, I could describe some other Army failures in psychiatry (for instance, the protracted vegetation of patients in hospitals, without treatment), but letters must be short.

I am tired of reading laudatory articles on the wonders of Army psychiatry, which stress only the successes and gloze over the failures. It is time for a few of the patients to be heard from, also ex-Army psychiatrists who are willing to expose some of the defects of the Army system. Left alone, the Army will never clean itself up. The remark attributed to President Truman when he was Senator still stands: "The Army covers up; it never corrects."

WALTER C. TOBLE
Old Greenwich, Conn.

I Personally —

Sir:

As a learner of Russian I sympathize with the article "Poputchiki," by Theodore E. Norton, in the "Accent on Living" section of the October *Atlantic*.

I was stationed in Vladivostok for three and a half years. Soon after arriving, I began studying Russian with an excellent teacher, a woman. We progressed rather slowly with nouns, adjectives, and verbs. When we reached the twelfth lesson in the Grammar we were using, and I realized that all Russian verbs have two infinitives, I threw down my book, and exclaimed: "I shall have to stop right here. It is hard enough to learn verbs, even with you, as an excellent teacher, but I can never memorize all those verbs."

The reply, which I have never forgotten, was: "You have to learn only one thing at a time. We Russians have all had to learn in this way." I was quieted, quelled, and resumed my Russian.

B. E. MERRIAM
Morrisville, Vt.

Sir:

Why did Raymond Chandler in "Writers in Hollywood," in the November *Atlantic*, stop with Hollywood? His criticism might have been extended to include many more writers, and the publishing industry in general. Originality and inspiration in literary and motion picture themes seem to be mere relics of those dear dead days beyond recall.

When John Gutenberg invented the printing press, his discovery was hailed as the dawn of a golden era, an era of uplift in which the rapid spread of knowledge should make man forever free. Whoever gleefully imagined those idealistic conditions, however, failed to reckon with the twentieth-century motion picture industry, short-story writers, and publishers of popular magazines and books.

For if the printing press has the power to uplift, it also has the power to degrade, as we are learning to our sorrow. The mere fact that something is printed, or shown on a screen, doesn't make it good.

If a man is blessed with the ability to write, or if

an industry is blessed with the finances and equipment to make motion pictures, or print magazines and books, those blessings are worth far more than the mere selfish making of money for the individual who has them. They should also be worth using to inspire, to teach, and to help the human race. The ability to write is not the important thing. The big thing is to lend that ability to the helping of others.

It is time that we began to reassess the value of all current written works, as well as motion pictures, and the attitudes of the writers, publishers, and producers who produce them. It is not what we can get out of our readers and audiences, but what we can give to them, that makes our efforts worth while.

E. E. FISHER
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sir:

I want to congratulate you on the splendid article "Who Wants Taxes Cut?" by Karl Zeisler, in your October issue. One hears constantly and loudly from those who do, and rarely is the other side of the picture called to attention. Yet we suffer everywhere from the unhappy consequences of trying to be cheap skates — in the undernourishment of our basic governmental and educational framework, as Mr. Zeisler so graphically puts it. Even the Taxpayers' Associations squawk about the results they get — but they never seem to notice the connection.

MRS. A. C. FINDLEY
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Barzun's Writings

Sir:

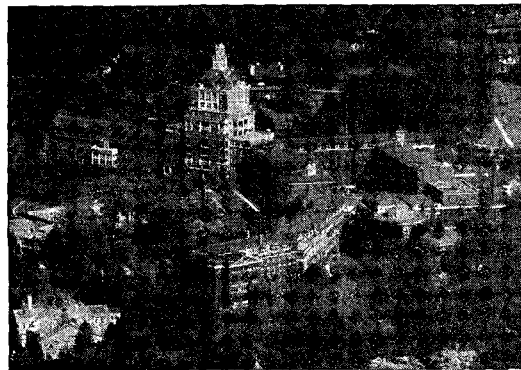
I particularly liked your October issue, which I purchased because of my interest in the Harvard Report, *General Education in a Free Society*. I was reasonably certain that I should not, however, care for the review by Mr. Barzun, "Harvard Takes Stock," because I had recently read his *Teacher in America*, and disagreed with him on many matters.

On the basis of my knowledge of history, I shall not write a book, *Historian in America* (although I did once teach history and I am sure Mr. Barzun never taught education). But I was across the street from Columbia College, where a few quaint characters believe education is teachable and fool twelve thousand or more teachers into paying \$12.50 a point every summer. I have another confession to make: I am going to the Harvard Graduate School of Education too, and working for a degree that will simply horrify Mr. Barzun — the Ed.D.

In *Teacher in America* Mr. Barzun has listed many difficulties to be found in teaching. Many of those which tired him are rapidly being overcome in schools where the methods he rejects so contemptuously are being consistently used.

Since he laughs off, as being utterly ridiculous, the advances in teaching brought about by experimentation in modern schools, and since he shudders at the thought of courses in education, it could not be expected that he would note approvingly that the Harvard Report was the result of cooperative effort on the part of professors of education with professors of the hallowed subjects Mr. Barzun believes to be "teachable."

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AWARDS FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

There are no separately written chapters bristling with caustically worded thrusts at one camp from another. There are no literary witticisms at the expense of one approach to education from the supposedly greater vantage point of another. There is little evidence of the intellectual snobbery that divides people into the educable and the hopelessly stupid on the basis of academic achievement. There is evidence of concern for developing an education which would bring all men closer together and check the dangerous, divisive elements that are threatening our culture.

Education or teaching (whichever term may be necessary for us to use if we are to escape being ridiculous) can evidence concern for or indifference to the conditions in our society. Mr. Barzun thinks it is absurd to believe that teaching will have any effect upon current problems, since only "stored-up truths" are "teachable." When, upon being presented with beautifully organized sequences of subject matter, pupils fail to learn, the sole reason is, of course, the pupils' appalling stupidity. The Harvard authors have a different belief; they believe it is necessary to educate all the people at least to the point of feeling common inheritances, goals, and respect for one another's differing abilities. For a democracy this is obviously of greater concern than the creation of a group of intellectual aristocrats so dazzled by their own brilliance that they cannot see the slums across Morningside Park or the racial and religious tensions seething outside of Harvard Yard.

Yes, we can remain indifferent to these problems and continue to teach our subjects, as serene in our security as the German professors were in theirs. It will not, then, be difficult to cripple and pervert American education also, and to destroy democracy. Mr. Barzun is alarmed in *Teacher in America* over the lack of concern people have for education. Could the amazing indifference of some professors for the welfare of "ordinary individuals" have contributed to this? Contemplation is delightful, but always the best teachers have also acted in and upon their environments.

William James said, "True ideas are those that we can assimilate, validate, corroborate, and verify. False ideas are those we cannot. . . . The truth of an idea is not a stagnant property inherent in it." Careful consideration will reveal that Mr. Barzun evinces a greater disregard for the ideas of William James than does the Harvard Report.

General Education in a Free Society shows that true "educators" and true "teachers" may work toward identical goals. It suggests that more can be achieved through the coöperation of all persons concerned with education than through the sanctification of the academic as the only type of learning valuable to man and the creation of rival "camps" thereby. It believes the conditions of society are a concern of education and that the tensions in society may be made somewhat less dangerous through education. To believe otherwise is to relinquish the one power that makes organized education possible — its effectiveness in helping all people to live more richly day by day.

BERTRAND W. HAYWARD
Principal, Sanford High School
Sanford, Maine

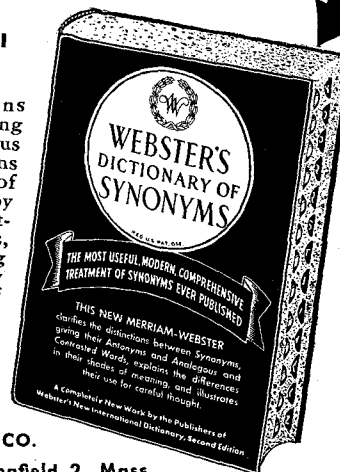
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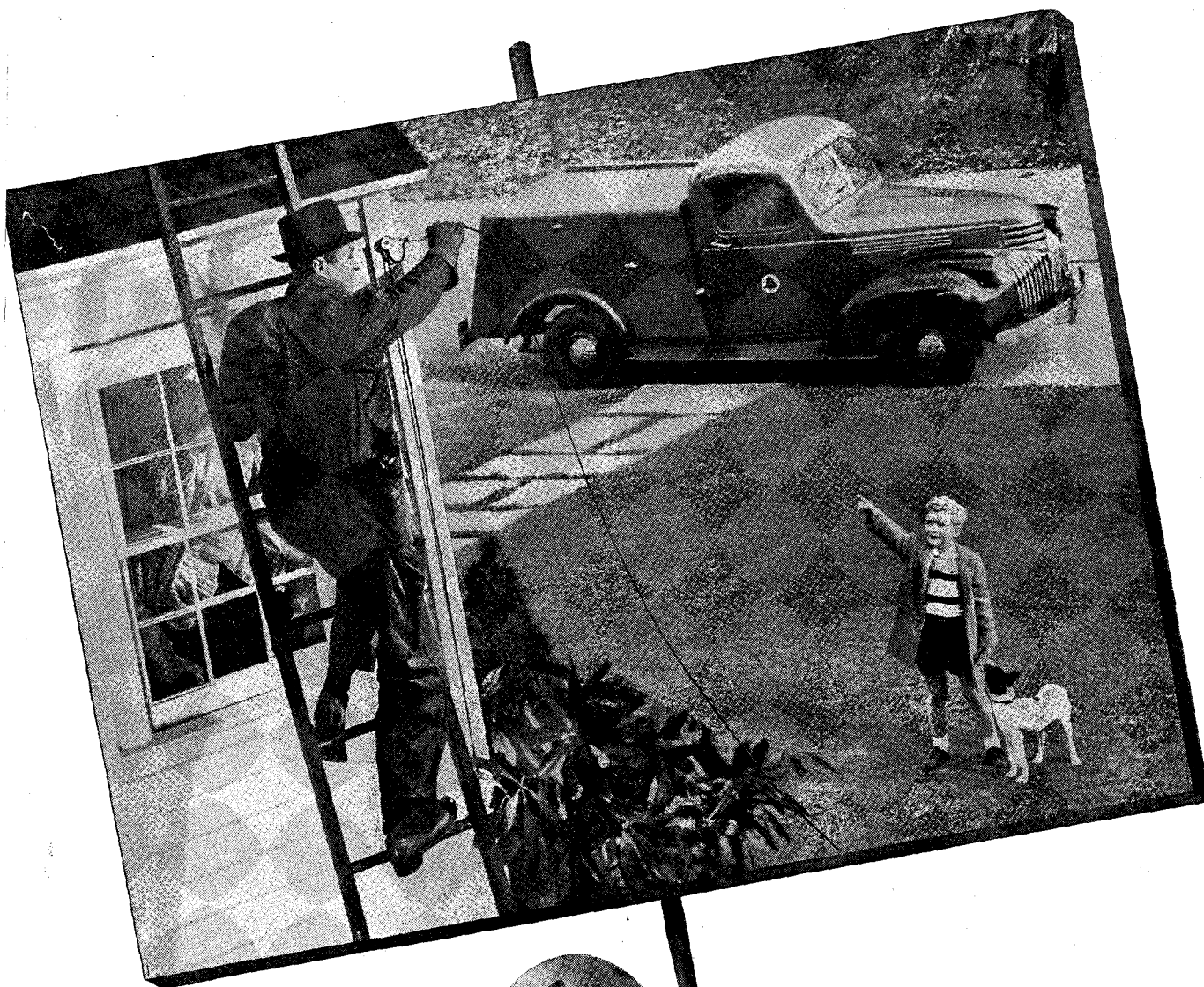
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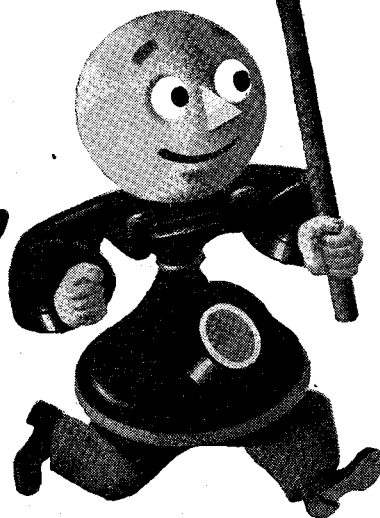
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THREE CAME HOME

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

IN 1937 the first manuscript of Agnes Newton Keith walked into the *Atlantic* office. It came from Sandakan, North Borneo, and it proved to be the enchanting story of Saudin, the Keiths' houseboy, who had been lent to the Martin Johnsons to care for the wild animals they were bringing back to the States. Saudin lived for several months in New York City, and on his return he told his mistress what he thought of the life in her home country.

When we accepted Saudin's story, we encouraged Mrs. Keith to tell us of her life as the wife of an official of the British Government in North Borneo. This she eventually did in her prize-winning autobiography, *Land Below the Wind*. That book was published in the late summer of 1939, and Mr. and Mrs. Keith were in the United States at the time, on their first leave in five years. But their vacation was cut short by the outbreak of war.

The Keiths had no illusions of an easy victory, and in her article "Before Invasion," which Mrs. Keith sent to the Editor several months before Pearl Harbor, she foretold the coming of the Japanese and said that she and her husband might take refuge with the wild tribes in the interior of Borneo; but she admitted that such an escape was complicated by the presence of young George, their two-year-old son. Would there be enough quinine to protect them?

When the Japanese landed after the fall of Singapore, the Keiths stuck to their posts and with their child were taken into captivity. They were prisoners for three and a half years. Not until Christmas of 1945 could they again taste freedom and American food. Mrs. Keith after a short rest is now beginning to write the story of what forty white women, of whom she was one, did to protect their lives and their children during those inescapable months.

TODAY, from the safety of the North American continent, I look back over three and a half years spent in Japanese prison camps in Borneo. They were hard years, and there isn't much that is good to be said about them. I do not believe that they improved

my character, and I know they didn't improve my disposition. The doctor doesn't seem to think they improved my constitution, and the mirror assures me that they didn't improve my face.

When I was still in captivity, I believed that my character had changed. I felt that I was hard, cold, tough, unable to be hurt myself, and ready to hurt others without a qualm. But now that I am free I see that I am, as George would say, just an old softie again.

I hope that such hard manual tasks as I learned to perform under Japanese surveillance will, from now on, have no place in my life. If the Nipponese ever had any suitable implements with which to accomplish any work, they never gave us those implements. Bare hands were their choice. People say there is great joy in working with your hands. If so, we led a joyful life.

I also hope that the occasions in my future life to smuggle and beg for food — accomplishments I perfected in Japanese prison camps — will be limited.

Those three and a half years in prison camps equipped me well for just one thing — more prison. But before I go to prison again, I will die.

For captivity taught me the value of freedom. In all my life before, I had existed as a free woman, and I hadn't known it.

Now freedom means this to me. The right to live with, to touch, and to love my husband and children. The right to look about me without fear of seeing people struck and beaten. The capacity to work for myself and our children.

The possession of a door, and a key with which to lock it. Moments of silence. A place in which to weep, with no one to see me doing so.

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The freedom of my eyes to scan the face of the earth, the mountains, trees, the fields, the sea, without barbed wire across my vision. The strength to walk with the wind in my face, and no sentry to stop me. The ability to look at the new moon without seeing it as the symbol of passing time. Without asking, "How many more times must it rise on my captivity?"

I think that these things make freedom. I will never give it up again.

2

THE darkest hours of all my life were the last forty-eight before the Japanese Army occupied Sandakan, British North Borneo, on January 19, 1942.

My husband had been employed for many years as a civil servant in the British North Borneo Government. He was as much under orders in Borneo as were the armed forces elsewhere. The only weapons of defense with us were a policy of denial and passive resistance. My husband's orders were to remain at his post until the Japanese occupying forces arrived. Just remain there, that was all.

They came in on Monday. On Saturday we had learned that they were on their way by launches from Jesselton, on the west coast of British North Borneo. Jesselton had been under their rule for some weeks.

There were about forty women and children remaining in Sandakan. On Sunday it was agreed that these were to assemble at three different residences in town, so that the women would not be alone in their homes when the Japanese soldiers arrived. Our husbands had, of course, to be at their posts.

All day Sunday the rain poured down on us. At six o'clock in the evening, as had been arranged, I took George, our two-year-old son, and left for Government House. I told Harry good-bye in our home. He said, "We will never do this again."

I said, "At least we might have been together!"

At Government House that night the other women and I sat and talked about things that meant nothing to us. Then we went to bed. After eight or more hours of lying in bed wondering what was going to happen to us, we got up again. We were gray in the face that morning.

It was seven o'clock. The Japanese were landing, and the Resident was at the wharf waiting for them. We heard a shot. We thought it was the Resident being shot by the Japanese. It turned out to be a European who had committed suicide.

The Japanese arrived at Government House in a few minutes. They were shock troops: they needn't have been — there was nothing very tough about us.

From then until September 11, 1945, we lived in captivity. Many violent things happened. But in all my life there is nothing for sheer mental terror to equal those hours of waiting before the Nipponese came in.

It is natural to wonder why I was foolish enough to stay in the Eastern war zone as late as the day on which the Japanese Army occupied Sandakan, especially when I was accompanied by a two-year-old son. It was not foolhardiness and stupidity alone which held me in Borneo, but the combination of a husband, a job, and a sense of fate.

I also in 1941-1942 was doing war work. I had been asked to accept an emergency job in order to assist in relieving Allied manpower for more important work. It did not fit in with my personal desires to do so. I had writing which I was most anxious to do.

In 1939 I had been fortunate in publishing a best-selling book about Borneo. I was anxious to follow this with a novel about Borneo. The birth of George in 1940 had already delayed progress on my book. By 1941 I was itching to get to my work again.

But there was a war on. The Civil Service was short of men, and those in responsible offices were overworked and overtired. I saw my husband and others working until midnight on emergency jobs, and then worrying from midnight on. I couldn't sit back and do nothing. So I did war work instead of writing a book.

Throughout twelve months of the year 1941 both civilians and Government argued hotly the question of whether or not women and children should be forcibly evacuated from British North Borneo. I always hoped that we should not be ordered to leave. We were not.

I believe now that the women and children should have been forcibly evacuated. The decision should not have been left to the individual. In wartime the individual is not in a position to know military or defense facts. Those who know these facts should take the responsibility of deciding who is to stay in the war zone. It is evading responsibility to refuse such a decision.

But in my own case I accept full responsibility for having stayed. I was under no delusion about the security of our location. I did not need anybody to tell me that the war was coming to the East, or that the Nipponese were coming to Borneo. The Japanese themselves had been writing pamphlets for us in English (*The Bulletin of the South Seas*) and sending them to us for the last six years, mentioning just those facts. I guess I was the only one in Borneo who read them. But what I did not know, or even dream of, was that the Japanese would remain in Borneo for three and two-thirds years.

A few weeks before the victorious arrival of the Nipponese, the women remaining on Sandakan were offered a final chance to leave, on their own responsibility. A small coastal steamer, the *Baymain*, was being sent to the Dutch East Indies in order to keep it out of the hands of the Nipponese, and it was evacuating a few local women.

That was the last ship out of our port. My war work gave me a good reason for stating then that I intended to stay with my husband and see things

through. I know that I should have been released from my work if I had asked to be. I did not ask.

We knew the responsibility that we were taking in keeping George with us. But my husband and I had made up our minds that we would all three stay together. Our flesh and blood were one, our loves were one, our life — and if need be our death — should be together.

I believed and said all through our captivity that if George came through alive and with no permanent injury to his health, that if Harry and I came out alive and with a possibility of regaining health, then I should have been right in staying. If we did not, then I was wrong in staying. It was a question to be answered only by test.

We are at home now, alive, well.

This does not mean that I would do it again.

Today, knowing what I do, I say that no Heaven On Earth in the future could be worth the ordeal of going through those years again, knowingly — knowing as I do now the utter desolation that was to face me as day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, my captivity continued; knowing the virtual dissolution of body and soul which certain conditions of living, even more than of dying, bring. My husband and I both agree that we could not do it again, knowing what was before us. We do not regret the decision to stay together. But another time there would be for us one final escape.

Now that I am back with free persons again, I feel a wide gap between myself and them. It is an emotional gap. It is not only the things I have seen, but the thoughts I have thought. The remedy is not vitamin pills or sleeping pills. I cannot cross the gap yet. I do not know if I ever shall.

I lost much in those captive years, but I gained one thing by staying: if my husband had remained in Borneo, if I had come home before the war, that gap would be between us now. Today at least we are both on the same side.

3

WHEN the Japanese first arrived in Sandakan and discovered the lack of supplies on hand they were indignant. It seems that they had expected us to save our oil, petrol, scrap iron, motors, launches, and high-octane gasoline to trade with them, in exchange for our lives. The spirit we had shown in destroying these things was not a friendly one.

So they interned all the men in the second-class ward of the Civil Hospital while they decided whom they would shoot. Coming to no agreement about this, they decided instead to ask certain of the men to come out and work with them.

One of the essential needs of the country was to produce more food. My husband, as Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture, was considered necessary to this end. Under the orders of the Gov-

ernor of North Borneo he agreed to be released from internment, and to attempt to work with the Japanese, for the purpose of food production only.

This he did for four months. During this time we moved back to our home, and continued to live there surrounded by what personal possessions the Japanese soldiers did not require for the prosecution of the war. Colored shirts, fountain pens, fancy penknives, attractive pillows and drapes, silk stockings, sweaters, and other similar armaments were confiscated for the Nipponese war effort.

On May 12, with half an hour's notice and one suitcase each, we and all other European men, women, and children in Sandakan were taken to Berhala, a small island at the mouth of Sandakan Bay, and interned. The Government quarantine station and the leper station were situated there. We were placed in the old quarantine buildings on one side of the hill, and the lepers were on the other. Being as ignorant as most people are about leprosy, we expected to find spots on ourselves at any moment.

Here on Berhala the sanitary equipment in the women's camp consisted of two ordinary buckets for use as toilets. These we emptied daily into the sea.

There were sixteen children interned on Berhala Island, all under three years old. In time they all developed enteritis and mild dysentery from bad food and filthy living conditions. In time, to our astonishment, they all recovered, to live and grow on cucumbers and stinking fish.

When first interned on Berhala Island we thought the Japanese rations were almost uneatable. These consisted of rotting fish, greens, occasional bananas, rancid oil, and rice. The food tasted unpleasant to us, the change from meat and vegetables to a rice diet made many of us ill, and there was much beri-beri, a disease of malnutrition. It was not a healthful diet, but at least there was enough to fill our stomachs. Two and a half years later, in January, 1945, to have had enough of *anything* to eat would have been luxury to us.

One thing made life on Berhala Island bearable for me. The men and women lived in separate compounds with sentries between the buildings, and no official contact was permitted between men and women. But every few nights Harry and I would crawl under our fences and through the barbed wire and creep through the long grass to meet in the dark. Here, lying together under a coconut palm, Harry would assure me that we would be free again within three months. It was always three months. That was the furthest date that our hopes could embrace in those days. I do not know if we really believed it, or if we just did not dare to believe anything else.

After eight months on Berhala Island, George and I, with forty-five other women and children, were moved to Kuching, Sarawak, also in Borneo. The men were not moved. Here we joined women and children from other parts of Borneo.

We were nine days on the way, and the first two days we had no food. We were loaded onto the deck of a small steamer which had neither lifeboats nor life belts. The one cabin was occupied by Japanese officers, with Japanese female companions who had the ugliest legs I have ever seen detached from pianos.

We did not have sufficient space on deck to lie down, so the mothers sat up and held their children. As it rained most of the time, the decks were constantly awash from rain or from babies, and we and the bedding and the luggage were never dry. Upon arrival in Kuching the children all developed influenza. But once again, in direct defiance of fate, they all recovered.

A Japanese soldier who was traveling on the boat told me that he had read *Land Below the Wind* in Japanese, that he liked the book, and that he was sorry for us and our children. I asked him to ask the Japanese authorities at the next port to give us fruit for our children. He did so. The authorities refused. The soldier then secretly gave me ten dollars to buy food for George, but asked me not to tell anyone. I bought food and maintained secrecy. That was the first money I possessed in internment, as the Japanese had taken our cash away from us when they imprisoned us, and it was a serious offense to be caught with money.

Two months later, in March, 1943, the men also were moved from Berhala Island to Kuching, where they were placed in a separate camp. Here we were allowed to meet our husbands occasionally, at first every three or four months. We met in the presence of armed guards, usually for a half hour at a time. We were not allowed to kiss or touch each other, or to exchange any articles.

If we met by accident at any other time we were not allowed to speak or to look at each other. Our first women's camp in Kuching was in view of the men's camp. Every evening after work the women would walk back and forth across their barbed-wire enclosure in order to see their husbands in the distance. The Japanese commanded us not to do so — they said it annoyed them. But temptation was too great. So the Japanese moved the women's camp a half mile farther down the road, out of view of husbands. Here we remained until the end of the war.

4

KUCHING, in the onetime White Rajah's Kingdom of Sarawak, was the headquarters in Borneo for all Allied prisoners of war and internees. The city is twenty-two miles up the river from the sea, and our camps were located three miles beyond it. The settlement was known as Batu Lintang Camp, and it was composed of eight separate camps.

Each camp was as completely segregated from the others as the Nipponese could make it. But, armed guards, barbed wire, rules, and punishments to the contrary, they could not stop secret contact between

camps. Sometimes there were very few Nipponese soldiers under arms in Kuching, and there is no doubt that the Nipponese feared trouble from our camps if, incited by mistreatment, we should all get together.

Sometimes various hotheads tried to incite rebellion among the men, but we knew that it could only end in murder for all of us. In the beginning the Nipponese had come as victors into Borneo because they controlled the air and the sea. Until they lost control of the air and the sea they would stay there. Any hostile move we prisoners in Borneo made would only be suicide.

The aggregate population of these eight camps, prisoners of war and internees, was 2000 persons at the time of our liberation. At one time there were as many as 3000, but death and labor parties reduced the number. The divisions and personnel of the eight camps were as follows: Australian officers and NCO's, British officers, Dutch officers, British soldiers, Indonesians, civilian men, Roman Catholic priests, and women and children.

At the time of liberation the sick rate in the combined camps was about 75 per cent. The British soldiers' camp was the worst-treated of the group. The sick rate there was 90 per cent and the death rate was 50 per cent.

Our women's camp was the most healthful and the best-treated. All we had to complain of was semi-starvation, weakness, occasional blows, and hard work on five tablespoons of rice. Our death rate was not spectacular. Being women, we hoarded our strength, eked out that one kilogram of energy, and lingered on. We could probably have lain flat on our backs and just continued to exist for some time. But we mothers did not spend much time on the flat of our backs.

I use the terms "prisoner" and "prison camp" instead of "internees" and "internment" because the Nipponese conducted all camps in Kuching, including the civilian ones, under the prisoner-of-war rules. At irregular intervals, usually after some one of us had been naughty and laughed at one of our captors at the wrong time, or had otherwise insulted the Emperor, who was practically a living Presence with us, the Rules-for-Conduct-of-Prisoners-of-War was passed out to us again to read. There were five type-written pages, and we were subject to execution in practically every paragraph. Life became so hazardous on page one that we seldom got any farther. We never believed that the Nipponese would execute a woman — when it was so easy to starve us to death. In any case, if one is always hungry, weary, miserable, and discouraged, the idea of execution is just one more thing.

When we first realized that we were prisoners, and our camp a prison, instead of internees with civilian rights, we thought we would point this out to the Nipponese. We mentioned international law. The matter was discussed very delicately with Colonel

Suga, our Japanese Commander, who was a graduate of the University of Washington in the United States. Colonel Suga agreed with us that there was such a thing as international law. He was it.

Later research on the subject of international law developed the addenda that the man with the gun is the one complete authority on the subject. The verdict is a bang on the head or a kick in the kidneys for the man without the gun. If the plaintiff protests the verdict, the following decision is handed down by the Japanese authorities: —

“Mr. Blank has been convicted of conspiracy. We very much sorry because we trusted Mr. Blank, and are kind to him because Nipponese always kind, and because Nipponese wish prisoners to be happy, although all prisoners great cowards to be taken prisoner. Allied soldiers are not like brave Nipponese, who always die fighting or else happy to kill selves.

“But Mr. Blank not nice to Nipponese guard, and make Nipponese guard kick him. This make guard unhappy, and thereby undermine Nipponese Army Morale, which is conspiracy. Conspiracy very serious.

“Therefore we sentence Mr. Blank to three weeks in the cells, because we are too kind to execute him as he deserve. Three weeks in cell not very long time, and sometimes people come out alive with scarce mutilations and only slightly destroyed by patriotic indignation of guards. Mr. Blank should be very happy that punishment so tender.

“We not understand why Mr. Blank show prejudice against Nipponese.”

The legal side of the case in international law now ends, and the zealous patriotism of the guard takes over.

5

I HAVE been told that my family gave us up as dead. No word had been received from us at home throughout the first two years of the war. Even aside from the probability of death by violence, they did not believe that either my physical strength or that of our two-year-old child could endure. My mother died in 1943 without having learned that we were still alive.

But the human body survives much. My child's life depended upon me. His only chance for future health was in my hands. I had kept him out there; I must carry him through.

In the women's camp in Kuching there were 280 people. We were divided into three groups: 120 Dutch Roman Catholic Sisters, 40 English Roman Catholic Sisters, and 120 lay females and children. There were four barracks in camp. Three of these were used for housing space, and one was reserved for religious services.

As we were painfully overcrowded, we had asked the Nipponese to allow us to use all four barracks for living quarters, but they steadfastly refused. I do not know why, unless it was in order to say that they

had provided us with a chapel and had not interfered with our religious pursuits.

Each individual in our camp had a floor space approximately five feet by four feet, in which to sleep, eat, live, or die. There were no partitions. There was no privacy, no quiet. The mothers and children all lived together in one end of one barrack.

The mothers were much criticized. People said that we should not have been there at all. But I decided while living in prison camp that that statement holds true of all humanity — it just shouldn't be here at all. By its elimination we would cure all evils, including wars and prison camps.

The women without children were accustomed to say to the mothers, “I don't see how you stand it! It must be Hell being a mother in this camp!”

It was Hell, but it was Heaven too. In that wallow of captivity known as Kuching Internment Camp there were just thirty-four good reasons for staying alive, and those were our thirty-four children. We brought them all through.

One of those babies was born in internment, and one came into prison camp when she was only two months old. Three were under six months of age and still nursing when they and their mothers were imprisoned. A number of them, I think seven, were the same age as George, two years old when imprisoned. The eldest child entered camp when she was seven.

There were twenty-four of us mothers. We worked, hated, fought, shouted, laughed, and wept together, and we always stuck together. Life was grim. We lived not much above the level of animals — animals who feed, fight for, and love their young.

Our barrack was regarded by nonresidents as a dirty hole, a stink hole, a pest hole, a Hell hole. It was Hades let loose on a rainy day. It was the final crash of a brass band throughout feeding hours. It smelled of kids, pots, and wee-wee. The noise started at six in the morning and continued until six the next morning.

But there was one hour after supper at night when the type of noise changed. The children were all in bed then; the mothers were also, being too exhausted for anything else. Then took place that sudden transformation to which children are subject when the dusk falls: thirty-four little devils become thirty-four little angels. They smell good, they speak sweetly, they squeeze your hand, they even want to kiss you — and they sing! Tragedy came and went in our camp, but we never missed a night to sing — “Kiss Me Good Night, Sergeant Major,” “Good Night, Daddy and Jim,” “Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers,” “I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old,” “One Finger, One Thumb, One Arm, One Leg,” “Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.” And always, without fail, we ended up with “God Save Our Gracious King, God Save the King.”

I can never forget the sound of those children's voices, singing, with nothing to sing for. If their song could have been broadcast to the outside world

I think that hearts would have broken. I have stood listening outside our barrack at night and have wept from pride and love and sorrow.

They were mischievous, naughty, profane. They learned deceit. They smuggled, and sometimes I fear they stole, but never from each other. They fought and they kicked; they were tough—they had to be.

They learned that hunger was the natural condition of life. They learned that a meal was a big event, eggs were better than gold, a piece of rotting fish was luxury, a banana was a treasure. And that all these articles were contraband, and only to be spoken of in whispers.

They learned that everything must be hidden from the Nips. When soldiers searched the premises, eggs went under the house, oil went to the latrines, sugar went into the drain.

They learned to bow politely to Japanese officers; what they did behind their backs I shall ignore.

They learned to be generous, sharing everything. They were helpful, even taking on jobs beyond their strength. They were sympathetic; their faces of sorrow when they saw us in trouble were almost unbearable. They were cheerful, resourceful, brave. And *they* did not complain.

I said that we brought them all through alive. But perhaps they brought us through alive.

Throughout the year 1944 every change in camp was for the worse. Rules increased, food decreased; work increased, strength decreased. Disappointments multiplied, and optimism was never verified. Hope itself seemed only a refuge for those who would not face facts.

During the last eight months of the war our daily food ration per person as supplied by the Japanese was as follows: one cupful of thin rice gruel, four and a half tablespoons of cooked rice, a little salt, a little sugar, and tea. This was what the Japanese expected us to live on. Or did they expect us to *live* on it?

Additions to this diet were sweet potato tops which we grew ourselves. Every square foot of the camp was in use for gardens, but the soil was exhausted and we were exhausted. The last six months of imprisonment we were so undernourished that it was almost impossible for us to do active and heavy work. We arose before sunrise to finish our work inside the camp, and then we had to go outside the camp to work for the Japanese. By nine o'clock in the morning we were worn out. Day after day we asked ourselves and each other, "How much longer can we go on?"

The only thing that kept us going during this period was illegal traffic. By spells we were able to smuggle dried fish, coconut oil, and eggs into camp via the Japanese guards.

As the Allied forces neared Borneo, Japanese currency, known as banana money, decreased in value. The guards became anxious to acquire our

gold, jewelry, and diamonds, materials of any sort, and men's clothing. And by this time there was just one thing that mattered to us—food.

The guards would force the Chinese outside camp to sell food to them for cash, and would then deliver the food to us in exchange for our valuables. Or else they would trade the goods to the Chinese for the food, the guard keeping part of the goods as commission.

The extra food which came into the women's camp in this way was probably one reason why the women remained in better health than the men. All camps did smuggling, but the women's camp was farthest removed from headquarters, and our guards were in less danger of discovery than those in the other camps. But the principal reason the women were successful with contraband was that the Japanese officers themselves ignored our activity, as long as we did not face them with it. In the men's camp, smugglers were sought after and severely punished.

6

ON March 25, 1945, some American Flying Fortresses appeared over Kuching camp.

That was the first sign of the Allies that we had ever had. We were wild with joy. Optimism came to life again, as treacherous and abortive as ever. Any hour, any day, any week now, we felt, would bring us release.

So the planes came, and came, and came. They bombed daily. They sported overhead. They flew low and ticked our chimney tops; they rustled the leaves off trees. The Nips didn't dare touch them. Our planes they were, daring, magnificent, beautiful, glorious, free. They represented life and health and food and strength—or at worst the quick, clean death of a hero.

But month followed month, without release. We plodded and dug in the earth below. We lived with worms and we thought like worms, and when we were hungry we ate worms, and worms multiplied and lived inside us. We ceased looking up. We ceased expecting release. We ceased expecting at all. We just existed.

I knew that victory would come. I never ceased to know that. But I lost hope that I should see it. In fact, I lost all concern about it. It was just another war: it would be just another peace—just another false pledge for the future. But I should not be there to know it.

And then came August 15, 1945.

I wonder if the world outside visioned the Allied prisoners of war in Japanese prison camps all over the Orient as being miraculously set free at sound of the word Armistice? Perhaps they visioned us as going mad with joy on that day. If so, they were wrong. We in Kuching went mad with rumors which we were afraid to believe, but not with joy. We had been disappointed too often. For us in Kuching the

most nerve-destroying period of the war set in after peace had come to the world outside. We then came nearest to losing our lives.

There had been no fighting in Sarawak since December, 1941. From that date until the Armistice the Japanese forces there had been content to march in the sunlight and sing war songs in the moonlight. Then came the atomic bomb and the entry of Russia into the war against Japan. The Emperor of Japan asked for peace on behalf of the Japanese nation and ordered all Japanese forces to surrender.

The Kuching forces refused to surrender. After three and a half years of quiet, they decided to begin their own war. The Son of Heaven had ordered them to surrender, and as Japanese subjects they must do so. Therefore they would cease to be Japanese subjects, forswear their nationality, renounce their Emperor, and have a good fight instead.

A few days after the Armistice the Japanese trebled our food rations. We began then to believe that peace might have come to the outside world.

But we were prisoners in Borneo still. We were the victors, but the losing side still had the guns. A mass massacre by Nipponese soldiers, if rescue did not come soon, began to be rumored. But a mass massacre if rescue came with violence was also rumored.

There were twenty-seven days of uncertainty. During this time the threat of a forced march was also held over us. Considering the conditions of ill-health which existed in the camps, and the probable conditions of a forced march, this would have ended in death for most of us.

At the same time pamphlets were being dropped to us by the Australians, telling us that "peace with victory" had come to the Allies, and that they would release and care for us as soon as possible. The Nipponese forbade us "on pain of death" to collect or read any pamphlets dropped by planes. But death held no pain equal to the joy of reading those pamphlets.

On August 30, food and Red Cross drugs were dropped to us by parachute from Douglas C-47 planes. The first parachute brought bread. And that was the article of food for which we had longed more than any other.

We were delirious that day with joy, but it was not the thought of a square meal which made us laugh and cry. It was the thought that *anybody* should do *anything* for us again — that was more than we could bear without hysteria.

And every day thereafter, until the Australians were ready to come in and release us, the C-47's dropped manna from Heaven.

7

No C-47's came at eleven o'clock on September 11 to drop food for us; no C-47's dashed thrillingly by at arm's length.

Instead the planes overhead were high, remote,

and austere. They were in the air over Kuching and its vicinity for several hours. This dignified conduct on their part suggested to us that activity was at last taking place on the river.

At four o'clock that afternoon we were told by our camp master, Dorie Adams, that the Australian occupying forces had come up the river and landed at Kuching. They were on the way to us now, and would take surrender of the camps as soon as they arrived. There would be no preliminary warning. If we wished to see them take over we must be ready to leave for the square at a minute's notice.

I warned George then to stay close at hand, but I still would not let myself believe that the day had come. Not until I had laid eyes on those Australians. Most of us felt the same way. Long disappointment had taught us.

At five o'clock the call came: "Go to the square. Australians take over in three minutes."

For one minute then I stood quite still. I knew in my bones that this time it was true. With all of my being I gave thanks to God. It was all over.

Then the camp became madder than ever. Most of the women tore off their patched old clothes and hurried into the one decent dress which they had been saving for years, for this day.

I looked all about me for George. No George. All over camp I ran. Still no George. "All right, George, you little so-and-so," I thought, "I'm not going to wait for you this time. You can just stay behind."

I give one final shout of "George!" and somebody shouts back that George has already gone up the road with some of the children. I am late. I run towards the camp entrance and start up the road.

"Mum!" George's small voice calls faintly from far behind me in camp.

I stop. George is covering the ground after me as fast as possible. "Hurry, hurry, or we'll miss the soldiers."

"Mum, my belt's broken and my pants are falling off." Whereupon his pants fall off. George arrives with tongue out and pants in hand. On go the pants, on goes the belt.

"Now hurry!"

Up the road we race. The road to captivity, and now the road to freedom. Here to the left of us is the hospital ward, filled with men too far gone from starvation edema ever to recover. Here is the morgue, a small room fifteen feet by nine feet. During the dysentery epidemic the bodies of men were piled in here like fish in tins. Here is the clinic. Here men begged for, but didn't receive, medicine from the Japanese doctor. Here one bowed low in passing, Jap doctor in sight or not. We found that the best way to populate a Japanese landscape with officials was to omit a bow. If one bowed regularly the landscape remained empty; if one omitted to bow, the scene was instantly crowded with insulted Japanese officials.

Here is the sentry box. Here one bows to the

Nipponese guard, or used to. There is no guard there today. Here one used to wait in the sun while the guard mumbled and muttered and decided how unpleasant he could be. Here was the scene of endless tortures for the men.

Here on the right hand is the British soldiers' camp. This is the camp of skeletons, which move laboriously, slowly, weakly. That they move at all is the wonder.

Here is the Dutch camp; beyond it is the civilian men's camp; across from it is the priests' camp. All camps are empty. Everyone who can walk, creep, totter, crawl, is on the road moving towards the square. And this is the same road down which we women have so many times in the past stumbled under the weight of heavy rubber trees to be used for firewood.

Now we are in the square. This was the place for public meetings when we as prisoners were harangued by the Japanese. Here Colonel Suga, our Japanese Commander, frequently addressed us.

His words were: "This is going to be a long war, ten years at least. The Nipponese are going to be victorious. Your Army and Navy are being defeated. The Nipponese never give up. I know you are homesick. I sympathize with you. I am very kind. You are prisoners. You must obey me."

This square was the place for public punishments. Over here is the little green mound with the main sentry box. The sentry used to stand in the box under the tree in the shade. The victim, who probably did not know what he was being punished for, stood in the road in the sun. Perhaps he held a heavy weight at arm's length above his head; perhaps he squatted; perhaps he knelt with his arms at right angles in front of him. When he fell over he was kicked until he got up, and when he could no longer get up he was just kicked.

Into this square we pour today.

8

As we pass the gate of the civilian men's camp Harry joins us. All three together, we push forward into the square, which seems already full with the 2000 prisoners. There is a small platform at the far side, with a Union Jack now flying above it.

I look about me for the Australians, for we have heard that 500 of them came in. But there are only a few to be seen, tall, straight-featured, strong young men. There are more American sailors visible than Australians. We learn later that most of the Australian soldiers are busy moving swiftly about the city of Kuching, trying to appear like 5000 men rather than 500. For the Nipponese still have 5000 soldiers under arms in the vicinity of Kuching.

Now Colonel Walsh, the highest-ranking officer among the Australian prisoners of war, steps onto the platform and calls the crowd to attention. He presents a huge, blue-eyed, red-cheeked Australian

who is Brigadier General Eastick, RAA, of the Ninth Australian Army Division, in command of the landing force. He also presents Captain Jennings of the United States Navy, who has accompanied Eastick up the river. Captain Jennings is the perfect picture of what a captain in the Navy should be.

Brigadier General Eastick then speaks in a cheery, booming voice. "I feel deeply honored to be the one to bring relief to you today. I will read a message to you from Major General Wooten, who commands the Ninth Australian Army Division, which sets you free today." He then reads:—

"We are sorry to have been so long in coming to you. Because of your position up the Kuching River and because of difficult fighting conditions in Borneo, we have been slow in getting here. We have not had the ships available to come in to you before, or to take you away. You have been patient for a long time. But today I greet you as a free people again."

"We expect to take you out of Kuching as quickly as possible," Eastick explains. "The sick will be taken care of first. Some of these will be taken tomorrow to Labuan, the headquarters of the Ninth Australian Army Division in Borneo. The rest of you will be taken out day by day as shipping space becomes available. In Labuan you will be given medical and hospital care, rest, and every aid towards regaining your health, while you are waiting for transportation to your homes.

"We have brought with us three padres, Roman Catholic, Church of England, and Congregational, as we expect that you will wish to hold thanksgiving services tomorrow."

While Brigadier General Eastick is speaking, we in the crowd come nearer to realizing that we are FREE. We are between tears and cheers. We strike each other's backs and clasp hands. The children are held high in the air. But they are quiet now, for our tears astound and frighten them. Harry attempts to lift George to his shoulder, but Harry is still too weak from malaria and undernourishment. A friend lifts George up instead.

Then over this sea of hysteria Captain Jennings speaks. Here are his words:—

"Today is my first experience of this sort. It is worth many a battle, and many a long hard night on the sea. *This* is what we have been fighting for."

It is the one perfect speech that I have ever heard, but it finishes composure for the day. Captain Jennings himself, they tell me, ended his words in tears. No one was ashamed of crying that day.

Everyone having had a good cry, the next thing was for the war correspondents and photographers to get busy and carry the drama to the outside world.

Eastick and Jennings were photographed shaking hands with everybody, we former prisoners were photographed with and without tears, the rescue forces were photographed, and the children were photographed eating the chocolates, lollipops, and chewing gum which every single soldier and sailor

immediately pulled out of his pants' pockets upon arrival at camp.

But the most dramatic picture of that day was never photographed.

Harry and I stood at one side of the crowd waiting for George to disentangle himself from a newsreel. The crowd still faced towards the platform. Skirting uncertainly along the edge of this crowd came a small, very small, very short, khaki-clad figure, his sword smacking his brief legs, his heels clicking, his little fatigue shirttails flipping. It was Colonel Suga, alone, ignored. He trotted all around the outskirts of the crowd. No one smiled or spoke or saluted. People didn't fail to see him: he just didn't exist any more for them.

A month before we must have stood to attention, saluted, bowed at a fifteen-degree angle, while all the Nipponese soldiers in sight would have shouted, grunted, banged their guns, and acted in Nipponese style.

Suga wove his way to the forefront of the crowd near Eastick and Jennings. Here he hesitated, stood and waited patiently, finally pressed apologetically forward, waited again, and in due time received a nod from them and then a careless word of dismissal. Then he turned and trotted back again in our direction.

I hoped he wouldn't pass near us. I wanted to turn my back and not see him. For three and a half years I had had to be sorry for us, and now I didn't want to be sorry for him. I didn't want to speak to him: the favor of Colonel Suga was not to be sought after. I knew Harry would hate speaking to him. But I was sick of hatred in any form, either turned on me or on somebody else.

Suga came towards us, and as he drew near he looked straight at us. In spite of ourselves Harry and I both said, "Good evening, Colonel Suga."

He stopped, took off his hat, and said, "Good evening. Have you met the American naval captain, Mrs. Keith?"

"Yes, thank you, Colonel Suga."

"I hope that you and Mr. Keith are both well?"

"I am well, thank you. My husband is not."

"Ah-ah. Very sorry. Good evening."

He disappeared into the crowd, and again ceased to exist.

I said to Harry, "I didn't think you'd want to speak to him."

"I didn't, but I felt sorry for him. He was so alone."

We saw him just once more after that. The next

day when the Union Jack was formally raised over Suga's head office at the top of the hill, I watched him stand at salute while our colors went up. After that his sword was taken.

One day later he was flown to Labuan. Here he was to be questioned in regard to mistreatment of prisoners in Borneo. On September 17, the day after he arrived at Labuan, and the same day that we left Kuching prison camp for freedom, he cut his throat.

It was getting late and photographers, correspondents, generals and captains, rescuers and rescued, were exhausted. George and I said good-bye to Harry at the entrance to his camp. George was tired, and I lifted him to my back and we started down the road pick-a-back. We were all dragging along to our camps now, completely exhausted. We hadn't the emotional strength even to be rescued.

The camp was quieter than usual—even the children's barrack was quiet. We had supper and the children fell into bed. I wanted to make some notes about the day, but it was dark and I could no longer see.

I went across to the English Sisters' barrack. There I found Mother Alban and said, "Could you possibly let me have a little piece of candle to write by?" Candles were priceless, but the Sisters always had them for Mass.

"It was a great day," sighed Mother Alban, producing a bit of candle from under many petticoats. "A very great day. Now you must go home and write something wonderful about it."

I went home and lit the candle, and sat down and tried to write. I wanted inspired words, but I couldn't find them. I wanted some way of explaining to others what had happened to us that day. I wanted to tell them what it meant to be captive—and then to be free.

What it meant to be free! I saw in my mind the figure of Colonel Suga, who now didn't matter.

I put down the pencil and blew out the candle without having written a word. I was tired in every part of me, mind, body, and soul. I lay down by George. His legs swarmed all over my side of the bed. I pushed and prodded my way in beside him. He turned over in his sleep and started grinding his teeth. Worms again, I thought.

I put my hand on his cheeks, which were cool; I felt his feet, which were warm; I touched his hair, which was soft. "There is nothing I can say as wonderful as George," I thought, and went to sleep.

ONE WAR IS ENOUGH

by EDGAR L. JONES

In the *Atlantic* for May, 1945, Captain McGeorge Bundy, AUS, registered his vehement belief in peacetime military training, in his Open Letter to those college presidents who were opposing adoption of the measure in wartime. Many readers, both in and out of the armed services, took issue with him. Now, as the debate comes to a head in Washington, it seems pertinent to express the views of those who feel that conscription in any guise is a war measure out of keeping with the peacetime policy of this republic. The first speaker will be EDGAR L. JONES, a veteran; and the second, HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, Professor of American History at Columbia University. — THE EDITOR

1

PROBABLY I shall be tagged as a psychoneurotic veteran of too much bloodshed when I say that I get alternately fighting mad and cold sick inside whenever I hear people talk about the next war. I cannot understand how they can be resigned to the prospects of another global conflict, so casual in their assumption that wars are inevitable, so damnably unaware of the consequences of their current complacency.

Has everyone in this country lost faith in peace? Here we stand at the threshold of what could be a new and better world, and our fainthearted citizenry insists upon looking backward and muttering that what has always been must be. Maybe the United Nations Organization will succeed in preventing further global conflicts, but the men from Missouri and forty-seven other states have to be shown. World peace, according to our self-acclaimed realists, is at best a heart-warming dream; common sense demands that we put our trust in bombs and battle-ships. So let us teach our youths, along with the new generations in Germany and Japan, that wars are wrong, but at the same time let us be practical and bring up our children to be good soldiers, just in case.

Cynical as most of us overseas were, I doubt if many of us seriously believed that people at home would start planning for the next war before we could get home and talk without censorship about this one. Although our hopes and fears for the future were varied, our common goal was most assuredly more than the elimination of a few world powers so

that the remaining nations could square off for yet another war. Nor did we endure the half-life of a regimented military existence just to have people tell us that it is inevitable that our children will have to suffer similar bitter experiences.

We had a right, I think, to expect that in return for our services the global home front would give peace a fair trial. We made our various sacrifices to give our own and younger generations a chance to improve on the past, not to have the unchanging Old Guard take our victory from us and rebuild the world along their deadly pre-war pattern of distrust, secrecy, and intrigue. We wanted peace, not a world divided into armed camps; permanent peace, not a short wait between wars. Many of us had to bomb, burn, and blast into oblivion an untold number of helpless victims of total war. Only a few of us are so unaware of our own war crimes that we can let it be said that we fought only to preserve the old way of life.

Surely the entire home front could not have suffered through four years of anguished waiting, dreading each incoming telegram, shuddering at each new invasion headline, and still consider war to be the only dependable solution to international controversies. Instead of viewing the rest of the world with suspicion and singling out the next enemy, there must be some Americans willing to rely upon the fact that millions of global citizens are as peace-loving as ourselves. Certainly we do not all believe that we can successfully talk peace at the point of a gun or bring up our children as conscientious civilians by first exposing them to military indoctrination, the very antithesis of education for democracy.

But if there are some Americans who want peace badly enough to give up their right to wage war, they are being outvoiced by our militant Old Guard, whose idea of a foreign policy is to keep the United States armed to the teeth and ever ready to challenge any country which disputes our world leadership. Regardless of the existence of personal mis-

During his forty months of war duty, EDGAR L. JONES served for over a year with the British Eighth Army in North Africa; he served also as a merchant seaman, an Army historian, and for seven months as the *Atlantic* correspondent in the Far Pacific, where he was present at the assaults on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Here is his box score of what the men he lived with really thought about military life and the promise — or threat — of peacetime conscription.

givings, we, as a nation, are placing our reliance not on international coöperation but upon the atomic bomb and the willingness of "our boys" to back our decisions with their lives. If it takes two to make a war, we are making certain that we are one of them.

I do not pretend to speak for all veterans. In the course of forty months of war duty and five major battles I was only an ambulance driver, a merchant seaman, an Army historian, and a war correspondent, never a downright GI. Possibly the men who were subjected much more completely than I to the whims of militarism are now satisfied with their hollow victory, but I doubt it. I never met that fabulous character, Typical GI Joe, whose every thought and post-war desire was so well known to politicians and the writers of advertising copy. But I met a lot of other Joes, and my guess is that before long — and the sooner the better — the veteran serviceman is going to wake from his deep dreams of peace, a job, and a home and realize that his country has let him down, and badly.

Being a GI was a point of view, not a military classification, and the more thoroughly one was exposed to the waste, unfairness, senselessness, and horror of war, the more completely one substituted the serviceman's perspective for an anachronistic civilian way of thinking. The man in uniform stood apart from society and judged it, often too harshly, in the light of his own insecurity, the sacrifices which were demanded of him, and the possibility that he was being played for a sucker. In varying degrees, depending upon a man's length of service, the GI perspective included bitter contempt for the home front's abysmal lack of understanding, its pleasures and comforts, and its nauseating capacity to talk in patriotic platitudes.

The fighting man was not a deep-thinking man, despite all the lofty sentiments attributed to him. He left the peace talk to the civilians who had the time and place for it. Having been maneuvered into a position where he had to kill or be killed, he did not trouble himself with pretenses that he was a crusader. He fought because his people at home expected him to fight, and he let them seek the necessary justification for his own ruthlessness. The most he wanted was to end the war, and all wars, as soon as possible, so that he could live in peace and let others, including his own children, live in peace. He expected the home front to share his aversion for war and to figure out a better way to settle future disputes.

Civilian Joe is too concerned at present with his personal problems of readjustment to get mad at what he habitually blasphemed in his uniformed days as home-front stupidity. He is still too dazed from being home and free again to be bluntly vocal. When the veteran does start talking back, this country is going to have its wartime illusions badly shattered.

Observers not subjected for long periods to the serviceman's barren existence were in no position to interpret accurately a GI's life, because they lacked

the necessary perspective. Congressmen on fly-by-night overseas tours did not understand the men doing the fighting, nor did press representatives, with one notable exception. To a greater extent than any other civilian, Ernie Pyle saw the war from the GI point of view, and he hated it with GI thoroughness. But even Ernie found it difficult to sympathize with States-side soldiers and shore-based sailors who complained as bitterly as the dirtiest dogface about their lot in life while enjoying all the physical comforts which the infantrymen lacked.

The plain, unpublicized fact of the matter was that nine out of ten servicemen wanted nothing more to do with wars after their first week of basic training. Whether stationed in Washington or on a scrap of coral sand, the average GI considered himself to be the purposeless victim of malignant justice. As he so often remarked, "From where I stand, this whole thing stinks!" He hated everyone conceivably responsible for his misfortune, cursing out the home front as vehemently as the Japanese and the Germans. His special gripes, however, were reserved for the undemocratic, stupefying, favor-ridden totalitarian nature of military life itself. He had no use for a system in which one class got the best of everything, and the other class got less than what was left.

2

WE Americans have the dangerous tendency in our international thinking to take a holier-than-thou attitude toward other nations. We consider ourselves to be more noble and decent than other peoples, and consequently in a better position to decide what is right and wrong in the world. What kind of war do civilians suppose we fought, anyway? We shot prisoners in cold blood, wiped out hospitals, strafed lifeboats, killed or mistreated enemy civilians, finished off the enemy wounded, tossed the dying into a hole with the dead, and in the Pacific boiled the flesh off enemy skulls to make table ornaments for sweethearts, or carved their bones into letter openers. We topped off our saturation bombing and burning of enemy civilians by dropping atomic bombs on two nearly defenseless cities, thereby setting an all-time record for instantaneous mass slaughter.

As victors we are privileged to try our defeated opponents for their crimes against humanity; but we should be realistic enough to appreciate that if we were on trial for breaking international laws, we should be found guilty on a dozen counts. We fought a dishonorable war, because morality had a low priority in battle. The tougher the fighting, the less room for decency; and in Pacific contests we saw mankind reach the blackest depths of bestiality.

Not every American soldier, or even one per cent of our troops, deliberately committed unwarranted atrocities, and the same might be said for the Germans and Japanese. The exigencies of war necessitated many so-called crimes, and the bulk of the

rest could be blamed on the mental distortion which war produced. But we publicized every inhuman act of our opponents and censored any recognition of our own moral frailty in moments of desperation.

I have asked fighting men, for instance, why they — or actually, why *we* — regulated flame-throwers in such a way that enemy soldiers were set afire, to die slowly and painfully, rather than killed outright with a full blast of burning oil. Was it because they hated the enemy so thoroughly? The answer was invariably, "No, we don't hate those poor bastards particularly; we just hate the whole goddam mess and have to take it out on somebody." Possibly for the same reason, we mutilated the bodies of enemy dead, cutting off their ears and kicking out their gold teeth for souvenirs, and buried them with their testicles in their mouths, but such flagrant violations of all moral codes reach into still-unexplored realms of battle psychology.

It is not my intention either to excuse our late opponents or to discredit our own fighting men. I do, however, believe that all of us, not just the battle-enlightened GI's, should fully understand the horror and degradation of war before talking so casually of another one. War does horrible things to men, our own sons included. It demands the worst of a person and pays off in brutality and maladjustment. It has become so mechanical, inhuman, and crassly destructive that men lose all sense of personal responsibility for their actions. They fight without compassion, because that is the only way to fight a total war. To give just one illustration, I asked an infantry colonel whether he gave his battalion a pre-battle lecture. The colonel replied approximately as follows: —

"You can damn well bet I put 'em straight ahead of time, and they were the best damn outfit in the Philippines. I taught 'em ethics, fighting ethics. I taught 'em there were two kinds of ethics, one for us and one for the yellowbellies across the line. I taught 'em that the best way to kill a man was when he was lying down with his back up; the next best way was when he was sitting with his back towards ya, and the third best was when he was standing with his back towards ya. . . . Always shoot 'em in the back if possible; that's what I taught 'em, and there wasn't another battalion could touch 'em!"

Among other things about modern warfare, I think the home front should also comprehend the full significance of the fact that a front-line soldier had a good chance of being killed in this war by his own side as well as by his opponents. Battle positions changed so rapidly that American soldiers were shelled by American artillery and warships, bombed and strafed by American planes, and machine-gunned by American tanks — not occasionally, but often. We also sank our own ships and shot down numbers of our own planes — how many no one knows, but the ship I was on in the invasion of Sicily knocked out four German planes and three of our own, which was considered a good average.

Peter Bowman summed up our victory to date in

Beach Red when he wrote, "Battle doesn't determine who is right. Only who is left." We destroyed fascists, not fascism; men, not ideas. Our triumphs did not serve as evidence that democracy is best for the world, any more than Russian victories proved that communism is an ideal system for all mankind. Only through our peacetime efforts to abolish war and bring a larger measure of freedom and security to all peoples can we reveal to others that we are any better than our defeated opponents.

Today we stand on trial — we are either for peace or for war, and the rest of the world is prepared to move with us or against us. The burden of proof is on us; and our willingness to make peace, not our capacity to wage war, is the true measure of our good-neighborliness.

3

PEACETIME conscription, no matter what euphemistic title we use for camouflage, is the mark of a belligerent. If we were to adopt such a course, we should be deliberately turning our backs on the peace for which we sacrificed so much and killed so many. We should be making it clear to all the world that the United States, formerly the champion of international accord, has lost faith in the principles underlying the United Nations Organization and hereafter places its reliance on its own military might. We should be double-crossing every GI who died for more than a mere triumph of arms, and robbing the living of their hard-earned dividends.

The majority of servicemen I met overseas and in camps scattered throughout this country, excluding members of the regular Army and Navy, had in common four ideas pertaining to the peace: (1) they put up with military life because they had to, but they did not want it for their children; (2) they hoped for a better world, not the "old order of things"; (3) they were not certain what sort of a world peace organization we should have, but it was obvious that we had tried once to keep the peace alone and failed; (4) they were convinced that come hell or high water, the Army and Navy would put their own interests above all else, even the peace.

All the GI wants, in effect, is to have us give peace a chance, rather than to embark upon an out-and-out war program before the UNO has been given a reasonable trial. He is not sure of anything, but he has faith in the possibilities of a better world. He held on to that faith at Tarawa, Normandy, and Iwo Jima, where only death was a "sure" thing. To give us the chance to find some way other than reliance on men and munitions to keep the peace, he risked everything he held most precious. He now puts to shame all those of us who are so lacking in the courage of our convictions that we agree with President Truman when he says: —

Until we are sure that our peace machinery is functioning adequately, we must relentlessly preserve our

superiority on land and sea and in the air. Until that time, we must also make sure that by planning — and by actual production — we have on hand at all times sufficient weapons of the latest nature and design with which to repel any sudden attack, and with which to launch an effective counterattack.

That is the only way we can be sure — until we are sure that there is another way.

First get all set for another war, then talk peace — that is the policy of distrustful American militarists, and that is what the GI's mean by the "old order of things." We already have the greatest military machine on earth, and the only one equipped to be aggressive on an amphibious, inter-hemispheric scale, but General Eisenhower assures us, on the basis of his familiarity with the leaders of other nations, that "there exists no fear of our motives in keeping ourselves strong." As a low-point friend of mine wrote from Manila, the General should tell that to the Russians, on whom our Old Guard has already declared war.

If other nations have no fear of our motives, they must have turned a deaf ear when Fleet Admiral Halsey told our Senate: "We want to win wars, and we want to fight them on enemy ground. That makes us all invasion-minded. That calls for an overseas movement as the first step in our air, ground, and sea offensive." But perhaps it is not fair of me to imply that the Admiral was advocating conscription when he remarked that we were all "invasion-minded," because actually he was arguing at the time against a single department of national defense. When the militarists talk conscription, they speak much more guardedly about "national security," "permanent peace," and "a fine thing for our young men."

The advocates of conscription acknowledge that their bill must be passed soon or it will be defeated. They are trying to shove through Congress an unprecedented piece of militaristic legislation while wartime emotions still run high, because they know that their program cannot be justified by cool reason. The pro-training campaigners have to hurry, because a few more Congressional post-mortems like the Pearl Harbor investigation will cure the public's blind faith in the superior wisdom of its military leaders. The slogan, "We were unprepared before, we must never be unprepared again," looks sickly in the light of General Marshall's testimony that Hawaii had "at least sufficient means so that it could have broken up the attack, so that it would have done only limited harm."

Even more damaging public disillusionment will come when the returning veteran takes time out to talk back to anyone who blithely assures him that military life is a grand experience for young men. The majority of the men in uniform hated the Army with a bitterness that made them want to take their misery out on anyone conceivably responsible for their plight. They wanted others to suffer as they suffered. Whenever universal military training was mentioned, they invariably said, "Good idea. Get

the whole home front into this thing. Then maybe someone will appreciate what we have to go through."

This is at least a partial explanation of why supposedly representative polls have shown the GI to be currently in favor of a bill which obviously defeats his long-term campaign to end militarism at home and abroad — this, plus the more obvious fact that men in uniform were never free to talk openly on the subject of "why I hate the Army." If they did, they were quickly section-eighted out of the Army as constitutional psychopaths. When peace organizations requested that persons opposed to conscription be allowed to go abroad and present their side of the argument, the War Department said it could not be arranged. Nevertheless, persons favoring post-war compulsory training, including Edward N. Scheiberling, National Commander of the American Legion, have been transported overseas to proselyte the GI's.

For two weeks the New York Selective Service headquarters polled the conscription sentiments of men being processed for discharge. The majority were in favor of compulsory teen-age training, as was to be expected, but those opposed (and only those opposed were requested to state their reasons) gave some revealing answers. The principal objections listed by slightly more than two thousand GI's were: "not needed," "bad environment," "racial discrimination and favoritism," and "a volunteer army and navy would be enough." The first and last objections are self-evident, or soon will be. The second and third, however, touch closely upon the heart of GI gripes.

4

ARM^y life was a bad environment, not only morally, but mentally and physically. It sapped a man's initiative, because his desire to put his talents to good use was thwarted repeatedly by the military classification and schools system. It discouraged free thinking, because a man was told what to do and when to do it, and was constantly reminded that the only way was the right, or traditional, way. It made him irresponsible, because the Army took care of everything; wasteful, because everything belonged to the government; excessive, because a soldier always tried to jam as much pleasure as possible into what might be his last fling. It destroyed his personal sense of values, because a GI could not call even his soul his own.

The extreme distinction between officers and men was intolerable to most members of the lower-class bracket and embarrassing to many democratic junior officers. The autocratic, self-indulgent behavior of the boys with the brass irked the men who took the orders. The GI acknowledged that some distinction was necessary, but he could not understand how so little rank could entitle his "superiors" to so much: the best beds, the most appetizing food, the most leisure, the least restriction on pleasure, the only covered seats at outdoor movies, the right to go to the

head of the line at the PX, and above all else, the right to treat fellow Americans as servants and take it for granted that they had to obey.

The majority of officers were frustrated in turn by the small band of Academy-trained Regulars who would never give a Reservist an even break unless assured that their own positions were not threatened. The Reservists were the victims of empire-building Regulars who kept themselves surrounded by great numbers of unnecessary personnel in order to justify their rank or make a promotion for themselves possible. The Reservists were disgusted by the overabundance of duplicate headquarters, each oversupplied with Regular Army "desk soldiers." They resented the system whereby they had most of the new ideas, but the Regulars got the credit, and those in the Navy were hardly surprised to learn at the end of the war that the Regulars had awarded themselves three and one half times more decorations than were bestowed upon the Reserves.

The Army and Navy had every opportunity to strike a clean blow for democracy by setting an example in non-discrimination against Negroes, but instead, both services insisted upon racial segregation wherever and whenever possible. The Negro in "well-run" military installations was not allowed to sleep in the same room with white men, eat at the same table, or attend the same churches. This was especially true in Southern camps, where both services supported the local programs to "keep niggers in their place" in restaurants, theaters, buses, and railroad stations. When men like Joe Louis raised an objection, they were immediately transferred overseas or "up North." Except for a few "show units" of all-Negro personnel, our colored soldiers of democracy were restricted to the most menial tasks of stevedoring and cleaning the barracks of their white superiors.

One of the very few paratroop companies ever to go through training without a single man balking when it came his turn to jump was an all-Negro outfit; yet the Army made no effort to correct the rumor that Negroes were cowards. The outfit was not sent overseas, where its performance might have encouraged other Negroes to demand fighting assignments, but was shipped off to the Northwest to fight forest fires. The Navy was even more prejudiced against Negroes than the Army — witness its refusal to allow a small company of colored truck drivers to return home on one of its carriers because there were no segregation facilities on the flight deck.

Neither the Army nor the Navy made an honest effort to curb the dangerous rise of anti-labor sentiments among our men in uniform, or anti-Jewish prejudices, or the whole distorted range of hatreds against the home front. Either through indifference or through malice aforethought, the military allowed the gap between GI's and civilians to widen to alarming proportions.

Directives out of Washington urged the Army and Navy to inculcate democratic ideals in our troops,

but the orders were either disregarded by Regular officers, who considered a one hour a week orientation course to be pure fiddle-faddle, or were turned over to inept officers whose sterile lectures were guaranteed not to make a GI reason why. The military naturally could not teach human equality, or freedom of speech, or any other liberal idea which it could not let its disciples practice, and joined readily in Senator Taft's pre-election plan to bar from troop consumption all socio-political reading material.

No matter how the GI looked at it, he could see no foundation for the assertion that military training was "education for democracy." The essence of his training was "do what you're told to do and shut up," and that was a far cry from the civilian, or American, way of life. Nor did the GI, except in rare cases, learn what President Truman and others have called "skills useful in future civilian life." If he had, he would not have been so bitter about his "wasted years" in the service. The chief gripe of the majority of men in the armed forces was the fact that they were stuck in jobs they did not like and could not get out of doing.

For every thousand men, the Army needed 101 chauffeurs and mechanics, 45 cooks, bakers, and butchers, and 34 medical and dental technicians, all of whom were turned out in six-week courses. If a man did not go into the service with one of these skills, he learned only enough to do a specific job, not to earn a post-war living. Likewise, a radar operator learned to read a radarscope, but not the principles of electronics; an aviation mechanic learned how to take an engine apart according to prescribed military methods, not the principles of internal combustion motors; and a yeoman learned military correspondence procedure, not how to write business letters. Whatever a man learned, thousands of others learned the same thing, so today those "skills" are a glut on the market.

5

STRIPPED of its window dressing, military training is education in the ways of violence, and little or nothing else. In reference to current plans to compel all our youth to serve time in a camp for conscriptees, I would go even further and say that the proposed training would not be technical preparedness for the "next war," but merely a means of indoctrinating young men with militaristic ideas. It stands to reason, I believe, that anything a boy might learn about warfare in 1946, excluding the manual of arms, would be as ancient and unserviceable as the boy himself by 1960, or whenever the next war is supposed to take place. The weapons of the next war are now Top Secret, and if anyone is trained to use them, it will be members of the Regular Army and Navy.

It seems likely, at the time I am writing, that the War Department will drop its plea for a full year of continuous military training and try to settle for four months only, plus additional service in the Na-

tional Guard or ROTC. This would be an open admission that the military lobby is not so much interested in the training as in the principle of keeping this country in a perpetual state of war-mindedness. If the Army and Navy could extend into peacetime their war-won influence and prestige, as conscription would allow them to do, neither service need worry where its next appropriation is coming from. To the tune of "nothing is too good for our boys," the militarists would ride herd over Congressmen and taxpayers alike, justifying each new demand for money by renewing their grim warnings about the war just around the corner.

Considering the battle-tested greatness of some of our generals and admirals, I do not want it supposed that I accuse every man in a bestarred tunic of being the enemy of peace. Our generals fight wars; they do not start them. It is the military system, not always the leaders themselves, that represents democracy in reverse. Nevertheless, it is a general's job to exalt the fighting profession and to work untiringly for more guns, more planes, more bases, and more men in uniform. His first interest is the Army, and to his way of thinking, whatever is best for the Army is best for the country as a whole. While this was often the case in wartime, it does not follow that the professional soldier's plans for peace coincide with the best interests of the nation. In matters as basic and controversial as conscription or disarmament, the most unselfishly devoted of our military leaders take a prejudiced stand.

Universal military training means more important posts for many of our military leaders, faced otherwise with shrinking commands; it means fat contracts for our manufacturers of food, clothing, shoes, trucks, medical supplies, and all the other equipment needed to outfit nearly one million new conscriptees a year; it means government endowment of military education programs for our universities; it means lucrative research projects for our industrial laboratories, and new members by the thousands for the American Legion. It means the self-perpetuation of the military machine as a new form of boondoggling to win profits and power for the few, while the taxpayer is burdened with the costs of supporting both conscription and a standing force of between two and three million members of the Regular Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marines.

Worst of all, in my opinion, peacetime training provides a patriotic opportunity for the Old Guard to work on the minds of our youth before they have a chance to go to college or to learn to think for themselves. With teen-age orientation under the control of militant reactionaries, conscription would produce generation upon generation of narrow-minded, intolerant, Red-baiting, labor-hating defenders of the status quo — or what the American Legion would term Good Americans. The older ones among us in uniform saw what happened to the kids in this war, and we would not willingly have our own children become the mirrors of the military mind, which stands

squarely for force, for the inevitability of armed conflicts, and for the principle that might makes right.

Reconversion of our thinking from a war to a peace basis would kill militarism in this country before it had a chance to spread any further. As it is, we are still looking at our military leaders through red, white, and blue colored glasses and allowing them to sell us the most flagrant bill of mislabeled goods since Prohibition was passed off as a national cure-all. The conscription barkers and next-war drum beaters are trying to put over military training as an antidote for everything from atomic nerves to unemployment. What Senator Johnson of Colorado, a member of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, has termed "the most un-American proposal of our time" is being heralded as an absolute essential for the defense of our country. With Prussian thoroughness, our militarists have even supplied us with an enemy, the Russians.

The greatest single barrier to the furtherance of world peace, regardless of General Eisenhower's statement to the contrary, is America's exclusive preparedness for another war. Were we to place our military might in a world trust fund, renouncing sole control over our atomic bombs and superdreadnoughts, it would obviate the necessity of any other country's building up "defensive" forces to match our own. Once the United States gives up its sovereign right to wage war, in favor of a world peace-enforcement organization, the rest of the world has no alternatives except to follow suit or be branded as a prospective belligerent. With our strength committed to an international tribunal, any country attempting to manufacture its own armaments would be instantly exposed as the enemy of peace and would be treated as such by all other nations. No country today is so self-sufficient that it could afford to stand alone.

Secretary of the Navy Forrestal told the Woodrum Committee, "We are going to fight any international ruffian who attempts to impose his will on the world by force." Such an eminent authority notwithstanding, we cannot maintain world peace by ourselves. Except by stunting our national growth and sacrificing our youth and resources, we cannot "settle" the Pacific situation the next time the "Asia for the Asiatics" movement gets underway. We cannot do guard duty over the Balkan status quo, or protect democratic minorities in Spain, or guarantee Chilean sovereignty.

In order to be free to develop ourselves, we must rely on an international police force to take care of international ruffians. Instead of envisioning ourselves in the role of benevolent world cops, we should be turning over our badges to international deputies of peace, who would relieve us of the responsibility of being constantly alerted for trouble. We should be working toward a united world, indivisible, with equal restraints and correspondingly equal liberties for all.

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WHERE ARE WE HEADED?

by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

I

THE major issue confronting the American people today is not whether we should share the atomic bomb, or establish a Scientific Foundation under government auspices, or adopt conscription, or merge the Army and the Navy, or retain control of islands in the Pacific, or any one of the other particular problems that agitate our Congressmen and inspire our editorial writers. It is rather the great issue that underlies and controls all these particular issues: What kind of policy are we to have? Are we to have a war policy or a peace policy? Or are we to have a patch-quilt miscellany of policies without coherence or purpose?

On the grand ultimate objective of national policy all are agreed. That objective is, of course, national security. We want not only the elementary security against military attack, but the kind of world in which that security can be taken for granted. This is something more than peace. It is possible to have peace without security — we might have had it in 1941 had we been willing to pay the price of adjusting our way of life to a totalitarian world. It is something more than military invulnerability — an objective which looms so large on the horizon of our military advisers at the moment.

We do not want peace in an alien or a desolate world. We do not want the kind of security that is bought by the militarization of our own way of life, by the subordination of all those values which we cherish to the military values. We do not want to create or contribute to a situation where military security becomes an end rather than a means to more worthy ends. We decisively rejected the first of these alternatives — isolation and economic autarchy — even before Pearl Harbor. The second — militarization — is hopelessly alien to our historical traditions and our national character. The kind of security we want and must have is the kind Woodrow Wilson envisioned when he called upon us to help make the world safe for democracy. It is security in a world in

which our kind of democracy can prosper unaffrighted by military or economic or moral threats.

Assuredly this is the kind of security which commands the allegiance of all of us, and towards which we should direct all our energies. The realization of this security should control all the particular policies which we consider or adopt, and none should be considered or adopted that is not articulated to that ultimate objective. Every item of our policy should fit harmoniously into the pattern of the grand design.

Are the policies which we are now following, or which are being urged so insistently upon us, designed to achieve the objective of national security in a friendly and peaceful world? Is there in fact reason to believe that we can achieve this kind of security through the atomic bomb, universal military service, the world's most powerful navy and air force, island outposts, and the trade and financial policies which we are pursuing?

Or in the heat and passion and excitement about particular items in our national program, are we in danger of losing sight of the ultimate objective? Are we permitting our program to be formulated for us, piece by piece, fortuitously and independently, by interested groups? Are we very shortly going to find ourselves committed, by a series of independent and incongruous enactments and engagements, to a broad policy which we have never deliberately accepted, which indeed we might prefer to reject? We must never forget that while ends may determine means, means may, and often do, determine ends. We must not lose sight of the principle, accepted in the law and pretty generally accepted in international relations, that if we will the act — large-scale military preparedness, for example — we also will the consequences of the act. Our intentions are going to be judged by our conduct, not our conduct by our intentions.

We know that our intentions are good and our purposes honorable. We know that we do not covet the territory or property of other nations. We know that we are not a militaristic people and that we can be trusted not to misuse the great power which we have accumulated. We are sure — though Hiroshima and Nagasaki suggest embarrassing reservations — that we can be trusted with the atomic bomb. But can we

An American historian who has made his influence felt at Columbia University (where he has been professor since 1939), at Cambridge University, England, and in the historical activities of the War Department, HENRY STEELE COMMAGER here asks the most searching question of today: Is our national policy leading us toward war or toward peace?

expect the rest of the world to accept our view of ourselves? Can we, for example, expect Russia and Britain to concede that their determination to hold or acquire territorial outposts is aggression, while ours is a manifestation of peaceful intentions? Can we, after our long record of isolationism, accept President Truman's assurance that "no nation now doubts the good-will of the United States for the maintenance of a lasting peace in the world"?

It is always difficult for a people to look at themselves objectively, to see themselves through the eyes of others. If we are to allay the suspicions and enlist the coöperation of other peoples, however, we must try to understand how our conduct appears to them.

An objective observer would find the United States not only the greatest military power but one of the most ambitious. He would note that while we possess the strongest navy in the world, we plan to build one even stronger; that while we have the most powerful air force, we plan to create one even more powerful. He would point out that though we maintain the Monroe Doctrine as a hemispheric policy, we expect to make our voice heard in the affairs of Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece, Palestine, Iran, China, Siam, and Java as well as in Germany and Japan.

He would add that our power is economic as well as military — that we are not only the best-armed and best-equipped of nations, but the richest and soundest. Alone of the major powers we emerged from the war physically unscathed, and in a position to devote all our energies to normal peacetime pursuits. With the largest and most modern industrial plant, we are prepared to capture the markets of the world. With the largest merchant marine, we are in a position to dominate world trade. With the largest gold reserves and the strongest financial system in the world, we are going to be the world's bankers.

However innocent our motives, however logical our conduct, however imperative our program may appear to ourselves, they do not necessarily appear innocent or logical or imperative to other peoples. And if we start an armament race, we cannot blame other nations if they choose to enter that race. If we continue to make atom bombs, we cannot be surprised if other nations undertake to make bigger and more effective bombs. If we try to seize the markets of the world, or dominate its airways, we must expect a trade war and an air war. However pure our motives or irreproachable our purposes, we cannot maintain a double standard of international morality for ourselves and other countries.

2

SUCH, to be sure, is not our intention. Our policy is not one of aggression. We are not planning permanent possession of atomic secrets. We do not propose to use our newly acquired island bases for imperialistic purposes. We are not really prepared to enter an armaments race. We do not wish to ruin the trade or

steal the markets of our former allies. Any such program might fairly be interpreted as a conspiracy. And there is no conspiracy. There is not even a policy. And that, in fact, is the heart of the difficulty.

We do not have a policy, but we are in process of formulating one. It is not coherent or logical or comprehensive. It is not deliberate or formal or official. It is, rather, fortuitous, opportunistic, fragmentary, and almost accidental. It is not a policy endorsed by public opinion, as far as public opinion has been consulted. It is not a policy formulated by the policy-making department — the executive. It is rather a program that is emerging, piece by piece, in response to the demands or fears or opportunities of the moment.

Issues profoundly affecting national security and international relations are being discussed and decided not as they affect those matters but on their own merits. The atomic bomb, conscription, the size and character of our navy and our air force, the future of our intelligence service, trade and fiscal policies, and a dozen other matters flit across the legislative consciousness as separate and independent items. But all these items are parts of a single whole that makes up our security policy, and no one of them can be decided without reference to all the others and to that policy. It is as if we should plan the furnishings and decorations of a house before deciding on the house; in the end we should discover that the furnishings and decorations would determine the kind of house we could have. So in the end we may discover that our particular commitments may determine the kind of security we are to have, instead of our policy controlling our commitments.

We did not fight — and win — the war that way. In that crisis we did not permit scattered authorities to decide on the size of the army, the number of fighter and bomber and transport planes, priorities for the various types of naval construction, without an overall plan of global strategy. We did not permit pressure from the Air Forces to persuade us that the war could be won by air power, or from the Navy to canalize our productive capacity into the making of carriers or battleships, or from public opinion to deflect our major energies from the Atlantic to the Pacific or stampede us into a premature cross-Channel invasion. We decided first on our global strategy, and fitted all our plans to that strategy.

In planning for peace and security, however, we are letting tactics determine strategy, rather than strategy tactics. Not only this. In war we did not permit civilian considerations to override military, but now, in peace, we are in danger of permitting military considerations to override civilian — or political.

No one example of piecemeal commitments, of the tendency to yield to the military in matters that concern broad national policy, is as illuminating as the whole body of them, for only when we view the miscellany of proposals and programs can we fully appreciate their incoherence. But let us look at some of the particular proposals now urged upon us.

First there is the demand for universal military service. That demand is voiced by the most impressive and most respectable authorities. General Marshall recommends it; General Eisenhower urges it; Admiral Nimitz favors it. Its desirability, nay its imperative necessity, is argued upon the most varied and comprehensive grounds. It is essential, we are told, to national defense. It will permit us to relieve war-weary veterans in Germany and Japan with fresh young soldiers. It will enable us to prevent war. It will help us to fulfill our obligations under the United Nations charter. It will improve the health, the discipline, the character, of American youth.

This is not the place to analyze these arguments, to accept or reject them. But it is proper to note that they are not advanced as part of any larger plan either for military security or for the ultimate objective of world order and peace. They are, for the most part, advanced in a vacuum. For the immediate purpose of relieving our forces in Germany and Japan — and in the event of the failure of the voluntary enlistment program — conscription is clearly justified.

But those who urge the necessity of peacetime conscription as a permanent policy have failed wholly to show where this particular instrument fits into the larger picture. General Marshall, for instance, on the same page of his notable Report, suggests that the next war will be an atomic war that may be over in a few days, and urges conscription so that, in the event of war, we can count on a well-trained army of four million within one year. If the next war is to be an atomic war, what good will an army of four million be to us after one year?

Conscription may be both necessary and desirable. But it is neither necessary nor desirable in and of itself, but only as part of some larger program for national security. Yet we are urged to adopt a policy affecting the lives of millions of young men, requiring the expenditure of billions of dollars, and involving most profoundly the whole issue of national security, as if it were an isolated matter. How can we know what kind of army we shall need before we know what we need it for? How can we decide on the size of our army before we have an over-all program that will fix the relative roles of Army, Navy, and Air Force? How can we know what training our army must have before we know the kind of war it is to be trained for? If science — as seems highly probable — has revolutionized the nature of war and the role of the soldier, what are the merits of the kind of training which will be available to one-year conscripts? If the next war is to be fought with the weapons of science, why should our energies and our money go into the training of soldiers rather than of scientists?

3

THE major objection, then, at this stage, to the adoption of universal military service is that the relation of such a program to the larger objectives of

national security has not been made clear. Until it has been made clear, until it has justified itself as a necessary and logical part of our entire national policy, we should not adopt a program so ambitious. And we may go further. Until it has been made clear that conscription is the very basis and core of our security, we should not adopt a program so expensive as to imperil appropriations for other essential parts of our security system.

The numerous incidental arguments for conscription scarcely deserve consideration except in so far as they illustrate the confusion that befores the American mind. These arguments emphasize the value of training and of discipline, the beneficial effect of military service on public health, the educational and other opportunities available to soldiers. If these incidental benefits are desirable, they can be attained more effectively and more economically by direct governmental action than as by-products of military service. We do not, after all, have military service in order to have good public health; we maintain public health in order to have — among other things — a strong national defense. We do not have conscription in order to inculcate the virtues of discipline or coöperation; we inculcate these virtues in order to make our military — as well as our social — machine work. A straight line is still the shortest distance between two points, even in matters of national policy.

If we turn to plans and proposals for army, navy, and air forces, we find the same confusion, the same evidence of fractional thinking. Questions of carriers versus battleships, of air power versus sea power, of the strength of the Navy and the Air Force, of a permanent intelligence service, and of the Army-Navy merger, are agitated in a vacuum. The answers to these questions are not to be found in the arguments advanced by most of the military and naval experts. They are to be found only when those arguments are tested by the standards of a basic security policy.

How can we tell what kind of warships we should build, until we know whether we are building for a repetition of World War II or for an atomic war? How can we tell what kind of air force we should have until we have planned on land and naval forces and until we know the potentialities of the flying bomb? How can we make plans involving flying bombs, pilotless planes, jet propulsion, radar, the atomic bomb, until we have agreed with other powers upon an atomic bomb policy? And how can we work out our general military program until we know more clearly the nature of our obligations as a member of the United Nations and the extent to which we shall be required to articulate our military plans with those of Britain and Russia?

In the absence of any basic policy for peace and security, shall we fall back upon the advice of military and naval experts? It is not disparaging the wisdom or integrity of these experts to point out that their field of inquiry is necessarily circumscribed and that they labor under the inevitable limitations of their position. It is not, after all, their function to

formulate national policy, and we have no right to expect them to do it. It is their function to advise on specific aspects of military and naval policy. Here their advice is authoritative. We may, to be sure, find it a bit disconcerting that practically every Army and Air Force expert advises a merger of the services and practically every Naval expert opposes such a merger, and we may wonder whether their views are as dispassionate and objective as they should be.

In their own field — which is military — the men who planned the strategy and employed the tactics of victory deserve our fullest confidence. Outside that field they deserve only such consideration as would be accorded any judicious observer. As a recent witness before the House Committee on Military Affairs, J. H. Scattergood, pointed out: —

These gentlemen speak as military experts, but primarily as military experts. It is their duty to look forward to the possibility of war and to tell you and all of us how to be prepared for war if it comes. It has become clear, however, that this is not the main issue — that if war comes, there is not going to be any real security for anyone. The main issue is what President Truman and Prime Ministers Attlee and King recently said it was — the prevention of war. This is a problem beyond the field of our military leaders. This is a problem with which Congress must deal.

More important than any of these decisions in the purely military realm are the decisions which we have made or are making with respect to the atomic bomb and the role of science in war. The Moscow Conference recommended the creation of a United Nations atomic energy commission, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of our support for this recommendation. The specific proposals which the commission is to be required to make are far-reaching and, if adopted and faithfully observed, would largely eliminate the danger of the misuse of atomic energy.

It is relevant to note, however, that Secretary Byrnes, in explaining the Moscow agreements, was careful to point out that “neither the Security Council nor the commission has authority to bind any government to act on its recommendations.” We have, in short, no intention of surrendering our monopoly of the manufacture of atomic bombs now, and the extent to which we will cooperate with a United Nations commission later is reserved to our judgment.

Meantime we are not only proceeding with research and manufacture, but seriously considering the creation of government monopolies in these fields.

The May-Johnson bill, in its original form, proposed to concentrate not only all research in atomic physics, but control of all raw material and all industrial facilities useful for its manufacture, under the Federal government. The Kilgore and Magnuson bills propose large-scale government aid to scientific research, more specifically research connected with national defense. If our government is to monopolize

atomic research, there is no logical reason why it should not similarly monopolize electronic, chemical, medical, aeronautical, and metallurgical research. After all, in war all the sciences are enlisted and all are equally military instruments.

Reliance upon the atomic bomb is a confession of the bankruptcy of statesmanship. There is no secret about the manufacture of the bomb that is not already known to the physicists of other countries or will not shortly be disclosed to them. Already Britain is in command of every detail, scientific and industrial, of the process of making the bomb. Russian scientists, if they do not already have the bomb, will have it in a few years. The ingredients, as well as the processes, of manufacture are available to most countries. The cost is not prohibitive: any nation that can afford an army and an air force can afford to make atomic bombs. And once we enter upon an atomic race we are courting catastrophe. Attack is easy, defense impossible. An atomic bomb race between nations cannot end otherwise than fatally for the whole world.

Nor is the policy of regimentation of scientific knowledge and skill to lethal purposes congenial to the American temperament or to the spirit of free inquiry. Already, even before the enactment of any legislation extending government controls over science, the effort of the War Department to recruit scientists has broken down. The cost of concentration on atomic and electronic research for military purposes and under government control will be far higher than anything that appears in the tax bill: it will be science itself.

Our response to the atomic bomb has, heretofore, been sensational rather than intelligent. We were awe-struck and even a bit humbled by Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and we readily agreed that Modern Man Is Obsolete. But as far as our policy goes, we still appear to regard the atomic bomb as merely another and more powerful instrument of war, rather than as an instrument which has outmoded our old concepts of war, and indeed war itself. We have not yet adjusted ourselves to the fact that if the atomic bomb is going to be used at all, it must be the point of departure in all discussions of national security and of world order. We still fail to realize that it has done away with old-fashioned notions of war, of security, and of sovereignty.

4

WHAT does all this mean — our effort to keep the atomic secret and to organize scientific research for military purposes, our agitation for universal military service, our rearmament program, our retention of a perimeter of air and naval bases in the Atlantic and Pacific, our psychological conditioning for war? It means that though we have abandoned isolationism intellectually, we have not yet abandoned it emotionally, or adjusted ourselves to the reality of

One World. It means that though we know an atomic war would be fatal to every country involved in it, we still prefer to act as if our first duty were to prepare for war rather than to prevent war. It means that though we have formally committed ourselves to the United Nations Organization and are active in its deliberations, we prefer to conduct our security policy as if that organization did not exist or were condemned in advance to impotence. It means that we are using our position as the leading nation in the world to inspire fear rather than confidence. And this mischievous course of conduct has not even the dignity of an official program. It is one to which we are committing ourselves haphazardly and almost absent-mindedly.

Perhaps the worst thing about this program is that even on its own terms it is foredoomed to failure. In the first place the American people are not, and should not be, willing to pay the price for its implementation. It is not merely that an armaments race would impose an intolerable burden upon a nation already heavily in debt. Money is, after all, an expendable factor in the search for national security. It is rather that such a race would require, to be effective, the rigorous control of every feature of the scientific and industrial life of the nation for military purposes. It would require the subordination of all those values which we cherish to the values which we have heretofore held hateful. It would set us on the road which, as Germany and Japan have proved, leads to social, economic, and moral ruin.

In the second place, even if we were prepared to pay this price, the program would still give us no consoling assurance of security. Even with the atomic bomb, with controlled scientific research, with conscription, with an Air Force and a Navy built to the specifications of our military advisers, with island bases ringing us east and west, we should still be vulnerable. It is doubtful whether, with all our wealth and ingenuity, we could win an armaments race.

Russia, certainly, can maintain a larger army and — if she chooses — can build a more powerful air force than we can. Nor is there any reason to disparage British strength in the air or on the sea. It is sobering to remember that the British have been, and still are, ahead of us in some departments of aeronautics and that the strength of the RAF, at the close of the war, was not far behind that of the USAAF; that the British Navy is still a force to be reckoned with; and that Britain has, in her Empire, the wide-flung bases which we now seek. And we have no monopoly on scientific brains or on laboratories. The scientific contributions of the British to the war were not inferior to the American, and most of the ideas our scientists were working on originated abroad. Certainly there is no reason to believe that we could withstand a combination of all major powers against us. And unless we are prepared to withstand such a combination — or ourselves to engineer a military combination — an armaments race is futile.

It seems clear, then, that we are in danger of following not so much a misguided as an unguided policy. At best that policy may commit us to a program of militarism which we have not approved, which is uncongenial to the American character, and which will not in any event assure us the kind of security we want and need. At worst it may lead to a futile armaments race, impair national and world economy, exacerbate our relations with our former allies, and frustrate the grand purposes of the United Nations Organization.

5

WHAT we should do is equally clear. We should formulate a policy — peace, security, international, call it what you will. It must be formulated by the civilian, not the military, authorities. It must adjust our military to our scientific and industrial potentialities, and all these to the temper and character of the American people. It must be logical and coherent. It must be directed primarily to the prevention of war, not to the waging of war. It must square with realities and aim towards ideals. It must, in the words of President Truman, “be completely consistent with our foreign policy . . . designed to support and reflect our commitments to the United Nations Organization.”

To make that organization prosperous and effective should be the object of all our plans. There is no national security divorced from international security, no assurance of peace except a peaceful world, and little likelihood that democracy and freedom can flourish except in an order where peace and security can be taken for granted.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that we cannot make the United Nations Organization an instrument for securing these ends. The Americans, the British, and the Russians are, of all nations, best equipped by experience to be the architects of international order. Ours is the oldest and most successful federal system in the world, and a century and a half of history has taught us the techniques of interstate coöperation for common ends. The British Empire is the greatest and most successful international organization in history, and the practices of peaceful and voluntary coöperation developed by that Empire can be of inestimable value in the construction of a world order. The experience of the U.S.S.R. with federalism is more recent, but the welding together of so vast a territory, of so many peoples with different languages and different social characteristics, is one of the notable achievements of modern history.

International coöperation — as our own and British history reveals — is not something that can be conjured up from a blueprint. It cannot be prefabricated, but has to grow; and it grows from habits, practices, and precedents. It is important, therefore, that we start with the right habits and create the right precedents. There are obvious things which we could and should do now. As we cannot nationalize

the atomic bomb, we must internationalize it, and we should proceed at once with the creation of the atomic commission recommended by the Moscow Conference. We should suspend our more elaborate military plans until it is possible to work out our obligations as a member of the Security Council and then adjust them to those obligations.

We should abandon unilateral and informal meddling in the affairs of other nations or regions and await the creation of appropriate machinery for the solution of problems that distress or vex us. Our own experience here is illuminating. New York criticism of Alabama justice, for example, merely irritates the people of Alabama, but Supreme Court decisions are accepted as a matter of course. Thus while irresponsible declamations of Congressmen or publicists on Palestine, Java, India, Poland, and a host of other countries tend to exasperate, coöperation in their solution through appropriate machinery will educate

us and other nations to the principles of internationalism.

During the last quarter century and especially during the iron years of war the United States has achieved, or had thrust upon it, primary responsibility for world leadership. Rich, powerful, progressive, enlightened, relatively unscathed by war, the oldest republic, the oldest democracy, with long traditions of peace, federalism, and international morality, we, better than any other nation, are in a position to furnish that leadership. It is a responsibility we cannot evade. Let us recall now, and take to heart, Lincoln's admonition in an earlier crisis: —

We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. . . . The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just — a way which if followed the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.



RECEIVE THIS WINTER

by HARRIET SAMPSON

Now after Christmastide, beyond Epiphany,
When garlands are unwound, and the holly falls;
When no more the carolers come through starlight,
And the farthest bringer of gifts is home,
And the gifts, with things we owned before,
Are taken for granted almost as our fingers;
Now, it is winter.

Winter bears down
Strong with deceit, storming against
The dwindling night, the longer day.
All day it storms. We wake to the spatter
Of sleet down the chimney flue. Cold draws
On the floor from a cellar window. We shudder
At the bang of a blind, at a hurled shingle.

The heart is numb with the reiteration
Of winter. A thaw, the glittering day
With icicle flow in a drip-hurry-run
Through moist noon air, was only an interlude
Of winter; not spring. Snow fell
Again at night. The heart is numb.

Be not betrayed to fantasy in numbness.
Wrap reality against the cold;
Shield memory from snow illusion;
Shelter the gift, the actual wonder.
Apprehend the fuller arc of the sun,
Though undiscerned, and the ready impalpable
Turning of the year.

Receive this winter.
The now sequestered heart is given
Time to commune with reality, to learn
How sound may be the timber of her house.

I SAW CZECHOSLOVAKIA

by NORA WALN

I

DURING the autumn of 1945, while I was at General Patton's Third Army Press Camp at Bad Weissee in Bavaria, I accepted an invitation to revisit Czechoslovakia. I was to travel by jeep with Jack Duncan of Akron, Ohio, who drove me on all long trips.

The berries were red on the mountain ash, and the leaves of the maples were turning crimson and gold, the Sunday morning I started. As I rode in sunshine towards the border, memories were with me. Because of my husband's interest in the folk music of Slovakia, Moravia, and Bohemia, I had traveled with him to many parts of Czechoslovakia in the years before the entry of the Nazis, and had been charmed by the natural kindliness, the musical talent, and the democracy of the people. They were industrious, intelligent, and good homemakers. In 1937 we spent the summer in the home of a family who lived at Veseli-nad-Morava, not far from the little town in Moravia where Thomas Masaryk was born. Those were four of the happiest months of my life.

Neither my husband nor I had been in Czechoslovakia since the early spring of 1938. But we had been close to the nation's martyrdom because of two children who came to our home in England, where we lived through the war. They were from Prague. Their mother, a writer and broadcaster, had helped to make my *House of Exile* available in Czechoslovakia; their father, a leader in the *Sokol*, had worked steadily against Nazism and was in the Republic's army, ready to go into action, when the Munich Agreement occurred. (The name *Sokol* is derived from the Slavonic word meaning a falcon — the emblem of courage and determination and freedom among all Slavs). I had met these parents only once when they sent me a wire of great trust: "Will you take our children?"

My husband agreed that I should reply, "Yes."

The children had never seen us, nor we them, until

As the *Atlantic* correspondent with the American Army of Occupation in Germany, NORA WALN had the opportunity to travel extensively not only through our own zone but through that occupied by the Russians. In her visit to Czechoslovakia, she saw the reassertion of that sturdy country, and she searched for those friends whose existence had been doubtful ever since the Nazi invasion. An American Quaker who graduated from Swarthmore, she has just returned to the United States for her first visit in six years.

they arrived in Buckinghamshire on Saturday afternoon of September 2, the day before the British declared war on Nazi Germany.

They were fair and lovely, a boy and girl aged three and five. These children were just two of several hundred Czechoslovakian children quietly given hospitality in the British Isles. All came to stay until Nazism should be cleared from their land.

And many adult Czechoslovakians came into exile in England to work from there for the liberation of their nation. Sometimes during the war the radio in our home was used by groups who wanted to listen to what was broadcast to the world by Nazis from within the land that had been their liberal, humane nation. Those were tragic hours.

Never shall I forget the steadfast courage of these exiles, young and old. There were times when the names of relatives taken in reprisal were given. The Nazis made threats and reported their cruelties. It seemed as if some who listened could not bear their pain, and yet they did. When their capacity for endurance was near its end they would sing: "*Hospodine pomiluj ny* — Have mercy upon us, O Lord." And then always: "*Kdoz jste bozi bojovnici* — Ye who are God's warriors," a song rhythmic and melodious, which has in it a strength beyond its words.

No matter what was done by the invaders of their land, they kept on with their work and their plans. All were unshaken in resolve. They would go back. The day would come. Even the littlest held to this. I knew something of the purpose of missions to the United States and to Russia. I heard things concerning the underground movement. I rejoiced when the Nazi control was broken. And this November, as I came near to the frontier of Czechoslovakia, a nation of people free again to make their own government, I wondered, "What shall I find?"

A barrier so light that a child could easily lift it was all that closed the road where Bavaria and Bohemia meet. There one must halt and show credentials. The frontier was marked where it was before the bargain made at Munich. The barrier was a sapling fresh cut from a roadside grove. The chips still lay where they had fallen by the tree's stump.

"Welcome to my country," said the boy who unbarred the road. He was a Czechoslovakian of nine

or ten years and spoke English. "We are glad to be able to welcome visitors again."

A short way within the frontier, I saw three people wearing arm bands of yellow cotton cloth — an old woman and two young boys. They were sitting on a log by the road. Not far on, there were others — a middle-aged couple and a young girl. From then on I saw people wearing this cotton arm band, in yellow or white, more frequently than I saw them without it. On inquiry I learned that they were *Die Geächteten* — the Outcasts.

"Their position today is decided by what they did yesterday," explained a man without an arm band. "They have to go. We cannot build our nation with them in it. *Die Geächteten* are scattered throughout our nation, with the majority of them in Bohemia. The difference between the outcast and the citizen is not a difference of race, Slav against German. It's a clash of ideas. Those who are to go are not going because they are German. They are going because they are Nazis.

"Some of the Germans are to stay. All those who were loyal to the ideals by which we live are welcome among us. Great care has been taken in giving the arm band. However much some protest their innocence, we know who is guilty. Our investigations have been thorough. The band is worn by persons who by their conduct brought on the Munich Agreement, provided steppingstones for the Nazi occupation, and accepted benefits from that occupation, including the double ration cards given to the *Herrenvolk* — Germans who class themselves as superior to people of other race than their own.

"The Germans settled in Czechoslovakia," he went on, "are all industrious people. The outcasts are millers, farmers, factory hands and factory workers, shopkeepers, schoolteachers, lawyers, and people from every walk in life. The forebears of some of them settled here centuries ago. Their outcasting is an uprooting, an exile from a beautiful part of the earth. They are to be sent over the border into Germany in an orderly manner as soon as possible. We hope to be rid of the lot of them before spring."

Bohemia, the northern part of Czechoslovakia, is indeed one of the loveliest parts of our earth. It is a land of high hills, wooded slopes, green pastures, small rushing rivers and streamlets that leap over falls. Through the centuries men have come in and made their homes in this protected region. They have been people hard-working and thrifty. Only the industrious and prudent could long exist in its climate, which is severe in winter. There are well-tilled farms, many little mills, and industries round which small towns cluster. Everything is trim and clean. It is a place which it would be hard to leave if one's home was there, and the people sentenced to go had a look of self-pity.

On talking with several of them, I did not find any repentance for alliance with Nazism, truthfulness about that alliance, or any spirit of effort to comprehend what citizenship in Czechoslovakia requires.

Those who now wear the arm band once possessed all the privileges of citizens, but they did not have the will to be free or the character to support the principles on which the Republic was founded. They took up Nazism. Through blind obedience to a Leader, the Nazi can feel a mystical elation; through subordination, take flight into a haven of refuge. Once there, the Nazi has no moral responsibility.

The Republic of Czechoslovakia was founded on a belief in human equality. All are equal in rights and in responsibility; men and women share alike. Citizenship does not allow the possibility of flying the banner of the hooked cross over one's home or factory and having no knowledge of the concentration camp other than fear of landing in it. Mental alertness and heed to conscience are demanded of everyone. The Czechs are concerned with the growth of the human spirit. This is plain in their music, their paintings, and their literature, as well as in their Constitution.

A few days earlier I had read a newspaper announcement which as I journeyed across Bohemia I saw was a fact: "Preparations for the transfer of the two and a half million Germans still living in Czechoslovakia are now completed and will go into operation as soon as the big powers give their consent, the Office for Settlement of Borderland Transfers said today."

Already many had gone. There were empty houses and barns and mills left just as people walked out of them. Everything was orderly. Clean curtains at the windows. Dishes in the cupboards. The winter wood cut and stacked by the kitchen door. In the mills the tools were oiled and tidy.

"Those who must go can take away only what they can carry in their own hands," an old woman explained. She was a German who had been in the underground movement against Nazism and she thought it necessary to "uproot and clear out the traitors." I made no progress with her when I tried to convince her that what was being done would not solve the problem, since these people must be re-educated. All she was concerned with was getting them out of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

2

As I traveled I passed the marks of war — bomb holes, the frame of a burned-out train with the skeleton of the engine and passenger cars still upright on the track, a jeep without wheels, wrecked trucks, the remains of automobiles. All the wreckage had been pushed to the sides of the road. Some had tumbled down a steep bank towards a river. The machinery had the appearance of having been searched over. The lamps and the cushions were gone from cars. A man with a team of cream-colored oxen had stopped by one wreck and was searching in it.

"There is good material in the machines of war," said he, "and I need parts to fix up my old plow."

Although it was the Sabbath, people were working. Formerly in Bohemia Sunday was the day of church and outings. Traveling through these lovely hills, one would be charmed by the beautiful costumes, a blaze of color, worn by men, women, and children out in small parties — a school with the teacher, family groups, courting couples — all enjoying one day's rest in seven. I hope it will be so again next year. Now, after the long, cruel years of occupation by the Nazis, there was need to work night and day to put things in order before winter set in. The weather is similar to that of New England. If fuel and food are not prepared, people suffer hunger and cold. In some villages, I saw people working who wore the outcasts' arm band; in other places outcasts stood about idle, looking unhappy, and citizens went by as if they saw none but other citizens.

Many people were gathering firewood, picking up fallen branches, occasionally cutting a tree, loading what they gathered onto small, hand-drawn carts or carrying it away in heavy loads on their backs. Old men and women as well as younger folk and children toiled at this work. Several people were tilling the fields, using old-fashioned tools sometimes drawn by horses but usually by slow-moving oxen. Three attractive girls mowed with scythes, stepping forward with grace as they cut a last crop of grass from an upland field. Potatoes and turnips were being taken up, the belated harvest assisted by American soldiers with trucks that hauled to home cellar and market storehouse much faster than carts could.

At six in the evening we came to the bombed city of Pilsen and stopped to have supper at the headquarters of the Twenty-second Corps, U. S. Army. The papers we needed in order to go farther were signed, and Jack Duncan refilled the jeep with gasoline. A short distance beyond Pilsen, Soviet soldiers with machine guns shouted to us to halt. We gave them our passes, printed in Russian, Czechoslovakian, and English. An officer came and took the passes away. We waited.

There was no awkwardness between us and our guards. We stared at them and they stared at us, as the alert do when keenly interested and unashamed of their interest. We are the citizens of the two largest and strongest unions of people in the world today. As nations we have come face to face and we have yet to get acquainted. Our curiosity is mutual and natural. When we meet individually or collectively, neither is yet certain that the other is trustworthy. Only personal acquaintanceship can help build an international friendship between us. The only way to a better understanding is through a better knowledge of each other.

Our Soviet guards began a game with us in which we joined. All of us tried the tongues we knew, seeking for a common language with which to exchange thought. We had no success, but it filled the time of waiting with amusement, and our defeat at it caused us to be dependent on reading each other's faces, an art often neglected when words can be exchanged.

We had to wait about ten minutes before the Soviet officer returned and we were waved cheerfully forward towards Prague. We had no further halts within the Republic of Czechoslovakia. From then to the end of our visit we went where we chose, unhindered by Czechoslovakians or Russians.

The moon was up when we reached the rocky heights above Prague and looked down on the beautiful city built on the banks of the Moldau. Soon after we were there, it was as if I had never been away. I found the hospitality of the Czechoslovakians as warm and pleasant as it had been each time that I had gone into their midst. Food was scarce. The coffee was not coffee. But everywhere the conversation was interesting. Home doors were open; friends were invited in. What people had they shared. Everywhere there was talk of books, acting, painting, music, radio, and films. Several Russian playwrights, poets, and novelists were visiting Prague and added to the discussions. I liked all those I met.

All day and far into the night the streets were filled with lively people, people happy to be free to talk, laugh, and sing. The theaters were playing to full houses, giving plays ancient and modern, each with a lesson for the present. Two galleries were having exhibitions of work done by living artists. People thronged to the opera to hear Bedřich Smetana's *The Brandenburgs in Bohemia* sung with passion.

Everywhere people discussed politics openly and frankly, and constantly they spoke of a revolution by law taking place in their country, an attempt to make a democratic socialism. And frequently they talked of the disloyal Germans and Hungarians who formerly had full rights in the Republic. Most hearts were hardened against them.

"They betrayed us. They must go," declared my host one afternoon.

"Sometimes I wonder whether we are not treating them the way Nazis treated people," remarked his wife. "Whenever we have won victories, we have succeeded through moral superiority rather than through physical power; and whenever we have succumbed, our defeat has been due to lack of spiritual activity and moral courage. That is what our great men have taught us. Hus, Chelčický, Komenský, Palacký, and Masaryk have said it through the centuries. I do not feel sure about what we are doing."

3

THE visitor to this part of the world," said the Soviet soldier speaking Mongol, "sees considerable that is ridiculous and some things that are sublime."

"That is the case wherever a man goes," responded the corporal as he gazed into the fire.

The third man, older than the others, gave his attention to the goose roasting on a spit above a bed of red ashes. The bird was turning an even brown, the skin crisp. Above us the autumn sky was a clear

blue with wisps of fluffy white. The air had nip enough to make sitting by a fire comfortable after a long ride in an open jeep.

Potatoes were baking at the other end of the fire from the goose.

It was food Czechoslovakian grown. The Soviet Army has the Oriental custom of living off the land. They have no abundance of home supplies to bring along from their native lands, as we of the United States have; and their rapid advance against the Nazis would not have been possible if the Army had not been content to live simply on what they could find wherever they went. The meal cooked here was for seven soldiers and two guests. It was my hosts' only cooked meal in two days.

"You are right about the sublime," commented the cook out of a long silence. "The Major was telling me yesterday about his trip into Prague and a picture in color which he saw in an art gallery. He went to a show of modern paintings because he heard that the Czechoslovakians have painted several pictures of us. He desired to look at ourselves as others see us. He saw a variety of pictures. Some of heads of men, showing their character in their faces. Some of battle. One of the Victory Parade. The one he liked best was called 'The Arrival of the Russian Army.' It was done by a man called Kamil Lhotak."

"Did he explain it?" queried the corporal.

"He did. He made me see it by his words — I who can't see a picture of life when I look at a painting. This Kamil expressed an idea about men and the earth. He is a painter who understands our relation to earth as well as a Mongol. He made men and their equipment small on a plain which stretches away to infinity behind them. There is movement in the painting. Now our great Soviet Army is advancing — advancing over a green plain. We are shown strong as the grass and frail as the grass. There is the brevity of life and the eternity of life in it. That's sublime."

The goose and the potatoes were ready. We were quiet while we ate. When our hunger was satisfied, the soldier who had spoken first spoke again. "Now, talking of the ridiculous, one of the ridiculous things of life is that people who might enjoy being friends are kept apart by ignorance of each other's eating customs. You are comfortable here among us, and we are at ease to have you, because, although you come from the West, you have our manners. How is that?"

"I learned on the plateau," I answered. "I spent a pleasant summer with Mongol friends who took the trouble to teach me — so that I should not be a disgrace to them when we rode to visit their friends. It wasn't easy to learn to put my meat in my mouth in a chunk and then cut it off with a slash of the sharp knife. My nose is longer than a Mongol nose."

"We watched you just now," the corporal laughed. "I knew how sharp my knife was when I lent it to you."

"In some ways our Mongol manners are polite," continued the soldier. "We carry our own eating

tools — the knife in its belt sheath, the bowl in our girdles. We bring our own eating utensils and wash them ourselves. Goose of course can be eaten in the fingers."

"I gave her boned pieces on purpose," remarked the cook.

"There is one thing I want to do while I am in this country," put in the soldier. "That is, to make friends among the Czechoslovakians. I can speak a Slavic tongue. I have learned Russian and I find that I can understand the Czechoslovakians. I should like to go into their homes when invited."

"Have you been invited?" asked the corporal.

"I have," came the prompt answer. "The man with the nice house — third on the left — has asked me to dinner."

"Have you accepted?"

"Not for a definite date — not yet."

"Why not?" I pressed him.

"It's a matter of custom. I'm a Soviet soldier. I don't want my Mongol manners at his table. I have pride. I should like to eat as my host does before I enter his house for a meal."

"Have you tools?"

"Yes — a plate, a cup and saucer, glass, knife, fork, spoon, and table napkin. Would it be an impertinence to ask you to share your knowledge with me — if it happens that you have knowledge of how a Czech feeds at his table?"

"There can be no impertinence between the sincere. You need this knowledge just as I needed to learn how to eat as others eat in China and then in Mongolia."

So there on the side of the road I taught him what I knew, and he learned faster than I did years ago in his native land.

"Thank you," he said, when he felt confident of his skill. "The world is growing small with all these scientific secrets man is discovering — motorcars and airplanes and the ways of faster travel we shall soon possess. It will be useful to know more than one's own customs if one wishes to cultivate friendships."

"The Germans," remarked the corporal, "when they spread out, seem to like to exterminate or reduce to bondage. They glorify war and domination. We Soviets don't like war. We can fight relentlessly, but when we don't have to fight, we don't. Differences of language, custom, costume, and thought are interesting."

Some time later I was talking with a Czechoslovakian, telling him of this incident, and asking him how he felt about the Soviets whom I saw spread out over his country.

"They won't stay," he said. "They will leave our nation as soon as we are ready to take over. They did a great job in helping us get back our freedom; and while we have to feed our liberators in a season when we are short of food, still it has been good for us to share with them. What it has cost us to have them has been more than repaid in the opportunity to know them."

Books and Men

IN EMILY DICKINSON'S GARDEN

by GEORGE F. WHICHER

1

AT SOME time unknown, but presumably late rather than early in her poetic career, Emily Dickinson wrote an eight-line lyric, beginning

I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me.

Quite possibly the subject of hatred was not altogether academic or remote from her experience, but was pressed upon her attention as a matter that concerned her nearly and dearly. In electing for her own occupation, not the enmity that she could never live to finish, but "the little toil of love," she may have been quietly drawing a magic circle, her own circumference, over which no evil thing should pass. And more immediately, perhaps, she was defining a difference between herself and an alien kinswoman in the house next door.

For Emily's "Sister Sue," the wife of her brother Austin, was what the village called a good hater. In her schooldays, as one of the numerous orphan children of a too convivial tavern keeper, Susan Gilbert had been a vibrant, attractive, and ambitious girl. Her marriage in 1856 to the son of Squire Dickinson was an intoxicating triumph, opening to her eager vision ideas of social consequence. But when she proceeded to act the part of a great lady in Amherst, she encountered mortifications of her vanity from neighbors who were not impressed by her pretensions. She fared better with outsiders, to whom she appeared a vivacious hostess.

Little by little, however, Susan Dickinson became a restless and dissatisfied woman. Her husband, as he sank deeper into the rut of village routine, was not giving her the brilliant life she wanted. Their

third and last child, named Gilbert after her family was born in 1875. Soon afterward tiny signs of strain begin to appear in Emily Dickinson's references to her sister-in-law. About 1878, in a letter to her friend and mentor Thomas Wentworth Higginson, she spoke of a "pseudo sister" in the nearest house, choosing a word that rather conspicuously lacked the ring of true affection. Again in March, 1883, she told a correspondent that "my brother is with us so often each day, we almost forget that he ever passed to a wedded home." Making allowances for New England reticence, this meant that Austin was fleeing from the domestic storm. "Vesuvius" was Emily's cryptic word for it.

When little Gilbert Dickinson died in October, 1883, the last link that held Austin to his wife snapped. Thenceforward the rift in the Dickinson family was plain to all beholders. Sue and her two children, Ned and Mattie, were ranged against Austin, while his sisters, Emily and Lavinia, as far as they took part in the quarrel, were devotedly loyal to him. And Austin was finding other allies.

In the autumn of 1881, young David Peck Todd was appointed an instructor in astronomy at the college from which he had graduated six years earlier. He brought to Amherst with him his vivid and talented wife, Mabel Loomis Todd, and an infant daughter. As an attractive young couple the Todds were promptly taken up by Mrs. Austin Dickinson, but her cordiality cooled as soon as the newcomers manifested a reluctance to become her exclusive property. On the other hand, a more intimate and lasting relationship developed between the Todds and Austin. Their comfortable living room became his favorite refuge.

Austin's sisters Emily and Lavinia were not members of his household, but lived in seclusion behind the hemlock hedges of their father's house. No one had guessed the secret of Emily's genius, though her brother and sister treated her as something rare and exquisite. For her entertainment Mrs. Todd sometimes played on the square piano in the Dickinson

GEORGE F. WHICHER graduated from Amherst College in 1910. Five years later he was back at his Alma Mater to teach English, and there he has flourished ever since as one of the ablest professors in New England. Well established as a critic and biographer, he is the author of one of the most pertinent books about Emily Dickinson, *This Was a Poet* (1938).

In this essay he again seeks to rescue her from those incantations and accusations which still hover over her grave.

parlor, while an unseen auditor listened from the hall or upstairs. They exchanged a few notes and neighborly "attentions," as little gifts of flowers, fruit, or dainties were called, but they never talked face to face. Late in 1883 Emily became seriously ill. On May 15, 1886, she died. The greater part of her poetry was undoubtedly written before the advent of the Todds.

The discovery of this poetry after her death did not at first cause a ripple in the placid life of a country town. It was taken for granted in the family that Susan would do something about it, since she was acquainted with literary people. But Susan dawdled. Lavinia Dickinson, the inheritor of the manuscripts, then turned in desperation to Austin's friend Mrs. Todd, and Mrs. Todd, soon falling under the spell of the strangely dynamic lyrics, gave effective aid. With Colonel Higginson lending the authority of his name and critical judgment to sanction the enterprise, a suitable number of poems were chosen, prepared for the press, and published late in 1890. They caused a literary sensation.

But the presumption of Mrs. Todd in editing Emily Dickinson's verse, and still more the success of the little gray and white volume, were affronts that Susan could hardly endure. She had made up her mind that her clever daughter Mattie was to be the literary light of the family. Mother and daughter had for years been in the habit of neglecting and even of ridiculing the two queer spinsters next door, who did not count socially. Mattie had dished up Lavinia in a satirical skit called "My Surviving Aunt." Indeed, while it was still fashionable to poke fun at Emily Dickinson's abrupt lyrics, Mattie had composed a parody for her friends' amusement: "This is the way my Aunt Emily writes." But if in spite of ridicule this poetry should turn out to be the real thing, if this Todd upstart had stolen a march on them and snatched prestige and social applause from under their very noses, then Susan and her daughter would find themselves on the wrong side of the fence, and that was just where they could never bear to be.

It is not necessary to suppose that Mabel Todd was more than a sympathetic friend to Austin Dickinson in order to appreciate the fury of Austin's wife. Robbing her of her husband would not have touched her as nearly as did Mrs. Todd's success in stealing the lead, socially, by means of poems that were Dickinson property. Sue now fondly thought of them as her own possession. The feud was on, and she was implacable. She conceived for the interloper a malignancy of hatred that produced a chain-reaction of enmities. The high temperatures resulting from neighborly fission devastated the community for years to come.

The Dickinson-Todd feud is of minor importance, except when it threatens to come between us and the poetry that unluckily became one of the chief bones of contention between the warring factions. There was hope that it had almost faded out of memory.

But recently all the circumstances have been minutely revived in Millicent Todd Bingham's *Ancestors' Brocades*, a book which devoutly seeks to attach a Mrs. Todd myth to Emily Dickinson's legend. And looking back at Emily and her family through the shimmering heat-waves of Dickinson-Todd hostilities, Bernard DeVoto has come to entertain some very curious and I believe preposterous notions of her as person and poet. It is a matter of concern that such misunderstandings should be promptly dispelled.

2

THE cardinal fact about Emily Dickinson is that she was a product of her time and place. Her connection with Amherst was closer than that of any other American author with the spot where his life was passed. She was born of the stock that originally settled the Connecticut Valley. Her mind was shaped by church, school, and college, which in her time expressed with dynamic vigor the intellectual and spiritual energies of the Puritan tradition. It was in her father's house on Main Street that she was able to achieve the seclusion which her nature more and more insistently required as she turned to poetry as her only means of personal fulfillment. It was there that she died.

If Emily Dickinson found her lot bleak and New England a lonesome place, she arrived at these judgments by turning the guns of the region back upon itself. It was her fate and her forte to "see New Englandly." Take from her poetry all that it owes to landscape and climate, gardens, household ways, village sights and sounds, and Puritan modes of thought, and there would remain indeed a precious, timeless residue, but it would not be the Emily Dickinson that so enthralls us.

Any true understanding of this poetry must begin with a study of her background. This fundamental insight was stated early by a man who knew at first hand New England life in her own generation. "Emily Dickinson," said Samuel Gray Ward, one of the writers for Emerson's *Dial*, "is the quintessence of that element we all have who are of Puritan descent, *pur sang*. We came to this country to think our own thoughts with nobody to hinder. . . . We conversed with our own souls until we lost the art of communicating with other people. The typical family grew up strangers to each other. . . . It was awfully high but awfully lonesome. . . . This is where Emily Dickinson comes in. She was the articulate inarticulate."

This perception of the poet's intimate identification with her setting was duly printed by Mrs. Todd in her first edition of Emily Dickinson's *Letters*, but its implications were never fully comprehended. The kind of family life described by Ward simply could not be understood by a newcomer accustomed to the cosmopolitan drawing rooms of Washington, a butterfly dynamo of innumerable women's organizations. As seen by Mabel Todd, Emily Dickinson was a be-

ing apart from time and place, best described as Melville Cane in his recent amusing poem describes her, as an "anomaly."

Or if connected with her family at all, the connection is to be explained in psychiatric terms. This is the latest wrinkle. Bernard DeVoto, who is a capable and trustworthy social historian when he is dealing with Mormons, life on the Mississippi, the Mexican War, and cannibalism in the Rockies, is not content to use the historical method when considering the poet of a quiet New England town. Instead he has attempted to make a Freudian analysis of Emily Dickinson in the effort to determine the nature of the psychic drive which resulted in the production of what he truly discerns is "poetry which has a higher voltage than any other an American has written."

But the upshot of his investigation is a curiosity of critical ineptitude. Emily Dickinson, he finds, "was the supreme poet of hate and it is only by sifting and assaying complex hatreds that criticism will ever see her plain." The source of her extraordinary power, according to DeVoto, was the fact that in common with all the members of her household she was singled in the fires of hell. The Dickinsons are to be equated with the dire figures of Greek tragedy — Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Orestes, Electra. "Whoever else might live in that stately house, there was always one living there whose name was Atreus. The house was a crucible for the distillation of terrors and hatreds more intense than any our literature has chanced to embody elsewhere."

It is news for classicists that Atreus might once be addressed at 280 Main Street, Amherst. There is also a certain piquancy in the circumstance that the critic who a few years since was labeling Eugene O'Neill "our model-T Euripides" should in this instance have slipped so readily into the *Mourning Becomes Electra* groove. Austin Dickinson and his sister Lavinia were still living a little more than fifty years ago, and many older residents of Amherst recall them as they were. To hear a writer from a distant state describe these former neighbors as "dire figures who begin by looking like stylized rustics in a drawing of a country frolic but come to wear faces like the masks of Iroquois devil-dancers or like the masks of any demons in any primitive rite of evil" — this very considerable flight of fancy will seem to those who remember Mr. Dickinson and Miss Vinnie nothing less than quaint. How, they will be tempted to ask, could even an outlander from the wild and woolly spaces succeed in remaining so guilelessly outlandish? How could he let himself be so completely sucked in?

The answer is that he had been reading Mrs. Bingham's *Ancestors' Brocades*. Finding in that long-meditated book some details that seemed to confirm a pet theory of his own, DeVoto threw all his critical acumen to the winds and accepted every statement in the book at face value. But the reliability of Mrs. Bingham's portrait of the Dickinsons is precisely

what should be called in question, and the critic should have begun his investigation by testing her qualifications as a witness. The kind of truth which, like ancestors' brocades, can stand alone as self-evident in an author's mind is not always to be preferred to the homely truth which requires the support of evidence.

3

It is obvious at once that Millicent Todd Bingham writes as a devoted daughter who from earliest childhood has idolized her brilliant mother. Mrs. Todd's diary and letters, amplified in many later conversations, have supplied her with much of her information. She cannot help seeing the Dickinsons through her mother's eyes, and her mother was not in the position of an impartial observer. Mrs. Todd was deeply attached to Austin Dickinson; in the opinion of half of Amherst, much too deeply attached. She was at daggers drawn with Austin's wife and daughter. And she considered herself a victim of perfidy when in 1896 Lavinia Dickinson entered suit for the recovery of an inconsequential strip of land which she claimed she had been fraudulently induced to deed to the Todds, and won the case.

Moreover, Mrs. Bingham could never forget that she had to prepare the public mind for an uncomfortable revelation: the disclosure that when Mrs. Todd broke off relations with the Dickinsons after the lawsuit, she did not see fit to return to Lavinia or to her heirs the manuscripts of Emily Dickinson which had been entrusted to her, and that Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Bingham between them have presumed to withhold from publication about one third of the entire work of a major American poet until, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, it became possible for this material to be brought out under Todd auspices. It would be a miracle if a book undertaken under such conditions could avoid unconscious bias.

This is not the place for a complete overhauling of a long and involved work. It will be sufficient to test Mrs. Bingham's handling of her material in two crucial instances. The distorted representations of Emily's father and sister, as refracted through the Todd mind, have been primarily responsible for bringing down the psychiatric avalanche which was poised and ready to fall.

The portrait of Edward Dickinson given in *Ancestors' Brocades* ignores all those qualities in him which led Emily Dickinson to exclaim after her father's death, "His heart was pure and terrible, and I think no other like it exists." Instead it stresses with petty iteration anecdotes of his unbending demeanor and social stiffness. But it was not as a stuffed shirt that Edward Dickinson impressed his contemporaries when they again and again elected him to public office and acknowledged his leadership in community affairs for nearly fifty years. Who would guess from anything Mrs. Bingham records that the Squire was capable of ringing the bell of the Baptist church to

call the attention of the town to a remarkable sunset?

Mrs. Todd, though she had reason enough before she was through to realize Lavinia's talent for irresponsible and dramatic mendacity, allowed herself to be completely taken in by some of Vinnie's favorite little fables. None of these was more wildly inaccurate than the picture she was fond of drawing of her father's harshness to herself and Emily when they were girls. Vinnie rather fancied herself in this pose and let her imagination run. Thus Mrs. Todd notes: "Some of Vinnie's stories were appalling — of the way they were watched and guarded for fear some young man might wish to marry one of them. It made me indignant." Later she enlarged still further on the notion of Edward Dickinson as a provincial counterpart of Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street.

But contemporary documents, many of them printed by Mrs. Todd herself, furnish evidence that completely demolishes the pathetic story. The few scraps from Lavinia's diary that have been allowed to appear include entries like the following, dating from the early 1850's: —

March 24. Walked with Jennie. Tutors Edwards and Howland called. Joseph and Emilie went to walk.

June 23. Spent evening at Abby Wood's with Emily, Howland and Edwards. They escorted us home.

July 3. Rode horseback with Howland to Pelham Springs.

September 8. Mrs. C. called. Called on Miss F. with Austin. Emilie rode with Mr. Leavitt.

September 13. Went to ice-cream saloon with Joel, Austin and Emilie.

Where was parental supervision during these walks, rides, and visits to Fuller's ice-cream "saloon"? An incomplete list of Emily's special friends among Amherst students of the late forties and early fifties contains the following names of young men who called at the house: William Howland, George Howland, Leonard Humphrey, Henry L. Edwards, John M. Emerson, George H. Gould, Henry D. Root, Henry Vaughan Emmons, Hasket Derby, and Richard Salter Storrs. How many others there may have been we cannot say, but there were others. To some Emily wrote teasing valentines in the fashion of the day. With several she corresponded. Occasionally she confided to her brother that she was bored by the visit of one or another, as she would hardly have done if young men had been rare visitors.

An older man, Bishop Dan Huntington of the class of 1839, could write in the nineties: "It was long ago that she gave me her confidence & made herself my friend, tho' afterwards I scarcely saw her." Emily herself could write of her friend Ben Newton that "he became to me a gentle, yet grave Preceptor, teaching me what to read, what authors to admire, what was most grand or beautiful in nature, and that sublime lesson, a faith in things unseen, and in a life again, nobler and much more blessed." Are we to suppose that all this was imparted in stolen moments while a stern papa was dozing?

No, Lavinia's tall-story telling will not stand the test of comparison with available evidence, and this item in Mrs. Todd's indictment of Edward Dickinson may be dismissed as contrary to fact.

Of Lavinia herself probably nothing is told in *Ancestors' Brocades* which is demonstrably untrue, but the facts are so selected and shaded as to create an impression which is conspicuously one-sided. To begin with, Mrs. Bingham relies upon her childhood recollections, when she enjoyed a child's privilege of unceremonious entry, to draw a revolting picture of Lavinia in her old age, a witch-like figure, eccentrically dressed, dirty from work in the garden, combing with arthritic fingers her masses of graying hair. Every least one of Vinnie's peculiarities, and she had many, is sedulously collected and exhibited in the worst possible light. She is made to appear an incompetent, treacherous, unlovely hag, terror-stricken and rapacious by turns. The fact that she failed to compensate Mrs. Todd adequately for editorial services is insisted on over and over again, even to the point of reproducing in facsimile a royalty check which Vinnie received and did not share.

We are given to understand in no uncertain terms, moreover, that Emily's sister had no real comprehension of the poetry that she all but worshiped. The corollary is, of course, that Mrs. Todd was indispensable as an interpreter. However that may be, Lavinia as she saw the poems being groomed for the printer by Mrs. Todd and Higginson had a sufficient sense of literary appreciation to say, "The rules of printing are new to me & seem in many cases to destroy the grace of the thought." And in that respect Vinnie would seem to hold an advantage over the two friends who were busy making changes in Emily Dickinson's phrasing so that conventional reviewers would have less reason to object to her hinted rhymes. What Mrs. Bingham never allows to appear is that people found Miss Lavinia an exciting personality, whose life was a continuous drama, never dull. Fortunately, enough perceptive and unprejudiced accounts of what she was like have been preserved so that the values carefully suppressed or ignored in Mrs. Bingham's portrait will not be permanently obliterated.

4

BERNARD DEVOTO, however, is assured of Mrs. Bingham's entire sufficiency. He does not question a single statement of fact or judgment in her book. Instead he seems convinced that anything that conflicts with her views is merely the result of literary people sweetening the sinister facts of life for a public that feeds on spun sugar.

A footnote to *Ancestors' Brocades* reports the words of a certain Mrs. Robinson who surmises that Miss Lavinia "was the important character of the family. A dire person! Perhaps she partly explains her sister." A word to the unwise! All that was needed further was to supply some convenient psychopathic

stereotypes, and, presto! Emily Dickinson's inmost mind would be revealed for all to see, and by the same neat stroke exponents of what DeVoto loves to describe as the "literary fallacy" would be slapped right back on their heels. "When realism comes into conflict with literature," writes DeVoto, "it loses every time." I propose now to examine what happens when reality comes into contact with Bernard DeVoto.

Like the irrepressible artist that he is, DeVoto begins his essay by improving on Mrs. Bingham's portrait of Vinnie the hag. We are invited to consider her as the incarnate New England spinster, squabbling with her sister-in-law over the disposition of a compost heap, solicitous for her innumerable cats. "Toward the end of her life she was hideous indeed. . . . She was a terror to salesmen, with a talent for diatribe and a railing voice sooner or later loosed against everyone except her pussies, and aggressive malice and suspicion eventually directed against everyone, eventually alienating everyone except the even more frightened creature who was her servant." One cannot too much admire the deft skill of this sketch, but as a record of fact it leaves something to be desired.

Where, for example, did DeVoto get that touch about the cowering servant which so perfectly harmonizes with the effect he desires to create? Not, alas, from historical investigation. Maggie Maher, the Dickinson's maid, survived her mistress for many years and is well remembered. She was not a frightened creature, but a buxom, big-hearted Irishwoman, who took the little Dickinson ladies under a motherly wing. DeVoto probably encountered in *Ancestors' Brocades* a note of Mrs. Todd's describing a night of wind and rain mounting almost to hurricane violence. Windows were blown in and trees went down. "[Vinnie] and Maggie," wrote Mrs. Todd, "thought the end of the world was coming last night, and sat up in a dark passageway for hours." No more was needed to fire the imagination of a veteran concocter of fiction. The terrified servant was promptly transferred to his glowing canvas. This little point, unimportant in itself, tells us that DeVoto is approaching the analysis in a free creative spirit, not as a historical critic. It is just as well to be aware of such things.

For if he had chosen to play the part of historian, he would certainly have felt it appropriate to view Emily Dickinson in terms of the period of her formative years, the three decades before the Civil War. Instead he has preferred to join Mrs. Bingham in viewing her from the alien perspective of the nineties, ten years after Emily's death. By doing so he is enabled to quote as a relevant document Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's article called "In the Gray Cabins of New England," which emphasizes the dying out at the end of the century of the intellectual vigor which Mrs. Davis admits had characterized the region "a hundred or even fifty years ago," or during the childhood of the Dickinsons. Against a

background of New England in its cultural decline it is easy to exaggerate Lavinia's vitriolic vividness and personal freaks into something that suggests a mind on the verge of insanity.

DeVoto compiles a portentous list of all the queer things Vinnie did, but never under any circumstances stops to inquire whether any of them might have a simple and natural explanation. Thus he pounces on the fact that when she entertained a friend for lunch she rarely sat and ate with the guest; he does not ask whether or not she was embarrassed to eat in company by ill-fitting false teeth. That would not help to make her seem a psychopathic personality, and what would become of the ghostly presence of Atreus then? No, DeVoto must have Vinnie shriveling like Jonathan Edwards's spider in fantastic hell-fires. Otherwise he could not venture the next step, or rather leap, which is to claim that what happened to her "happened also in some degree to every other person who ever came within the influence of that house. What happened to Lavinia is a clue to the far more important, far more terrible story of her sister Emily."

5

A CRITIC hot for clues will seldom fail to find what he needs; especially if he is a Freudian who, like the devotee of jigsaw puzzles, is much more concerned to fit missing pieces into a preconceived pattern than to evaluate the rather commonplace picture that emerges as a result of his efforts. DeVoto lights upon his clue to Dickinson psychology among the trivial odds and ends of gossip recorded by Mrs. Bingham. It seems that when Lavinia lay dying in the autumn of 1899, Susan Dickinson annoyed her by taking for her own garden the manure pile that Vinnie was counting on using for "Emily's" roses.

Here is a hint of malignant hatred. Project it backward indefinitely in time, inflate it until it overwhelms all members of the family, until indeed the house can be made to appear "a crucible for the distillation of terrors and hatreds more intense than any our literature has chanced to embody elsewhere," and finally produce by rhetorical incantation from this witch's brew the apparition of a great poetry. Since Freudian criticism resembles a famous croquet game played with flamingos for mallets and hedgehogs for balls, it will surprise no one to learn that "the most spiritual, the most incorruptible of our poets was created, shaped, and given immortality by hatred," and further that the great poetry inspired by hatred "almost all begins with love or God or else comes in the end to love or God."

But outside of the Freudian Wonderland it should be an accepted rule of criticism that what happens to the manure pile of a poet's sister more than ten years after the poet's death is not relevant to the study of the poet's literary creation. DeVoto has seen fit to violate this rule. Criticism, he has said, cannot possibly evade the obligation to appraise the matter

of the manure pile. So be it. I insist only that he face all the implications of the manure pile he has invoked.

Lavinia Dickinson's dying concern that her sister's roses should be duly fertilized reminds us that if there is any one thing indisputably established concerning Emily Dickinson, it is that she was from girlhood to old age an enthusiastic gardener. She loved flowers and had an instinctive knack with them. During her years of seclusion she often tended her flower beds in the early twilight of summer evenings, kneeling on an old red army blanket. And a considerable section of her poetry, a section not to be brushed aside as "trivial, arch, coy, irritating, thin, maidenly, and barren," is devoted to flowers, trees, the small living creatures of house and garden, the aspects of day and night, climate, and the seasons. Very little of this considerable section of her poetry has anything to do with love or God.

Why does DeVoto ignore one whole side of Emily Dickinson's total poetry? Could it be because a person fiend-driven by hatred has no leisure to bestow on flowers, bees, clouds, and sunsets? Any experienced psychiatrist will testify that these two elements in combination constitute a most unusual finding. They do not go together. Since Emily was a poet of gardens, it is next to impossible that she could be also a supreme poet of hate.

If there is any doubt, consider a further fact that DeVoto seems to have forgotten: that Emily Dickinson's poetry is permeated with humor and marked by an unmistakable personal humility. Neither humor nor humility is a quality that denizens of the house of Atreus can possess. Terror and hatred drive the soul in upon itself and wither its capacity for the wider awarenesses that humor, for example, demands. Clytemnestra and Electra do not collect jokes as Emily loved to do.

I am far from wishing to suggest that Emily Dickinson was a serene and untroubled spirit. The reverse is too obviously true, as her poems and letters clearly attest. But her purgation was wrought by suffering, not by the smoldering fires of hatred. Furthermore the causes of her agony are not reducible to any simple Freudian cliché that happens to be handy. They were intricate and ever changing.

Among the psychic pressures that drove her to find relief in expression may be listed (and the list is inevitably incomplete) a deep-seated Puritan conviction that such talents as she possessed must not be lodged in her useless, a dismay at finding herself unable to share the religious beliefs of her family and her closest friends, a torturing doubt of the truth of what she had learned to accept in childhood as spiritual certainties, a sensitive and perhaps morbid brooding over the fact of death, a sense of deprivation and loss as none of her attachments to young men matured into love and marriage, a catastrophic collapse of a dream of intellectual companionship that she too rashly allowed herself to entertain, the pain of what she seems to have regarded as a betrayal of

her confidence on the part of her brother's wife, and finally (what we who have known the shock of Pearl Harbor should not forget) the strains incident to living at the time when the Civil War was rending the nation apart.

It is true, and it was a characteristic feature of her New England self-reliance, that when beset by these and possibly other agonies and driven to the verge of a nervous breakdown, Emily Dickinson had the firmness to put her mind in order by turning her entire attention to poetry. She was hurt at times, but pain was not a constant element in her life. The passage of time must never be left out of account in any psychic investigation, since human personalities are ever changing. Emily experienced the extreme crisis that she called her Calvary during the early 1860's, and there is not a scrap of evidence that her brother's marriage in 1856 or her relations to her sister-in-law for ten years thereafter had anything to do with the sorrow which she spoke of in later years as "that old nail in the breast."

During the following decade she held herself well in hand and almost delighted in the rich foliation of her sufferings, which led her on and on to new poetic perceptions. Time perhaps never does entirely assuage an overwhelming grief, but it permits the stricken to outflank troubles that once seemed insurmountable. Emily well knew how to capitalize on her psychic calamities

I lived on dread; to those who know
The stimulus there is
In danger, other impetus
Is numb and vital-less.

As 'twere a spur upon the soul,
A fear will urge it where
To go without the spectre's aid
Were challenging despair.

By cultivating her extraordinary power of fitting words to every shade of thought and emotion that she experienced, she found a means of release from the complex psychic pressures that otherwise might have overpowered her sanity. There is nothing terrible or depressing in her story. It is a tale of victory.

6

DR. JOHNSON once gave it as his opinion that no man would write unless forced to do so by need of money. Modern psychological critics have been inclined to hold that no one would write unless driven by psychoneurotic necessity. No one has ever thought it appropriate to study the relation between *Paradise Lost* and the £5 paid for its copyright, but unluckily a host of amateur psychiatrists are engaged in clinical speculation on the connection between neuroses and literary masterpieces, even though the value of many such investigations is about the same as that of an inquiry into the influence of stomach ulcers on *Prometheus Unbound*.

A great writer's relation to his work cannot be reduced to the terms one would employ in analyzing the finger-painting of children or psychopathic patients. The author's conscious mind exercises at least some measure of control, and hence literature may be significantly correlated with the writer's background and education, the intellectual movements of his time, and the aesthetic tradition within which his work falls. The reason why DeVoto emerges with an impossible conclusion about Emily Dickinson is that he has confused the psychic drive that impels a poet to write with the conscious shaping intention that gives form to the work.

But in spite of a false method, DeVoto's literary intuition has occasionally served him well. He has pointed out vigorously, although with characteristic overemphasis, the peculiar quality of Emily's love poems, which are intense without being passionate. They are not, as he truly observes, the outcries of a poet longing for intimacy with a lover of flesh and blood. They are virginal and highly intellectualized — love poems addressed to an almost disembodied idea.

What Emily desired, and pictured with rapture, and missed with despair was companionship with a man who could give her spiritual certainty. The fact that she referred to the Reverend Charles Wadsworth as "my dearest earthly friend" and when thinking of him quoted from *In Memoriam*, "Of love that never found its earthly close, what sequel?" — this combined with other small indications in her letters already published or soon to be published would seem to indicate that her vision was not more

abstract than was Dante's when he worshiped a celestial ideal in the form of Beatrice.

DeVoto has also declared truly that Emily Dickinson has had no biographer — though some have tried — and he has suggested that among Americans only Nathaniel Hawthorne could have grasped the imaginative implications of her life. This idea may be tested by recalling the biography that Hawthorne did in fact write of his friend Franklin Pierce.

A more interesting hypothesis arises when DeVoto names Fëdor Dostoevski. Far apart as they seem, there is a resemblance between Emily Dickinson and the Russian novelist, not for the reason that both had gazed long into the pit, but because each was bound on a religious-philosophic quest for ultimate certainty. Their searching led them to develop an uncanny power of introspection, and each in a different way dramatized the play of ideas and emotions encountered in man's inner world. The resulting drama is chaotic, an unresolved clash of principles.

Because of her unflinching candor and honesty Emily Dickinson was obliged to discard the conventions of Victorian verse and to search for ways of expressing aspects of truth that were not contemplated in the Victorian compromise. Hence she belongs with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, and Whitman, the group of nineteenth-century authors who carried on in this country bolder experiments in expressing "an original relation to the universe" than other writers in English were attempting. The quest begun by Puritan seekers of the time of Milton may be said to have ended two centuries later in an Amherst garden.

EMILY BRONTË

by HELEN BEVINGTON

I FOUND her workbox on the sill,
A faded sampler on the wall,
Her grave before an altar rail.
But these detained her least of all.

I followed her across the moor
Where roving purple streaked the brown
Wind-haunted moor. I followed her
Beyond the keep of Haworth town.

There was no tracing of her name.
Only the wind and I together
Disturbed this wasteland. Yet I came
Fearfully back through purple heather.

WHAT TIME THE GOOD LIFE?

by JACQUES BARZUN

I

IN THE recent and deservedly successful collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald's literary remains, *The Crack-Up*, the novelist harks back to an experience of his youth in order to characterize his lifelong dissatisfaction with himself, as well as to exemplify one of the causes of his crack-up in mid-career. The youthful experience involved two opportunities missed by ill luck: the first, to play in a Princeton football game when he was a member of the squad; the other, to serve overseas in 1918 after a year of officer training.

In the same volume with this confession, another novelist, Glenway Wescott, finds these two incidents too trivial for Fitzgerald's regret or, as he says, too *alumnal* in feeling. He blames not only Fitzgerald's but our national immaturity. Wit and plausibility carry the point, and in the midst of Wescott's splendid funeral oration on his fellow artist, no one thinks of stopping to argue.

Yet with the true poet's gift of seeing likenesses, Wescott, as he goes on, casually compares America's sentimental hankering after collegiate glory with old Europe's passion for military life. At this point in my reading, I felt as if suddenly brought up short and confronted with a huge, intricate, overhanging question, whose roots, deep in our emotions and our culture, move us to uneasiness. Why was it that in looking into himself *after* recovering from his breakdown, Fitzgerald recalled these two from the many disappointments in his past? Why was it that the expression of this nostalgia made Wescott think of bloody trophies and old armor? And why is it that so many men — especially older men — are now coming back from this war with a longing for a new life, at once active and altruistic — in short, heroic?

One middle-aged naval officer whom I recently spoke with — he called as a stranger who had read some words of mine — said: "I feel restless and I need

an unbiased opinion which I cannot get from my family and friends. Now that the war is over, shall I be doing all I can for the republic as a naval bureaucrat? The next twenty years are all-important to me. I want to make something of them — of myself. At sixty my turn will be gone. Should I go back home, in the South, and enter politics? Should I teach? Should I try to write? Lord knows there are millions of things needing to be done. But where to begin? What to fight? How far to compromise oneself for the sake of the good? And what *is* the good?"

As for the young whom I encounter daily, with a rather fuller knowledge of their abilities, they ask essentially the same question, worded in a hundred different ways. They feel as Fitzgerald did thirty years ago, and are afraid they may look back later, as he did, on lost opportunities.

The reason for this apprehension, this restlessness, is the same throughout: the perennial desire to put life to disinterested uses. For to most men, sooner or later in their development or in that of their social group, disinterested action comes to signify the good life. They first catch a glimpse of it at school, perhaps, or in reading, or possibly during an illness, frequently during the boredom and the dangers of war. The germ, once caught, cannot be expelled from the moral system, and the victim has no peace until, like Faust at the end of his life, he perceives his own utility to others than himself.

The schoolboy's conception of the good life, to be sure, makes us smile, because we think — or profess to think — that one touchdown more or less for Princeton is of small moment. But to say that is to miss the point. What made Fitzgerald unhappy was that at a given juncture he had failed to realize himself through an act of power, and one which was to serve wider ends than his own. It was the pattern, not the instance, that mattered. And the sense of power here is as important as the sense of unselfishness: the disinterested life must in itself be interesting. Hence the virtue, however limited, of the collegiate ideal. So long as football teams exist and are rewarded with applause, the wearing of shoulder pads and the risk of concussion must seem to the nascent spiritual sense both socially good and individually satisfying.

Born in France, JACQUES BARZUN came to this country at the age of twelve. He was naturalized in 1936 and is now Professor of History at Columbia University. Critic and historian, he is the author of several books which have appeared under the *Atlantic* imprint, among them, *Teacher in America*, *Romanticism and the Modern Ego*, *Of Human Bondage*. This is the second in a series of essays on life and letters which Mr. Barzun will contribute to the *Atlantic*.

Meeting this double test is what made valid the European ideal of military glory that Glenway Wescott deprecates. It also explains the paradoxical praise, throughout history, of actions usually held base — such as theft and murder — when they are transmuted by the conditions of war into self-sacrifice and heroism. It is not merely that defending the city or nation is useful, for baking bread and slaughtering cattle also help preserve the lives of one's fellow citizens. No, the case for war, blind as it is to other consequences, is that it provides opportunity for individual feats that tax the energies of man as well as earn the approval of his peers. This mixture of qualities boils down to two — a meaningful risk freely incurred and scorn for gain. So true is this that in modern times we have made a hero of the physician who goes on his rounds regardless of plague, and of the research scientist who tries out his new-found bacillus on his own blood stream.

It sometimes seems as if nothing short of this — a whole life risked for another life gained — will satisfy the highest instinct for self-fulfillment. William James recognized the strength of this desire when he discussed the need for a "moral equivalent of war," both as a substitute for international bloodshed and as an outlet for irrepressible energies. But fortunately the passion to exercise latent powers, to win against odds or perish in the attempt, is not always awake and raging; nor is it distributed evenly among all men, or else we should all be at one another's throats courting notable extinction for the good of the whole. Still, whatever the psychoanalyst may say about the death wish or atonement for guilt, the fact remains that the impulse survives all explanations. At its mildest we get Bernard Shaw's express determination to be "used up and thrown on the scrap-heap" when his work is done.

In the aftermath of war, in an age seeking organization, an age, moreover, when the many have been aroused to a sense of their individual dignity, only to be cast down in one way or another into all manner of indignities, we cannot afford to ignore this particular force of nature, nor to pooh-pooh its varied manifestations. Rather, we must take stock of the ways in which we personally and socially deal with it.

2

Clearly enough, war itself has lost most of its attractions for modern man. Not only is fighting harder and harder to relate to worthy purposes, but as an activity it has lost its charm in losing its versatility. When a late medieval chronicler like Froissart said that "to rob and pill" was a good life, he was thinking of the resourcefulness and daring brought out by the barons' wars. But this handicraft, so to speak, has become industrialized like everything else and the consequent division of labor has made soldiering more and more of a mechanic's job.

This is not to say that courage and intelligence may

not continue to decide battles, but that the form they take — quite apart from moral considerations — lacks the qualities that once inspired the hero and the poet. The very instruments of war are industrial machines, wielded at a distance against anonymous "targets," which are increasingly likely to be civilian masses or industrial plants themselves. Incredibly enough, the thrill has gone out of war, either through being magnified into psychic disturbance or through being diffused into a vast anonymous chaos, which leaves only the age-old horror, no longer masked.

This result is hopeful if it means a wide recognition that war is at best a poor last resort which convicts all parties to it of gross negligence and stupidity. But if William James was right forty years ago about the psychological inadequacy of the works of peace, the automatic self-debunking of war must create a still greater void in the souls of men. For the same forces which have vaporized the pleasure and the glory of war have destroyed the pleasure and the glory of peaceful tasks. It does look as if the last refuge of the good life, disinterested and interesting, were the college football field.

Consider the alternatives. The largest part of every modern population is made up of workers in and around industry. The futility of routine paper work everyone knows, and it has passed into a cliché of the language that the white-collar worker is something less than a man. In industry itself, there is indeed man-sized exertion and risk, but each man labors under economic compulsion, for gain only, and at routines that involve no individual conquest of brain-and-brawn over matter. Whoever first went down into a mine to bring back coal was a hero, but 200,000 standardized coal miners no more constitute a company of heroes than the furnaceman deserves the title of Prometheus. And this is so despite the daily risks run and the indispensable services performed. What is missing is the pioneering spirit, the freedom of choice, the chance to fulfill capacities to the utmost. We may want all of the miners' time or all of their strength, but we only want the smallest part of their minds and hearts.

All of which can be summed up by saying that ostensibly we live to consume and are forced to produce for others' consumption, and so on in an endless round. Our ideals are ideals of sustenance.

They may represent an advance over ideals of destruction; I do not doubt it for an instant, but even for the underfed, the exploited, and the overworked, they are not enough. In moments of reflection we may speak glowingly of technology "giving the people leisure." And after that? We are vaguely thinking of hobbies and recreation. We hardly seem to know that the duty of a civilization is to make life both real and important, which means that work itself must be such. Rest and play remain the side dishes of existence.

Contrast in imagination the possible condition of Utopian coal miners working foolproof machines only four hours a day with, let us say, an Order of Exca-

vating Knights, or Pilgrims of the Mine, living frugally out of the world, dressed in a distinctive garb and singing bituminous hymns. Why would the same physical occupation wear in the two cases entirely different aspects, of which only the second could lay claim to any aesthetic, that is to say, self-justifying quality?

I need not answer the question, nor am I suggesting this kind of purely external transformation as a panacea. I am only using familiar symbols, both historic and modern, to show the potency of cultural forms and to exemplify a plight common to us all.

We must indeed all be aware of it, or there would not be so many efforts to dignify the trades and professions. The businessman, with his slogans of service and his convention speeches intimating that he dies hourly so that the world may live, deceives only himself, if so much. The merchant has always been at a disadvantage in the search for the good life because his object is so unmistakably and inescapably gain. And in America, the land of combined dreams and opportunities, the dissatisfaction led to the practice of early retirement from business, in hopes of "really living" one's old age. But to see the fallacy of this solution one has only to read those stories of Henry James where middle-aged American magnates drag themselves wearily through European resorts. For the stay-at-homes there was only philanthropy, which turned into a business, or collecting objets d'art, which was expensive frivolity.

Only a few had their temporary innings as great entrepreneurs who opened up the wilderness, built railroads or "civilized" the distant jungle or veldt. Looking back, it is easy to see that in Imperialism, side by side with crass motive, lived a boyish ideal, typified by Cecil Rhodes and made into literature by Rudyard Kipling. But even if we did not know, as we do, that this form of self-expression was as destructive as war, the opportunities for it are over. There is no longer a new world, no western frontier to develop, no remote backward lands, no margin for expansion or waste. We are packed in tight like sardines, and feel equally beheaded, equally anonymous and powerless.

Perhaps we ought not to feel that way, perhaps we should be as contented and as mute as the sardine; but whatever our duty in the matter, the dissatisfaction is there, the restlessness, and therefore the social danger. If Scott Fitzgerald draws our attention to it for the writer and the artist, the veterans young and old remind us that the problem exists for the talented citizen with a sense of responsibility. And with our commitment to a democratic equality in education, in social life, and in standards of living, it is only a question of time until the hitherto inarticulate masses voice comparable demands.

Obviously, though these stirrings occur in many a heart, they remain dispersed, futile, possibly corruptive, until somehow channeled and institutionalized. At college — to revert to our starting point — the budding hero goes out for the team. The initial step

is provided for; talent and good luck decide the rest.

The world can never be quite so simple, but it can also establish channels for ability and self-fulfillment by that intangible thing we call tradition. The aristocratic tradition, as we all know, regarded the church, the army, and politics as proper occupations. In all three the ideal was disinterested service. It was, of course, imperfectly realized, not only because men are imperfect, but because of the arbitrary limits imposed on talents by the dominance of a small class owning the land. Hence the ultimate explosion of new talents, new wealth, new peoples, which together established the middle-class tradition. Based on trade and manufacture, and expressed in Napoleon's slogan of "careers open to talent," it was long the chief American ideal. It produced the diabolical competition of the nineteenth century, and also that century's recognition of greatness, of which it had a remarkable abundance in all fields.

Now with the extension of democracy — the vote, popular education, and industrial manners — we must revise or restate our traditional purposes. So far we have failed to make even a beginning. We have merely taken a negative position against the two previous ideals. Democracy, we think, means "no greatness needed." We have borrowed from industry the notion of interchangeable parts. With our increasing repugnance to war we have foolishly repudiated the hero; and in pursuing ideals of production for consumption, we have thrown creative intelligence into the meat-grinder.

Fitzgerald's career remains a symbol of our heedlessness, though it may be that his "rediscovery" today, and even the overpraise he has lately received in some quarters, show a dim and abashed recognition of our collective mistake. In the midst of our fear of undirected effort, we wish we could somehow make good to him our mishandling of his abilities, and we quite properly regret for ourselves that he did not give us more — more things on the scale and of the solidity of *The Great Gatsby*. We took his treasure in small change and we are the losers.

3

How did it come about? This "lag," this "divorce" between the artist and society, is not an inevitable thing, nor is it so much a novel separation as an aspect of the general reduction of individual power through the mechanizing of communication and the assembly-line treatment of ideas. Theoretically these facilities should multiply the gifted individual's power; actually they divide it, and the modern poet envies Homer, who, with only a dozen Greek revelers at his feet, could probably influence the minds of six. The movies and the radio reach millions, but since no powerful mind and no stirring idea can get through them, they are barriers to intelligence, mountains breeding endless generations of mice instead of men.

Everything conspires to the same end. An early and legitimate literary success, like Fitzgerald's, brings the writer within reach of his people, only to have him snatched away and mangled by the machine. Everyone acclaims his "promise" and rushes to discount the note at the lowest interest rate while putting upon him a thousand bewildering pressures and temptations — to take the cash, to water his stock, to repeat or alienate himself. No wonder that the man has to break down, to cease to exist, before he can recapture control of his own powers. The amazing thing about Fitzgerald is not the crack-up, which he analyzed so accurately, but the comeback.

The misfortune for the nation at large is that the death of the hero occurred in mid-career. It is of course easy to say that Fitzgerald was weak where he should have been strong; that an artist should invariably resist the pull of money, friendship, and false praise; that others could and did resist. But we must remember the terms of the case: the man who holds aloof forfeits our attention; him also we heed only when he is dead. What we are asking for is an impossible hairline adjustment between yielding and holding back — a kind of artistic coquetting, as wasteful of the artist's intellect as it would be repellent to his moral sense. He has enough to do nurturing his abilities, and if drawn one way by them, the opposite way by his public, publishers, and promoters, he must be made of oak not to crack. For the pressures keep piling up; everyone lends a hand, like children who swing from a bough until it splits, and hide their discomfort by saying, "We knew it would break if we kept at it long enough."

Meanwhile the branch is no longer part of the tree. The writer who breaks down like Fitzgerald — or who yields wholly like Booth Tarkington — is bound to feel at best balked, baffled, and unused; at worst resentful, morbid, and cynical. We think of the last years of Herman Melville's life and shudder, comforted only by the thought that there is at least a kind of protection in not being readily marketable, consumable — and forgettable.

Why, it may be asked, so much concern about a writer or two? Do we not catch up with our past after all, and lose nothing in the long run? The answer to this plausible question is tied up with that other, more massive difficulty presented by the talented, responsible citizens of whom my naval officer was a fair sample. The difficulty is to tell them what to do

with their abilities; how to serve the republic, both alone and in groups; where to seek the makings of the good life. All would agree that the collegiate ideal, the placing of the golden age before adult life begins, is an admission of failure, a make-believe. The warrior was better off, for he could look forward to at least one action after winning his spurs. There can be no argument: the good life, to be pursued, must lie ahead, not behind man at his maturity.

Now in the nature of things, neither the college boy hugging a pigskin, nor the confessedly bewildered citizen looking for a task, can be called upon to conceive fresh ideals or start new traditions. It would be like telling a man under a steam roller that he must help himself. The creation of new cultural forms is a specialty, the specialty of the seer and the artist. It is the poets, from Homer to the troubadours, who created the aristocratic ideal; it is another group of poets, aided by philosophers and sociologists, who created the middle-class ideal. The very notion of science as a career and technology as a noble art came from the minds of writers who were neither scientists nor technologists, but who sought and found satisfaction in shaping future life to the pattern of their imagination.

It goes without saying that these ideals and traditions are not invented out of the blue, in disregard of actualities. The successful ones are obviously practical in the fullest sense, since they lead men to act, and give a meaning to life which men are unhappy without. But neither are these ideals mere abstract statements like "the love of humanity" or "democratic good will." They must, on the contrary, be recognizable images of a life possible *now*, artistic renderings of actions that seem as yet half conventional, half quixotic. For the setting up of such images we need artists, by which I mean writers, painters, musicians, philosophers, orators, and statesmen — *makers*, as the term "poet" originally signified.

A democracy, just because it permits cultural diversity, needs more of them than most societies so as to concentrate the scattered wills of the multitude. Hence we must cherish our Fitzgeralds, not consume them; make heroes of them while they are still alive, not weep crocodile tears over their graves; remembering always the meaning we must attach to hero-worship if it is to remain compatible with self-fulfillment: love with a willingness to follow.



THE INSIDES OF A NOVEL

by BRUCE LANCASTER

1

THE historical novel must be laid at some crucial time in a nation's history. It will probably embrace some form of strife, for crises usually engender violence. And the crisis must be removed in time from the experience of the bulk of living readers, else it falls into mere reporting.

The crisis must have significance beyond the actual stage on which it takes place. If it hasn't, then it sinks to local chronicle. The rather artificial fever which brought on the War of 1812 has never lent itself to significant treatment; but such fundamental urges as those which reached full expression in the Revolution or the Civil War provide inexhaustible fields.

We are, of course, first concerned with raw materials — the settings and the subject matter which bears on them. I should hate to estimate the number of hours that my wife and I have spent pulling one setting to pieces and then another, or to guess at the number of topics we have explored and finally discarded with regret.

Looking back, our choices seem to have been almost inevitable. I had been looking about for a medium that would show the free man — as we in America conceive that man; and as soon as that idea was established, the resultant steps fell out in almost mathematical precision. Where was the best place to set the story? The Revolution. How to show the idea? To whom, at that time, would the idea have come as an actual novelty? Not to the Colonists. Not to the British, for actually the Colonists felt that they were fighting, at the start, for an Englishman's rights. To whom, then? Obviously, the German troops who fought against us. So, through some German's eyes we would watch the conflict.

The first researches yielded well. The average peasant in the petty German states was probably worse off than a Russian serf prior to the emancipation. The gap between the city of Hanau and the city of Boston was immeasurable, whereas Nottinghamshire, while irritated by Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, could understand them.

A historical novelist who now makes his home north of Boston, BRUCE LANCASTER here describes some of the fascinating details which must be hunted down and assimilated before the narrator begins.

Having settled on our German, where were we going to send him? Hessian troops served on Long Island, in the Jerseys, about Yorktown. But, better than that, nearly half the force that followed Burgoyne down the Champlain and Hudson Valley were Germans — Brunswickers with a sprinkling of Hessians. They would do.

And the end of the campaign. As captives, these men saw the rebels as farmers, shopkeepers, professors, having met them as soldiers. The cycle was complete. The setting, the Revolution. The incident, Burgoyne's campaign. The hero, a German. I really wanted to make him a Brunswicker out of sheer cussedness, because most books refer to Burgoyne's men as Hessians. But, to vary the usual pattern, which favors infantry or cavalry, I decided my man would be a gunner, and Burgoyne's German artillery came from Hesse-Hanau.

Casting about for the next finished product to follow *Guns of Burgoyne* took me far afield. This scene was tested and that. Then the late Frederick Stokes, my publisher at that time, said that in the fifty-odd years that he had been in the book business he had always wanted to bring out a novel about Lincoln. Would I do it? That was quite an invitation. So much has been written about Lincoln that I had never given him a thought. It would take a heart like Himmler's to say no to Mr. Stokes, but the field did seem played out. Of course, the free man motif could be carried through anything that remotely touched Lincoln, but — and but — and the Civil War had been used so much —

Then I saw how it could be done. Lincoln's early years had been largely neglected until my classmate, Bob Sherwood, did so superbly with them. But there were years, and important years, that preceded New Salem and the Sangamon Valley. That was my hold. I'd show the free man struggling along in a milieu that only democracy could produce. I'd show Lincoln in the years when the picturesque, the exciting, the colorful, had largely gone from pioneer life, leaving such imponderables as transportation, crops and stock, sickness, education. At the first glance, it seemed dull.

But it couldn't be dull. Here was democracy in the test tube. I'd try to show that and, in showing it,

project the youth of the greatest figure that American democracy has produced. Then — how to show it? By following Lincoln, step by step from early teens to manhood? That would be just another Lincoln book, which was not my aim. And besides, just *what* was Lincoln in those days in Indiana and Illinois? He was just another of the thousands who swarmed in those strange areas that lie between the rifle of the Indian fighter and the tall buildings of civilization. There was little to mark him out from a thousand others, barring his Homeric ugliness and an attested burning wish to figure out just how men were supposed to live. There were doubtless plenty of other backwoods philosophers and reasoners. Why single out Tom Lincoln's boy, Abe?

So I would not do a book about Lincoln. I'd do one about a boy of nearly equal opportunities, living along the same river bottoms and in the same clearings, a boy who would know the Clarys and the Rutledges and the Armstrongs and the Purkapiles — no more, no less, save that our hero's closest friend, in that strange drifting life of a mover, is the gangling Lincoln boy. So, in telling Hugh Brace's story in *For Us, The Living*, that of Lincoln told itself for the reader's foreknowledge of what the tall, homely boy would be, and provided its own underscoring and italics.

2

IN THIS general way, raw materials pour into the workshop. The next step is the presentation of scene and hero. I have already traced out how Lt. Kurt Ahrens of the Hesse-Hanau artillery came into being. The next problem was to reconstruct that eighteenth-century gunner. How had he spent his time before coming to America? What was his background? What did he think about people, war, politics, nationals of other countries?

It will help the story if he can be bilingual. That's easy, as the first Georges brought many retainers to England. They even brought German troops. So Ahrens's father is a minor court official, now retired, who brought up his son in England. The father, a Saxon, lived in Dresden, and his son, growing up in the Europe of Frederick the Great, has little choice for advancement. The young man, consequently, turns mercenary and hires out to the Count of Hesse-Hanau. For all these steps, of course, precedent has to be checked.

As for his thoughts, he could logically be tinged by the wave of humanism that was sweeping out of France. He would be well within his time if the problems of the less privileged appealed to him. His arm was to be artillery and there were many difficulties to be solved if I was to be accurate. I wanted to give the Hessian gunner every bit of equipment current in 1777 and not a thing beyond that. The point may seem trivial; but if you lapse on such things, you're going to lapse on the more obvious. Your men

are going to handle that equipment and it will react on them.

Recently I came across a reference in a novel to fixed ammunition at Gettysburg. If there had been fixed ammunition at Gettysburg, Pickett's charge could never have been set in motion. Such slips are as immoral as placing a typewriter in Lincoln's Springfield office or sending gas masks to Bunker Hill. Fortunately, gunnery problems were solved in one stroke by the labors of a prisoner in a French chateau in the mid-nineteenth century. He published his volumes, *Etudes sur le passé et l'avenir d'artillerie*, after his release — and the author's name, Emperor Napoleon III, appears on the title page.

Diaries of the time give us opinions, thoughts, prejudices, oddities (like my old friend Captain Pausch of the gunners, a sturdy die-hard German who insisted on mentioning von Burgoyne, von Washington, von Stark, von Glover). As to more intimate problems — food, fatigue, sleep, health — letters and diaries again came to the fore. Thus we will have our men eating well at Ticonderoga and scraping along on moldy bread at Freeman's Farm. They will be straining at the leash in July and suffering from clearly recognizable shell-shock in October.

Maps, too, play a great part in reconstruction. You want, let us say, to send a party to Bennington, and source books are vague as to route. Your map shows you possible ways, short cuts, traps. Then the map, if it is a modern one, must be checked by the past. This line of hills looks possible on today's map. The contours are the same as in 1777, but you find that the country was then heavily wooded and the narrow valley that looks so tempting was undoubtedly a swamp in 1777. And to use a wrong route knowingly is as immoral as watching Lincoln fill his fountain pen.

The handling of actual characters might seem easier than the handling of invented ones. Often, it is more difficult. The more prominent they are, the more is written about them and the very profusion leads to pitfalls, to the dressing up of a lay figure. The actual character must be studied from the human angle. His later importance must be forgotten unless the book hinges entirely on him.

Sometimes, however, your actual character is not well documented in the light of the time of which you are treating. When I began exploring the pre-Springfield days of Lincoln, I found a nearly hopeless maze. There had been little or no interest in Lincoln's youth until after his death, when Herndon began his not too accurate investigations. Few records had been kept and Herndon was forced to rely on hearsay that spanned a great many years.

I did not, however, limit my reading to the Indiana and New Salem years. My wife and I dug out all that we could about the old Wilderness Road, the people who traveled over it, how they traveled, and what they took with them. There was no thought of beginning our story with those days, but to know the

characters with whom I was dealing, I had to know how they had come into their present theater and the circumstances and conditions of their pilgrimages — that experience was all part of them. I planned to end the book in 1832, but research went on up to the gaslit stage of Ford's Theatre — I had to know what my people had done after I left them, for the germs of their future doings were alive in earlier periods.

For simpler details — housing, diet, health — there was very plain sailing, thanks largely to the work of the historical societies of the region. From a dozen descriptions and drawings the sort of cabin which the Braces might have occupied was reconstructed, along with the Lincoln homes. And what the two families ate in those houses, how they cooked it, what was scarce (and why), were pointed out to me.

Tools and possessions puzzled me at first until it became clear that such things were limited by the factor of transportation. If an object was bulky, it would not be found in an Indiana clearing in 1816, for the average pioneer could not pay river tolls. What he owned, he carried on his own back and on his own pack horse. Ten years later, one might introduce an iron-toothed harrow, but not much earlier.

Pioneer health may be deduced from a knowledge of climate, terrain, diet (which may be governed by both the others). In addition to the usual ills, we were confronted by the terrible "milk-sick." Now the "milk-sick" might not touch Hugh and A'e, but it would touch many about them, would take cattle and create economic problems that would affect life very directly.

Has this visitation ever been explained? Has it ever cropped out in other parts of the country?

What sort of climate would the boys experience? The carefully collected pioneer records showed this, including such phenomena as the winters of the Deep Snow and the Sudden Change. Here I took what may be forgiven as a pardonable liberty and placed them both in the same year, to show their effect on a struggling settlement in the Sangamon Valley.

How was life forming along the rivers and clearings? In early years, men measured by the distances from cabin to cabin. As navigation improved and roads began to creep on through the wilderness, our characters took their places in a larger world that measured by villages, by counties, and then by states.

What men talked about and what men thought about are matters of clear record, and in old letters and old books can be found the same burning belief in democracy as we know it that flowered in Abraham Lincoln and set him studying and figuring on problems which, in the book, he might logically discuss with Hugh Brace and later with Dr. Allen and Bowling Green and Offut in New Salem.

What Abraham Lincoln and other settlers had experienced, Hugh Brace would have known as well, and slowly his character began to form against the

background of the time. As he was always to be shown in relation to young Lincoln, it seemed wise to give him no advantages that Tom's boy did not have. In fact, it seemed better to give him fewer.

In this way Hugh Brace emerges with a shiftless, utterly worthless father. More than this, he suffers a physical handicap in the shape of a stunted arm. In all ways he is less blessed even than Tom Lincoln's boy. And we may logically infer, from the known character of Lincoln, that the latter would be drawn, semi-protectively, to his less fortunate fellow of the clearings — and the unconscious, inborn tact of the frontier would keep Hugh from realizing the protection.

For secondary characters there was a wealth to draw from. Few of the names in Gentryville or New Salem are fictitious. Of the created characters, perhaps the most strange was the old Napoleonic sergeant, Rose-Adrien Gregoire. I thought a long time before introducing him, but his appearance was possible. Many of Napoleon's soldiers came to this country after Waterloo. One of them, landing at New Orleans, might well in the course of the years drift north via river landings and end up in Jacksonville, Cahokia, or New Salem. "Papa" Neef was a Napoleonic officer, as was, much farther north, old Antony van Egmond of the Huron Tract, who was to die in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837. So why not find Sergeant — or rather, *Maréchal de logis* — Rose-Adrien Gregoire along the Sangamon? To many of the valley people he would seem bizarre. But to Abraham Lincoln he was another man who might have "figgered out" something and hence was kin.

3

So, little by little, the river world and its inhabitants took shape and the spotlight of research had to be centered on the principal figure who was not to be principal. What about Abraham Lincoln himself?

First of all I wanted to find out what Lincoln looked like in his teens and early twenties, and back I went through old volumes of recollections. I emerged a little dizzy. One neighbor said that until young Abe was twenty he was rather short and fat. Another called him roly-poly. A woman claimed that at fourteen he looked forty, was lean with a heavily lined face. When sources disagree, a novelist is free to choose the interpretation that suits him best. I used his earliest known photographs, considered his measurements, and came to the conclusion he was a not uncommon type that has grown too fast and had become somewhat muscle-bound through heavy work in his youth, his principal strength being in arms and shoulders.

The haze that surrounds the Lincoln family is too well known to touch on here. I was not unprepared for it. But the "authentic" accounts of where they lived and how, all widely varying, were a shock. The original Lincoln farm in Indiana is located by at least

six different people all of whom knew that farm well, at six different places. The question was solved by finding the survey of the land and plotting it out on an ordinance map — which gave a seventh site.

So with Lincoln's comings and goings, the conditions under which he lived. One of the greatest obstacles here was the school of students who have tried, seemingly through idolatry, to streamline Buckhorn Valley or Goose Nest Prairie. One, in speaking of the blab-schools, makes the statement that the itinerant teachers of the area were "true gentlemen of culture and refinement"; to depict them as barely literate, often drunkards, would, it seems, reflect adversely on Lincoln.

The classic case, I think, is an English attempt to make Lincoln acceptable to a particular public. In that instance the author wrote that "Lincoln was a good shot and good horseman," conjuring up the picture of Honest Abe in pinks riding to hunt with the Goose Nest Prairie hounds, or going to his shooting box in Egypt for a go at the grouse-birds. But beyond this type of wishful writing, it is hard to reconcile statements concerning those years. Did Lincoln actually go to New Orleans by flatboat in the early twenties? One says yes, another no — and these are people who knew him, who grew up with him, speaking. And whatever was said, was said vehemently.

So with other incidents. For example, I had always accepted as gospel the story of the Ann Rutledge romance. But the more I read, pro and con, the more it seemed to me that, despite its universal acceptance, there was a very good chance that there *was* no romance. The type of letter, elicited by the inquiries of Herndon and others, that rang truest was the type that said: "Guess Abe liked Ann well enough."

So, in building up those years, I was guided by what seemed to me probable or logical in view of known conditions. Where there was no evidence, I felt free to choose any course of action that answered logic or probabilities. I ruled out Ann Rutledge from my story, for I didn't feel that evidence in favor of the romance was strong enough to make its inclusion obligatory.

I sent Lincoln to Robert Owen's New Harmony settlement. There is no evidence that he ever went there. But, also, there is no evidence that he did not go — and he might well have. Perhaps some day documents will turn up to show that he did. If he didn't, it is a pity, for the place would have interested him, and the fact that he never mentioned it in known writings is, of itself, little proof. There is much in his early years that he did not mention.

His Black Hawk War years give pretty solid ground. We know now that he did meet Robert Anderson, later commander at Fort Sumter. We know that he could not have met Jefferson Davis,

pretty as is the idea of showing the backwoods militiaman uttering homely thoughts to the rigid West Pointer. But to use such a scene is on the same moral level as giving Azel Dorsey's blab-school a Gothic tower and a subtidized football team.

Once *For Us, The Living* was fairly launched, I waited in a certain amount of trepidation for what the mail might bring. There are few subjects about which Americans feel so strongly as the life of Abraham Lincoln and things that touch it. To my surprise, while plenty of letters about the book came in and even now are still coming in, no one wrote to me in anger, save one gentleman on the West Coast — and he wrote more in sorrow than in wrath. He took me to task for putting profanity into the mouth of young Lincoln, something which I had scrupulously refrained from doing. Moderation in speech is one of the few points on which contemporaries seem to agree.

This has not been the case in other books. After *Guns of Burgoyne*, someone went into a rage because I called Colonel Morgan a Pennsylvanian instead of a Virginian. I could only reply that, if Dan Morgan wasn't a Pennsylvanian, then he was a New Jerseyman, the doubt lying in a disputed borderline.

It seems to take our own Revolution to bring out real peevishness on the part of readers. For example, a letter like this may come in: "In your very ill-considered account of the battle of Hubbardton, you make no mention of my great Uncle Eliphalet. While it is true that his name appears on no muster roll of the times (owing to local prejudice) and as he had nominally no rank other than that of private (owing to his captain's jealousy), it is well known to all *real* students that he and he alone won that battle." It is, of course, useless to point out that said battle was so confused that no one man could have affected it very much — or even to point out that we didn't win it. We lost it.

Flora and fauna, their presence or absence, send readers' temperatures climbing feverishly. But nothing compares to fish. In fact, I've almost decided to leave fish out of my books. Typical of the fish fever was a letter from a gentleman in the deep South — a most interesting letter pointing out the influence of the captive Germans on Southern life, such as our debt to them for the so-called Virginia formal garden. This letter pleased me greatly until I came to the last line, "I note that on page so-and-so you state that there were salmon in Lake George in the year 1777. There were no salmon in Lake George in 1777. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant. . . ."

I could only reply, "Sir: I did not place salmon in Lake George in 1777. They were placed there by Ensign Hadden of the Royal Field Artillery. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant. . . ."



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

BIRD SONG

by JOHN MAYO GOSS

MIKE, the Hospital attendant, whisked the collar of the oversize, canvas lumber-jacket up around Beresford's ears and grinned. "That coat looks good on you, fella," he said. "A little big, but it's cold out and those sleeves will keep your fingers warm." He held up a cap of black cloth, round as a casserole, with vizor and ear-tabs provided with strings to tie beneath the chin. "Here's just the hat to go with it." Beresford tried to strike a comic attitude as Mike pulled the thing hard down on his head, but it was no use. He could not, he knew, be funnier-looking than he was.

"Who's coming for you, Georgie? Your wife? Oh, oh — the little French babe, hey? Well, you be careful, Georgie — don't forget to come back."

Mike was young but his manner was fatherly; his arm lay across Beresford's shoulder as they walked away from the clothes room, down the long corridor, past the small, neat kitchen and dining room. "Now you go up front and listen to the radio, George." (Hop along, my boy, Papa's busy.)

The common room crossed the corridor at its top like a T. The big hall with its high, grilled windows and solid furniture served as meeting place, reading and writing room, library, and game room for the ward. Well patronized on weekdays, on a Sunday morning such as this, when no doctors came and there were no treatments, insulin shots, or occupational classes, it was a case of standing room only. There was a restlessness here, like flotsam in flowing water; a sitter here, another there, would be pulled to his feet and away. Even as Beresford stood alert in the doorway, a chair in the row against the wall,

almost next to him, was vacated and he slid into it, pulling out of his uncomfortable coat.

As many patients as could find places were seated about two center tables, reading magazines and the morning papers. At the end of one, "Aunt Nellie" Nelson and "One-Eye" Connor, dignified in overalls, were playing checkers. At the opposite end a slap-bang card game was in progress.

Swinging around these groups of furniture and humanity, a number of tireless individuals were finding release for their energy in marching single file, counterclockwise, in a rhythm unbroken except when one would flop triumphantly into a vacant chair or another would hesitate in his stride to twirl a knob of the radio. This last diversion, imparting endless variety to the programs and volume, gave a kaleidoscopic accompaniment of sound to the pervading activity.

Beresford glanced at the electric wall-clock. A quarter of ten — his wife should have been here an hour ago. A sweep of uncertainty left him clenching and unclenching his hands on the rough canvas of the coat in his lap. He took out a cigarette and cast around for someone already smoking, for matches in the pocket are considered a hazard for patients in state hospitals.

On the far side of the room, an attendant, loud-mouthed Bill Pfluger, spread himself throughout one of the big chairs and George could get a light from him — probably. But to be beholden to Pfluger even for a match was distasteful. Just now Pfluger was expanding his body and soul before those of the mentally deficient who sat about him. With Olympian authority, his great face red with the exertion, he proclaimed his opinions.

"Why, that punk'd have no more chance against Louis —" George heard distinctly across the wide room, above the exhortations of a fleeting sermon just

A graduate of Yale and a veteran of the First World War now in his fifty-first year, JOHN MAYO GOSS has been experimenting with the short story under the direction of Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama. We take pleasure in adding him to our list of *Atlantic "Firsts."*

caught from the air by an indefatigable marcher. Pfluger waved a cigar in the face of the nearest of his audience. "You don't know nothin', you poor goddam —" "Nothing is beyond our strength if we hold —" intoned the air-borne sermon.

Three chairs away Graber had a cigarette going. Graber was a husky man with whom George often had confidential conversations, but he was unpredictable. Sometimes he had to be tied in his bed — only yesterday he had assailed the outer door of the ward with a frenzy that would have shattered the glass if it had not been made to withstand such emergencies. Now Graber offered a light without a word, looking intently only at the tips of the cigarettes as they met.

Urie, a mute with a shaved head, was sitting in Beresford's chair when he turned back, but it was not usurpation — merely the guarding of his friend George's seat against seizure. Urie got up at once, and when Beresford thanked him he writhed like a patted dog.

2

GEORGE breathed his cigarette long and deeply. The waiting and the flickering radio were wearing down his earlier exultation. He was getting nervous; his stomach was vacant and fluttery. Oh, Lord, what could be holding Denise?

Around and around the walkers went. Young Peters (he wet the bed at night) paused at the radio, jerky as a squirrel, and took his twirl. The instrument came in on short wave: "Calling all cars, calling all cars. Watch for —" Police, eh? It reminded Beresford of a refrain from a play a long time ago — *Liliom*, wasn't it? — "Look out, here come the damn police, the damn police, the damn —"

George sat stiffly, his face dead-pale. Infrequently a thumb or finger twitched in almost imperceptible gesture. He wasn't going to get jittery today, he was telling himself, whatever happened. Not on this day of days, the day he had thought might never come, this day of proving himself, of re-birth. Nothing must shake him. This was the day of good-bye to that drawn-faced Beresford who had crept around crying to himself, "They've got to let me out of here. I'm all right now — they've got to let me out."

A twitter of birds — canaries, a cageful of canaries — sang through the room. "Gluck's Cake, Light as a Feather." Canaries in a broadcast — too damn farfetched. A line of verse leaped into Beresford's mind, bright and fixed as a neon sign: "Bird-song at morning, and star-shine at night, bird-song at morning —"

The marchers moved in quicker cadence. Pfluger's voice rose more positive and profane. The room swung in inexorable movement. Someone laughed shrilly.

Beresford finished his cigarette in one long drag and forced himself to relax. How about your achievement of ten days ago? (That's a good thing to think

about.) When you sat beside the doctor before his wretched "class" and, when your turn came, finally answered his questions, quickly and naturally as anyone should: —

"What day is it?"

"Wednesday, the thirteenth of November, 1940, Doctor."

"How old are you? When is your birthday?"

"Three weeks ago I was forty-six, Doctor."

(I'm living, Doctor. I am of my own generation. I am not a child nor an old man, not unborn or dead, just miraculously George Beresford, groped back out of oblivion to consciousness, to sanity.)

"Good! Very good indeed, Beresford. Nicely oriented. I am proud of you. One of my best patients."

And then a little later, "A day with your wife now? Well, I don't know, Beresford. Her influence on you has not been soothing. You recall after some of her visits —"

"Yes, Doctor, but I was worried about her then — desperate. I'm all right now, and she has a job and a room."

So it had been arranged. Denise had been telephoned to come for him; he was to spend the day with her. (Don't look at the clock, Beresford — don't look. So, you see, only twenty-seven minutes since the last time. She'll be here. She will not fail you after all these months.)

No he thought, she won't fail me. I failed her but she won't fail me. Whatever happened, ever, we were in it together. Nothing was too bad for us to share. Where I went, you went, drink for drink, always. I couldn't leave you in France, could I? Are you sorry now? Ah, no, you liked it on the farm; those were five good years — or four and three-quarters. "Oh, but this is *merveilleux*," you said. Remember? "I love it here. See, I can milk the cows and in the garden I am content."

We came close to it there, *ma chère*. And we knew it. "Let's drink to it," we said. "Let's drink in the long winter evenings before the fire. Let's drink in the mornings and in the afternoons. Let's drink to be happier. Let's drink to keep it as it is. You and I against the world, Denise."

Fog, wisps of fog, seeping into the old house, haze impalpable but ponderable, fog over the garden, over the elms, mist clinging to my face. Flashes of lightning through the fog, shattering, shuddering glimpses of terror. Where are you, Denise? Hold me, for the love of God, hold me fast!

Beresford drew a hand across his eyes, as a diver does coming to the surface, and sat back again in his chair. Those last days — how were they for you, Denise? And after? This town is not Paris, ah, no. This town is hard and ugly when you have no money, no friends.

But today, at last, you can tell me. A job and a room! Carefully Beresford drew a small, folded paper from his pocket. "Lavinia St." I don't know it, he thought, but no matter. All we need is a safe and quiet corner, all by ourselves, away from these

smirking guards and goggling inmates. You don't come to see me very often any more but I don't blame you for that. Those short, urgent, dumb moments were agony for us both.

Have you a fireplace in your room? Of course not. But pictures, maybe. I'll bet *Sainte Thérèse* is looking down from the wall. And the little water-color that hung in the hall at the farm — did you bring that in? You liked it so. Is there a tree outside your window?

Mike came to the door and beckoned to Beresford. On the instant, as George jumped to his feet, young Lolly, one of the walkers, fell like a board in front of Graber. Lolly was six feet tall, had a girlish face and a constant giggle, and fell down here and there. Graber stayed impassive though the falling body brushed his legs. Pfluger parted himself from his chair and his educational endeavors, picked up Lolly's limp figure, and departed with it towards the limbo of the dormitory. Pfluger maintained his cigar in his mouth, and one of Lolly's shoes scraped across the floor.

Clutching his coat and cap, almost stepping on Pfluger's heels in his eagerness, Beresford followed the guard's wide back, straining with its burden, out into the corridor. Denise, at last, he was certain.

Standing beside Mike's desk was a taxi driver gazing in fascination at the scarecrow figure of Lolly draped in Pfluger's arms. Mike looked up from a note he was reading and Beresford shivered in premonition.

"Your little Frenchy can't make it, George. Ain't that tough?" It was an exaggerated sympathy. "But the dame she lives with says come on down. She sent a cab for you." Mike fingered the note and examined Beresford speculatively. "I guess that's all right. Wanna go?"

Beresford hugged his lumber-jacket tighter. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I — would like to go."

The driver took his turn at speculative examination. You could feel his wariness: riding one of these birds around might not be so hot. Things went on in this place. But he followed unprotesting as Mike led the way down the corridor and unlocked the door to the stairway.

"There y'are, George. Give her my love — and don't forget to come back."

Beresford grinned and waved casually as people do on the outside. He fixed the loops over the buttons on his coat as he and the taxi driver descended the metal stairs, and tilted his cap a little to one side.

"Wanna ride in front, bud?" the driver asked.

Probably scared I'll bean him from the back seat, but maybe he's just being friendly, George thought, and climbed in as quickly as he could.

"How long you been in there, bud?"

Beresford had to concentrate on the question. They had passed out of the stone gates of the Hospital grounds and were on the edge of town, a section of factories and freight yards which he had never known well, but which seemed now familiar in every detail. He did not want to talk.

"Not very long," he replied.

Even the smoke hanging low and white over the locomotives, solid and white in the cold air against the gray sky, he had seen before, exactly as it was now. He read the names on the factories and warehouses, still there, steady and normal, names that he knew. They stopped for a streetcar, and a girl got on, a pretty girl with brown hair and rosy cheeks. She wore a brown hat and a brown coat with a fur collar.

They drove fast down the almost deserted, Sunday morning street. They would reach the middle of town in a few blocks.

"Isn't Lavinia Street on the south side?" he asked politely.

"North side — near north. It's Bertha's place we're heading for." Launched into conversation, the driver continued, "Ain'cha never been there? Say, is that little Frenchy your wife?"

Beresford was startled out of his thoughts. "Why, yes," he replied loudly. "My wife is French."

"Them Frenchies is sure full of hell. She's a good kid, though. I've drove her lotsa times. I do a lot of work for that gang at Bert's. They always ask for Eddie."

What was the fool saying? But almost immediately, before George could ask for an explanation, the cab had turned and pulled up at the side of a dingy frame building, a store building from the look of it. There were filling stations on the other three corners of the intersection.

"Here y'are, bud. No, it's all paid for. Any time you want a cab, just ask for Eddie." The driver leaned out as the taxi pulled away and called, "Don't forget to go back home, bud."

3

Beresford stood on the sidewalk, only the tips of his fingers showing from his coat sleeves, and wished to God he had stayed in the cab. He walked slowly to the corner. "Lavinia St." the marker said.

It's the wrong number then, he told himself. That smart taxi driver. He fumbled for the address slip through his buttoned jacket. "92 Lavinia St." This won't be 92.

The raw wind helped George back down the side street to the spot where he had been deposited. At the far end of the building was a door. Upon it were nailed two metal figures, a nine and a two. His upward glance found four shaded windows on the upper floor. "Oh, my Lord, it can't be a — *borde*l." Say it fast, Beresford. Say it in French and you won't be sick.

Yet it did not have the right look about it, somehow, for that. Too honestly bare. Without giving himself time to think, he punched at the bell with a numb finger.

A strong female voice responded so quickly that it seemed the button must have been in direct electrical

contact with it. "Come in. Come on up," the voice commanded.

The stairway, narrow and unlighted, mounted steeply. Whatever light there might have been was blocked by the wide figure of a woman on the top step.

"Say, ain't this our George?" the figure shouted. "Come right on up. I seen you get outta Eddie's cab. I got your little Frenchy tucked away waiting for you. She ain't feeling so hot this morning." Beresford had groped his way to the upper floor and was greeted with a dig in the ribs. "You know, George, Saturday night."

Beresford grinned, desperately friendly. "May I — see her?" he asked.

"You sure can, George. That door right there. Say, I'm Bertha. I run this place. It ain't much, but there's no funny business — men only, except Denise. I sure think the world and all of that little girl. You go right in, George. Nobody'll disturb you."

Of course it's all right here, it's only a rooming house, Beresford thought. It's just me — the old head still goes rocketing. But I wasn't afraid, he thought. I came up.

Denise was propped up in bed; her head turned to look at him as he entered. His first glance saw only that her eye and cheekbone were discolored by a faded bruise. She was trying to smile, half welcoming, half pleading. He crossed the little room in two strides and kissed her on the mouth, quickly. Her breath was strong of overnight whiskey.

"I wanted to go for you," she whispered in French.

Beresford nodded. He understood perfectly. He had done the same thing often enough himself. There was no question of forgiveness.

He sat on the edge of the bed, turning his cap in his hands. He should be talking to Denise, hugging her. Go on and talk, he goaded himself. Where are all those things you had to talk about?

Heavy footsteps tramped past the closed door.

The room was small and mean — bedbug mean. Except for a cheap dresser, there was no furniture but the dirty white iron bed, which sagged under even his light weight. Hanging beneath a shelf were Denise's dresses. With a lump in his throat George recognized most of them.

Denise was looking at him, smiling still, but frowning a little too, looking at him a little uncertainly. Her hair was dark on the pillow, her eyes dark and questioning.

He found her hand and gripped it hard. She was a little thinner, he thought, her highish Breton cheekbones a little more noticeable than he remembered. He bent and kissed her again, longer this time, lifting her shoulders to hold her close. Ah, this was better. This was Denise, brave and gallant, doing the best she could.

"Soon you can be out, *mon homme*?" she whispered. "Soon we can go back to the farm?"

Back to the farm? Back to the old furniture, the silver, the pictures on the walls? Go fishing in the

creek again with Denise, work in the garden with her, play with the dogs? What about that letter from the bank? There was no money. What was it that he had to do about that? He must see about everything, so many things. Not now — some day. He couldn't think about them now.

A bang on the door shook the light wall and a man shouted, "How you comin', Frenchy?"

"*Va-t'en*, go to 'ell, *sale cochon*," Denise called back. Even as he gripped his knees in panic, Beresford cursed himself for a weakling. Wasn't that Pfluger's voice? Could it be? Had he followed him? Did they put a tail on you when you went out? Then George heard Bertha, good-natured, "On your way, you big bum," and the man's answering chuckle. It wasn't Pfluger; Pfluger was at the asylum. He was working himself up over nothing again.

Denise was talking. She was telling him, vivaciously now, that *Berthe* was formidable. "She makes the men here march straight as soldiers," she said, and showed George with stiff hands how straight the men must march. "But a good heart. She guards me well. She sees that I eat much. *Vraiment*, it is not so bad here, *mon Georges*."

As he looked at her his heart constricted in pity, in remorse, in a love greater than he had known for her. No word of reproach from her, though it was as if he had led her by the hand and left her in this — this joint. Left her to fight for her life with no help from him. And she tries to cheer me up. He must get her out of here.

"Denise —"

With the clang of a hammer on sheet metal, Bertha's voice came from just outside. "Hey, get up and get some clothes on, dearie," she ordered and opened the door. "I'm cooking you and George a nice dinner. Do you like fried chicken, George? Bet you ain't had none for a while. Say, how they been treating you anyhow?" She blanketed Beresford in heartiness. "Hey, look at the poor guy sweat. Take off that hot coat, George. Make yourself at home." She helped him unbutton it and threw it over the scrolled and battered foot of the bed.

Turning, Beresford saw, propped against the mirror of the dresser, a small, unframed photograph, a picture of himself, taken, he well remembered, in Belfort just before they had moved up into the Argonne.

"Golly," he thought, peering closely, "was I as young as that?" The boy in the photograph gazed back with arrogant confidence, fresh as his gold bars and Sam Browne belt, in a proud pose of "Look who won the war." Then what was that spectacle staring back at Beresford from the mirror? The old tweed coat was familiar, but that curious, intent face, the eyebrows raised in half-circles, the eyes stretched until the whites showed, that face which looked as if an invisible hand were clawing all the features downward, whose face was that? Mirrors were not numerous at the Hospital. There was only one small one in the ever populous washroom, and George had not

had a good look at himself for a long time. Through a knothole, he thought. He squinted and lifted the corners of his mouth. That's better.

A squashed package of cigarettes lay on the dresser. He took one and turned around, still squinting. Denise was watching him intently — and Bertha, too, standing there with fists on her hips.

"No matches, hey, George?" Bertha seemed to know everything. "Put this box in your pocket and light one whenever you goddam please. You're on your own today. I'd give you a snort — the babe here could use one — but I don't know, they're plenty ornery out there, I guess. How about a bottla beer?" She was gone with the last word.

Denise squirmed from the covers and sat on the edge of the bed, her shoulders back, stretching, her breasts tight against the jacket of an old pair of his pajamas, the sky-blue pair. "What a girl!" said Beresford (Forget that specter staring at your back from the mirror). "You are still wearing my clothes."

"But naturally. Like that, *mon Georges à moi* is with me every night." She's talking to me as if I were a child, thought Beresford. "You want a *coup, Georges?*" She pulled a black pint bottle from beneath the pillow. "I saved a little. Maybe it help you."

Beresford could only shake his head. Nothing's changed — nothing at all, except himself. In how many places, on how many mornings, one or the other brought out the rest of a bottle, proudly, loyally. How could he tell her that the sight of the bottle appalled him now, that he was scared to take a drink, scared of the Hospital, inside or out, scared of himself, of everything?

How had Bertha been so quick — back already with two glasses, accurately foamed, in her hands? She gave one to Beresford. It did look good — Hell, what's a glass of beer! — and he took a long swallow. The sharp beer taste cut through the mentholated hospital taste in his mouth, into his nose, through his head, throughout his body, jolting his senses. He put the glass of beer on the dresser.

"Come on over and take a look at my apartment," Bertha said, "while the kid here gets dressed. I got it fixed nice."

Beresford had followed too many guards and nurses to hesitate at authority's voice. That was the way you showed them you were all right, he had learned — by not thinking, by doing what you were told. But his shoulders sagged as he followed Bertha.

4

ON THE threshold of a room across the hall he stopped, trembling like a wary animal. In the window opposite, across a welter of shiny furniture and garish decoration, there hung a pair of caged canaries. Canaries — he did not mind canaries. He had never thought about canaries. But this cage — this cage —

Bertha caught his fixed expression. "You like canaries?" she asked. "Denise is nuts about 'em. I got some more in here."

To be sure, in the next room, where there were two windows, two cages hung, a pair of yellow birds in each. All were silent and motionless until, swinging her wide hips through a narrow channel between bed, tables, and chairs, Bertha put her mouth close to a cage and made small, sipping sounds. A gentle murmur came in reply; then, altogether, all three cages were alive with song, rising, falling, interweaving, clear notes and half notes, shimmering madly through the room.

Beresford wanted to turn and run. Now he knew what that cage had meant. His mind, feverish with strain, sparked and flashed. This was connected with the Hospital; this was where they broadcast that canary stuff from — "Gluck's Cake." It was a beastly scheme they were trying out on him. They were showing him he could not get away even for a day. They knew what he was doing all the time — they would always know.

A slow, resistless movement commenced, around and around him, he at its center, a helpless atom in a cosmic carousel, its music a chatter of bird song. His upper lip glistened with sweat, his hands were clenched. Bertha glanced at him and raised an eyebrow.

"Hey, you wanna go back to Denise, George? I — I gotta fix dinner." He followed her submissively, scarcely conscious of moving. The canaries subsided to nervous tweets, then all were still.

Denise was standing in her doorway, laughing and talking with a big fellow in a leather coat, breeches, and puttees. She had on a dressing gown, black with red flowers, one that Beresford had never seen before, and she had made up her face and fixed her hair.

"This is my 'osban'," she said as Beresford came up. "He been seek, you know. *Georges, mon coco*, this is my good fran', Meestaire Bob Scott, *un grand detectif*. He good sonabeech." She laughed and rolled her eyes at the big man.

"We been teaching your wife English, Beresford." The detective grinned down at George and extended a hand. "Heard about you," he said. "Been taking a little rest cure up on the hill." He patted Denise on the shoulder. "A great little Frenchy you got here."

A detective! "The damn police, the damn police —" They were after him all right, slipping up on every side, spying him out, waiting to grab him. He squeezed past into Denise's room; he would be safer in Denise's room. He sat on her bed, elbows on his knees, head in his hands, and stared at the floor.

Denise came and sat beside him — Bob Scott had disappeared. She said softly, in French, "He is truly good fran', *mon Georges. Bon type*. You would like him. He found a job for me making sandwiches in a tavern."

Beresford could only nod. He was thinking, thinking; he must fit the detective into his place. The canaries were taken care of, but the detective — was there something awful about the detective? Was this something worse than he had thought down there on the sidewalk?

It was very hard to think. The giant circle slowly revolving was sweeping everything up. Denise and the detective, Bertha and Pfluger, the song of canaries in cages, the taxi driver, the four shaded windows and the narrow stairs, all were absorbed in the deliberate, swinging wheel. They came and went, approaching and receding, now large, now small, now sharply defined, now dissolving, nebulous, into the background.

Denise had taken his hand and was holding it against her breast, stroking the hand. "You feel bad?" she was whispering. "Don't worry, *mon Georges*. It is all right."

His trembling quieted. He drew a long, shaky breath as a drunken man will do when fighting for control — and Bertha's voice bugled to come and get it. Oh, God, for a few minutes peacefully with Denise!

But not now. She was waiting for him at the door; she led him back to the kitchen. The kitchen was a cubicle, no more; its walls bulged with the stress of holding a refrigerator, a table, three chairs, and Bertha.

"Now fill 'er up, George," Bertha urged as they sat down. "You ain't et good for a long time. More'n that — here, let me —" The muscles of her bare forearm rolled as she gripped the iron skillet and his plate was heaped.

Bertha's off-color blonde bangs, wet with perspiration, were stuck against her brow. The air was turgid with the fumes of hot grease.

She talked on undiscouraged. This was a decent rooming house, she was assuring Beresford. No women — she run it strict. A clattering and bumping in the hall broke the monologue as two men passed the open door, one supporting the other, almost dragging him.

"Listen, you lousy bums!" Bertha shouted, harsh with authority. "You get into your room and if I hear a peep out'n either of you I'll throw you out on your cans."

"Nice guys," she commented good-humoredly to George, "but they get a little high week-ends."

Across from George, Denise was looking at her food, her hands in her lap. Beresford managed a swallow of mashed potato as he looked at her, but his first piece of chicken wadded against the roof of his mouth. His thoughts distilled into misery absolute. As clearly as if it were a great painting before his eyes he saw, it seemed, all the wrongness of his life with Denise.

You were going to give her a chance, he thought. You were the noble guy who was going to pull her up to sit beside you before all the world. She is sitting beside you now, Beresford, — that's Denise looking

at her food, her hands in her lap, — and that's a tear that's running down her cheek. And here *you* are, Beresford —

5

"AIN'CHA hungry, George?" Bertha's voice was like a blow. "You gotta come and see us often now."

A bell rang. Beresford jumped. Bertha went to answer the telephone in the hall. "Who? Ycs, he's here. Yeah, sure, I'll get him there. No, I won't let him out. Hell, no, he won't be late."

Beresford sat stiff. The Hospital, calling about him! The swing circled again, faster, dizzying. Outside, a siren wailed its lost-soul way along the street. "The damn police —" They were surrounding the house; they had come to take him back.

Bertha switched on a small radio on top of the refrigerator as she rolled back to the table. She was complaining about having to wet-nurse a lot of god-dam drunks and get them back to work.

But Beresford was not listening. A little tearing sound of static had come from the radio, then "Tune in again next Sunday at the same hour. The following announcement is transcribed."

Beresford waited, holding his breath. It couldn't be — A clear, ineffably musical whistle, a broken run, a rivulet of melody, "Gluc! 's Cake, Light as a Feather," then the burst of bird song.

"Listen," Bertha grinned and pointed toward the door. From her own apartment her own feathered pets were responding, not to be outdone, singing for greatly more than they were worth. The sound beat upon Beresford's face; he felt their wings drumming on his eyes and cheeks. He was submerged in their song.

"Ain't that sweet?" asked Bertha.

Never had the swing been so swift, never so crushing. This was the end. He could stand no more. He jerked to his feet, jostling the table. He held to the table corner.

A small voice was trying to tell him, "You are George Beresford, you are George Beresford. You were born —" No use, small voice, you are too far away.

But another voice came and it was clearer — it was very clear. "Get back to the Hospital, Beresford," the clear voice said. "Get back to the Hospital."

Denise and Bertha had risen too. "I must go," George forced himself to speak. "I must get back. I'm all right. It's just nerves — nerves. I'll have to go."

Bertha shook her head. "And he ain't et nothin', poor guy. It's a lousy deal. He ain't got no luck. But if you think you oughta go, George, I'll call Eddie."

Denise led Beresford back to her room, picked up his coat and held it for him. She seemed to know he must hurry, but for a moment she held him by the hands, turning them slowly, gripping them hard.

She smiled at him — his Denise — her eyes steadfast on his own.

"It is better than you think, *mon Georges*," she said. "It is almost. Next time —"

But he was numb, his throat dry wood. He could only kiss her clumsily, dutifully, as if she were a distant relative.

At the head of the stairs he turned, tried to grin, half saluted. Denise, in her doorway, smiled back — or did she? Her mouth curving upward, slackened, seemed to melt; her face disintegrated. Both her hands went slowly to her cheeks and she vanished into her room.

Bertha went down the stairs before him, her hips working like rubbery loaves as she hurried. "Get him there as quick as you can," she told the cab driver and crumpled money into his hand.

6

THE Hospital — already? It had taken so much longer going in. But this was George's building all right. He climbed the stairs, the clean, cold, iron stairs, up to his ward on the top floor. Never before had he climbed those stairs alone. Now, as he returned, for the first time he had a feeling of freedom. He felt superior and privileged, as if he were a senior in college again, and he trod with a firmer step. He took off his cap. His jacket seemed to fit better now and he unbuttoned it and let it swing.

Mike answered the buzzer. "Why, *Mister Beresford*! Back so soon?"

Ignoring him, Beresford dropped his coat and cap in the clothes room and walked up the corridor. The ward was still. Two groups of visitors were in the dining room, bags of fruit and cookies on the tables before them. The red-checked tablecloths and curtains lifted the scene to a warm domesticity.

Turning right before he came to the common room, Beresford entered one of the dormitories. *His* dormitory. The beds in two rows were lined up exactly, each with its meticulously draped green cotton cover. Some of the windows were open and the white curtains waved contentedly.

From a cardboard box beside a bed — *his* bed — he took a candy bar and commenced eating it slowly. He was hungry and he let the chocolate dissolve on his tongue and crunched the almonds with relish. From a window he watched groups of visitors coming and going from the cars wedged along the curb. The sun had come out and it was a fine, sparkling, late fall day, perfect football weather.

He balled the paper covering of the candy bar, dropped it into a wastebasket, and walked into the common room. It was as peaceful as a religious library. Its only occupant was Graber, smoking a cigar and flipping the pages of a magazine, obviously bored, but also, Beresford was glad to perceive, obviously

in a good humor. George took the seat next to him and pulled out a package of cigarettes.

"Take one of these," said Graber and proffered a cigar. "I got five bucks from my brother yesterday and sent down to the commissary for some of their best. Pretty fair. Where you been all day?"

"Thanks, Grabe. I've been down in the city visiting my wife." Beresford hoped the remark sounded casual.

Graber looked at him sharply. "Have you? Swell! Your first time out, isn't it?" His eyes narrowed. "Did they tell you to get back so early? It's only two o'clock."

"No — but it didn't work out so well."

"That's too damn bad. Feel all right?" Graber was acute.

"Well, no — that is, I feel fine now, but when I was down there — I got the jitters — had to get out." He paused. "I hope to God it's not always going to be like that."

"Hell, no, George. There's nothing the matter with you any more. Look, fella, you've been in here quite a while. Lock the sanest guy in the world up in this place for a few months and he would start getting ideas — ideas about the outside, I mean. Everything's wrong here, but everything's right on the outside — get me?"

Beresford nodded. "'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,'" he said beneath his breath.

"What? Anyway, a guy sits here and forgets how screwy things were in the world. God, look at this sheet." Graber extended the magazine he had been reading to arm's length and slapped it violently to the floor. "Things aren't perfect out there, Beresford, by a hell of a sight — whatever you've been hoping. What was the matter? Wasn't your cute little wife glad to see you? Or was she living on the wrong side of the tracks?"

Graber drew hard on his cigar in scorn. "I've seen plenty of guys get knocked off balance again the first time they stuck their heads out." Philosophic calm reigned again. "All you have to do, George, is take your time — you'll be O.K. Take me now — seven years —" Graber fell silent.

They sat for a moment smoking their cigars. Beresford crossed one leg over the other. It was good to sit here next to Graber — what a sound, understanding fellow he was.

The sunlight slanted in a close angle through the west windows, lying in rectangular blocks of brightness on the dark floor next to the wall, animating the whole end of the room like footlights before a stage. From their cigars, thin fillets of smoke ascended, steady in the stillness, as blue and clear, as pale yet as vivid, as the outside sky.

Beresford smiled — two businessmen they might have been, two men of affairs anywhere, idling an hour in their club lounge in the hush of a Sunday afternoon.

A VICTORIAN BOYHOOD

Episodes from "The Scarlet Tree"

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

In 1944 the *Atlantic* published the first volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* An entrancing account of Renishaw Hall, the family seat in Derbyshire, and of the hot-tempered, scholarly, and adventuresome Sitwells who have lived in it since the seventeenth century, this volume was in miniature a portrait gallery of England.

Now in *The Scarlet Tree*, the American edition of which will be published in May, we have the leisurely, highly perceptive, and often ironic account of a Victorian boyhood, of Osbert's growing up in London and in the spacious country houses of the early 1890's. This second volume covers a decade beginning in Osbert's seventh year and following him through to the close of his career in Eton. This is the first of four papers which the *Atlantic* will draw from this rich and skillful work. — THE EDITOR

1

I LOOKED forward to my first experience on a London bus for days beforehand. The whole tour would take two hours, and the same bus was to bring us back to our starting place. My tutor laid stress on the necessity of obtaining two top seats on the left-hand side, for that was the best vantage point. Muffled immensely against the east wind, we made our way by 9.30 to Oxford Street, and were fortunate enough at once to obtain the places we wanted. The buses of those days had two large wheels in front and two smaller ones behind; they were painted, as they are today, in reds and whites, but were not so metallically bright and flashing. They depended on the paper placards they carried more than upon enamel, and the seats on the roof resembled garden seats.

Our vehicle was drawn by two fine horses and traveled eight miles an hour. It carried about fourteen persons on the top, which was much lower than that of the motorbus of today. And I recall, when motorbuses first came in, the fear of many passengers, as they swept under arches and viaducts at great speed and on so much higher a level, that they would be decapitated, and how, when approaching them, they involuntarily ducked their heads. But though the old horse-drawn bus may have been wanting in the feeling of prodigious power that the present conveyance imparts, though indeed this may compare as skating with walking where speed and impetus are concerned, nevertheless it atoned for that by a sense of companionship and a wealth of cockney fun, for the driver sat only just beneath, with no shelter above his head, and he would often turn round and address remarks up at you. He would, for example, comment on other drivers who passed him, and tell you their histories. And you, for your part, could ques-

tion him about the buildings and vehicles you were approaching.

The London through which we drove was very different from that of today in color, shape, and rhythm. Already, of course, it was beginning to take on the cosmopolitan, nondescript air of the modern international metropolis, but the old London of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries still preponderated. In the impression of overwhelming size that it conveyed — a feature which has characterized this particular city increasingly for the last two centuries — resided, doubtless, its peculiar and most obvious fascination. Its other charms were more subtle. And I think it was upon the morning in question, a fine winter's morning with a tattered edge of rosy and golden fog which clothed Wren's spires in a lovely opalescence, — making them somehow not ethereal in any way, but beautiful with the perfection of a neat, clean fact or a calculation adroitly executed, — that I first realized, besides its giant proportions, and the fogs and excitement born of them, other qualities which it possessed. These factors in its aspect, new to me, made one wonder, indeed, at the vast population of house painters that the capital must support.

Consider Regent Street, down the graceful curve of which we were now driving — think of the domes and balconies and balustrades of that one street alone; a battalion of men would be required to haul it back from the deep, fog-like color which in so short a time it acquired, to the creamy shade wherewith it started its run of every two or three years. To the cult of the permanent, — of stone and concrete and marble, — London opposed an ideal of smartness, essentially temporary by its nature, of varnish and enamel and brass plates and railings and prettily

shaped shining shopwindows, and shields with the royal arms, and the delicate finical pointing of the brickwork.

And everywhere we saw vehicles and horses; vehicles that belonged to and were the very flower of the same transient civilization of paint and patent leather; horses, glossy and well-fed as nowhere else in the world, but yet, as it were, prancing, unaware of their doom, on the edge of a volcano, for the horse age was within a few short months of the outbreak of the revolution that was to destroy it utterly, curbing entirely equine power, and leaving to our sacred national animal only a trivial life of amusement in the hunting field and on the racecourse at Ascot and Goodwood; reserved for it, too, was that epitome of every kind of retrogression, the cavalry. In the course of a decade, only a score of hansom cabs were to be left in the whole of this assemblage of cities, of which at the moment they were the pride, while a new race of hard-feature^d, sharp-tongued mechanics was to replace the old, husky race of cabmen and drivers of buses, in the same way that the conquering horde of burgesses had ousted the aristocrats in the France of a hundred years before.

2

For the moment, however, London still made the carriages, and England supplied the horses, for the whole world. In the thoroughfares we traversed, we saw chiefly buses, four-wheelers, and hansoms — hansoms that with each year of the past half-century had become more elegant, the very perfect expression of the wealth of London, its luxury and its particular understanding, that I have tried to indicate, of shining, clean surfaces, of gloss and nap. This cab, too, imparted to London streets a sense of idiosyncrasy, of dash and style (just as the tandem gave it to the countryside; and here, though I abhor horses and love motors, I must admit that no racing-motor has ever exhaled the same air of elegance as a tandem, or afforded its owner such an appearance of dandical grace and swagger). The whole equipage possessed a frail and brittle elegance; every single thing about it, from the top hat and red buttonhole of the driver down to the two sliding glass panes of the front, even down to the tail, shoes, and hoofs of the horse, had polish, finish, and ingenuity. This was essentially the vehicle that had been perfected, through more than a century or two, for — and by — a continuing line of fops, beaux, macaronis, dudes, bucks, blades, swells, bloods, and mashers.

Occasionally other conveyances would pass us, a private omnibus, it may be, filled with a county family, its dogs and retainers, on the way from one terminus to another. (If there were no dogs, this fact signified Victoria Station and that the family was en route for Dover and hydrophobic foreign parts.) Gone already from the scene were chariots (known on the Continent, where they survived for cabs,

as *milords*); gone were the pilentum, the britska, the Clarence (ancestor of the surviving, trundling "growler"), the phaeton (demi-mail, spider, and Beaufort), the dioropha, and the barouche; but broughams, landaus, coaches, wagonettes (Portland and Lonsdale), drags, victorias, and sociables, with imitation canework on their panels, all these could still be seen turning out of the endless residential quarters and heading for Hyde Park.

Horses — horses and carriages even more than people — gave London, as I remember it then, its particular distinction, for it was the capital of an island where the horse was still god, where stables were often finer than houses, and racecourses better than parks. The staccato tapping of hoofs, and not the sound of a river flowing, was the appropriate and jaunty music of London.

As for the people, the general run of them that you saw in the streets were both more smart and more shabby than they are today; whole crowds were clothed in frock coats and top hats, entire armies were crowned with bowlers; mustaches were long and upturned, — often the ends were waxed, — and there were more and fuller beards in evidence. Fewer women were hurrying or sauntering in the streets, but those we passed were both more elaborately dressed and, at the same time, more untidy; their hair, then billowing out into puffs and curls, and creeping into fringes, was never so steely neat and tight as it is today, and their figures were more ample. The rich and middle classes sported greater quantities of lace, bows, frills, tucks, and trinkets; while the poor, men equally with women, showed their distress more plainly. There were mobs, unkempt, their clothes and boots torn, the men with red noses, the women with faces blue and pinched; from these the contemporary gangs of tramps and peddlers and streetwalkers, types that vary little through the centuries in dress or appearance, were patently recruited.

Our journey was an endless jolting rumble, broken continually by sudden halts: I can only dimly recall the changing of horses which I suppose took place. The Bank of England and the Mansion House were two of the chief objects of our pilgrimage, but they proved a great disappointment to me, seeming much too black and quiet for the wealth they represented; St. Paul's, our other lodestar, justified, on the contrary, every hope that I had formed of it. Here, even a small boy could see, was a complicated building of genius that, for all its restraint, could make no secret of its greatness, and of a magnificence that was English to the core — yet I have heard a prominent cleric condemn it as a "foreign-looking edifice"!

We returned home on the same bus, down Fleet Street, the Strand, and Piccadilly; and, regarded attentively, some of the buildings looked almost too modest for their size and importance, almost ostentatiously unpretentious. Devonshire House, that yellow-brick Venetian villa with its stone facings and vases, its spacious forecourt and plain, stout wooden

doors (the wrought-iron gates from Chiswick House had not yet been re-erected here), exhibited a certain nonchalant grandeur, as of one who brings the country to town and refuses to bend to the conventions. But many of the other great London houses appeared, to a small boy who had no sense of dignity, to be merely quiet; graceful, perhaps, but dull.

It was the general effect that was overwhelming. Where else could there exist so many miles of square and crescent, continually repainted, as the climate enforced? Where else such a cluster of mean cities, composed of two-story houses of dirty brick, never washed, their ledges and woodwork never painted? And round these, circling them in ring after ring, the innumerable houses of the suburbs, sunk in a heavy, atrocious boredom of their own, where, in the drab and airless stillness of their sitting rooms smothered behind dusty curtains, a yawn turned to a sigh, scarcely remarked, and then to a groan, and the prosaic, out of the very depths of its want of soul, attained to the romantic and the morbid. Cities in which love, entrancing dentists, or greed, blinding insurance agents and the dealers in secondhand clothes to the fate in store for them by making them so sure of their invincible cleverness, so certain of escaping detection, drove them towards strange acts: to giving away poisoned chocolates, to drowning their wives in greasy tin baths, to murdering their lodgers with the poison off flypapers, or to mixing prussic acid with the morning glass of effervescent salts so widely advertised, together with other wares of the time, — with Pears Soap, Mazawattee Tea, and Van Houten's Cocoa, — on the hoardings that edged these roads.

A week or so later, my sister Edith and I went to see the Tower of London, and loved its grandeur, so bleak in its black and gray, so incisive in its saw-edged crenelations, the perfect setting, it seemed, for its chief treasure, the crown jewels, those small objects of unparalleled value, hidden somewhere within this vast and fortified bulk. Moreover, the clothes of the Beefeaters and the very names of the gates carried me back to the Harrison Ainsworth world in which I liked to exist during every evening.

Here, in the Tower, I was in the future to spend many months as a young officer in the Household Brigade; just as I was to spend many nights on guard in the Bank of England, which I had seen on the journey I have described, and thus be given the opportunity to learn to know its garden courts and to come to appreciate Soane's ingenuity as an architect; but of this, that long, delicious, exciting ride afforded me no inkling; I did not even know what career I wanted to follow when I grew up — though I was certain in my mind as to what I did not want to be: a soldier.

3

AND now, again, as I think of it, I am lying in the North Bow Room at Renishaw, and past has become

present once more. What can I do to occupy my mind, and so fortify it against the fear of darkness? Though familiar with every inch of this top floor, I know nothing of it at this early hour, blotted out as it is, so I try first to chart the rooms on this side: day nursery, night nursery, maids' room, the kitchen-maids' room, and so on, until one comes to the barracks, a large room, now given up to storage, in which, during the eighteenth century, the visiting footmen had slept. The passage itself is broad, the oak floor rising and sinking at improbable angles under the weight of its centuries, and at intervals there are doors blocking the way.

Opposite, on the other side, farthest away and next a staircase, my mother's maid's room comes first. This room has details to remember: a piece of paneling that survives unexpectedly, hidden away in a large wall cupboard; a dressmaker's dummy — a headless red bust upon which clothes could be fitted; a special bell which sounds when my mother rings it from her bedroom.

Next is a small chamber which retains the kind of cement floor that was a speciality of this neighborhood in Tudor and Jacobean times — a room now full of china; it is usually locked, but sometimes, as I pass, the door has been left open and I see large blue and white vases standing on the floor, and shelves loaded with porcelain figures and Oriental bowls and cups and plates. Outside the door of the next room, towards the end of the passage and in a corner by the old staircase, stands the most notable object of the whole corridor: a huge wooden rocking-horse, its body beautifully dappled, but with one ear missing. It must be ten hands high, almost as big as a real pony, and still moves beautifully, though it is over a hundred years old and, indeed, figures in a water-color group of my grandfather and his sisters as children, painted in 1826 by Octavius Oakley. Moreover, it constituted a comforting presence by the door of the room opposite to that where I was lying.

There was nothing about this room ostensibly to frighten one; it was not large and was simply furnished. It had a flat marble chimney, and on the wall hung a delightfully ridiculous water-color of the bluestocking Lady Sitwell driving a pony chaise; yet a year or two later, when I was ten or eleven and slept here, I certainly went through some singular experiences.

For instance, every night in my dreams during a long period, my Sitwell grandfather, whom I had never seen, since he had died thirty years before I was born, would come up and sit by me in my room, talking as a grown-up person would to a small boy, and talking, too, — and this, which I clearly noted in my dream, was the most curious part of it, — as though he were trying by his presence to prevent my being frightened — the very sensation, of course, which his being there entailed. But it showed, as well, that he was not aware that he was dead, and I was too polite to give him an intimation of this fact or to let him see

that he was terrifying me by his continued existence. These dreams were very real and I have often wondered what was the cause of them, for I had heard so little of him, my father having been two at the time of Grandfather Sitwell's death, and so only just able to remember him at all. (When, eventually, I told my father of these dreams, he remarked, "*My children would naturally interest him.*")

The noises in the room, too, the interior crackling and tapping and rapping and knocking and sudden shifting of weights, filled me with uneasiness and alarm; while the sounds from the garden below, even a whir of distant machinery that often pervaded the entire air, the trains' hooting that could be heard loud above that of the nearer owls, flapping wanly about in the avenue, did nothing to dispel such feelings. Indeed, the slow, loud puffing of the trains, when it woke one up suddenly, resembled the sound of a huge figure of bronze, striding inexorably with an immense clang and reverberation, making the heart stop beating for an instant, and formed, I realized later, the perfect rendering for the footsteps of the statue of the Comendador as he climbed the stairs on his way to find Don Juan.

But I am anticipating again, for we are still charting the darkness. Beyond the rocking-horse outside is a door leading to a small wooden staircase ascending to the roof — at the top of it is always a huge wooden spade, left there for clearing the snow, which often lies in its season on stone gables and flat leads for months together; then come two storerooms, draped — if they are not locked and you can enter them — with cobwebs, and their old concrete floors covered with sand from the decaying walls. One room is paneled, and the other has its paper hanging on the still and dusty air in rent strips, like the remnants of ancient banners. Here a boy of the family died over a century ago at the age of eleven, and the place has never since been inhabited by the living.

The room nearest the high, slender staircase has, looking onto it, a tall, gracefully shaped eighteenth-century window, with a rounded top; and from the door of the day nursery opposite, you could see, across the stairs, this window with — floating behind its dark, discolored panes, for there was very little light in the room — the drowned face of a statue. The day nursery itself is a thick-walled, plain, seventeenth-century room. It is clear, then, that this house is one that makes no concession to children. They are part of it, and it is not considered necessary to pander to them, as elsewhere, with special silly wall-papers and books — only with such vivid and terrifying volumes as *Struwwelpeter*.

Now I begin to chart the darkness of the night nursery itself, the wide bow, which gives its name to the room and has three windows in it, on the pane of one of which an inscription of three generations before, written in French, glitters, when daylight comes, like the diamond that carved it; the high lattice and wood commode, stepped like a ladder; the prints of Silver-Tongued Hely-Hutchinson and Lord

Wensleydale; the walnut chest of drawers, some ugly bits of pewter; the tall-backed, very plain oak chairs that have been here since the time of the Commonwealth, when they were made.

The room was rather bare for its size, and I soon exhausted the contents; then, in place of this cataloguing, I repeated to myself the names of the rooms in the house, as they occur downstairs, where they are painted, outside the servants' hall, under various large old-fashioned bells now obsolete. (Occasionally, one of these, long disused, would ring suddenly of itself, probably because a mouse had nibbled its wire. The sound could be heard distinctly in the dining room, and if it happened during luncheon or dinner my mother would call, "Henry! Why is that bell ringing?" And he would always reply, very respectfully, with great dignity, "Sign of Death, my lady.") These names under the bells were printed in large white letters on large black labels, and must be a hundred years old. . . . What odd names they are, I think to myself; Assembly Room, Duke's Room, Great Parlor, Cocked Hat Room, Tapestry Room, Lady Margaret's Room (Who could Lady Margaret have been? I try to imagine what she was like), Oak Room, North Bow Room. I repeat the names mechanically to myself, over and over again, until I fall asleep.

Only for an instant, though, or so it seems, for I am wakened by the clatter of the iron shutter bar swinging, which, like the fall of a knife in a guillotine, decapitates night at one blow. This is always the first sound if I am asleep, for the nurserymaid enters, according to the secret rules of her profession, noiselessly, but then proceeds to make a tremendous din unfastening the shutters and snapping up the blinds. I sit up and try to look out of the windows. You can still see nothing outside, however, but white clouds, white mist hanging round the trees. In the intervals between their indistinct shapes there is a vague appearance of brilliance, of light made lighter by surrounding vapor.

4

As a special treat, both for my grandmother and for ourselves, Edith and I were allowed to play the pianola for a quarter of an hour at a time, while Miss King-Church, holding her watch in her hand, acted as umpire so as to save disputes. This instrument offered in happy combination the joys of melody and of bicycling — even the roll of music with its thick, oleaginous paper covered with cabalistic designs of holes and streaks and dashes cut in it, even the tiny screech that the end of it gave as one tightened the roll up before inserting it in the machine, come back to me, as I write, with their old sense of delight.

And indeed my performance upon this pianola constituted a great improvement upon my former experiences as an executant musician. These had occurred at Scarborough when I was about five. Edith, who had always loved music, had then de-

cided, on her own initiative and out of the abundant generosity of her soul, to share the joy she herself found in it by teaching me, too, to play the piano. Her idea had been, I conceive, that no one should know of the lessons she was giving me until I had obtained a perfect mastery of my means of expression, when I would suddenly blaze out of obscurity to dazzle the world with my accomplishment.

It may be, perhaps, that her own qualifications — she was ten — were not then sufficient to furnish me with the whole art. I do not know. But unfortunately the whole house had only too quickly become aware that something was afoot, for even my rendering of the five-finger exercises was so intensely original as to attract, and so loud as to command, universal attention. Added to this, my sobs, my roars, my howls — for I much resented art being thus thrust upon me — formed a painful and resounding accompaniment. As a result, the opinion of the entire household was unanimous: my lessons must cease, *il faut en finir*.

No. I much preferred the pianola. I listened with pleasure, though with some sense of impatience, while Edith was performing, and when at last it came to my turn, pedaled away indefatigably, at a great speed and clinging, as it were, to the handle bars. I was fond, too, of using the brakes; for abrupt modulations of tone, from the loudest possible to the softest, were the technical device at which I excelled and wherein I believed the whole secret of my art to consist.

And I had found my audience: for though Edith may have disdained my efforts as those of a rival virtuoso, our brother Sacheverell, who was himself too young to play, listened to us both with a flattering air of respect, and even of rapture. And in all truth, these hours were memorable to the three of us, for it was therein, and after this fashion, that we first entered the magic world of Tchaikovsky's ballet music, the greatest music of the theater — as opposed to opera, or to music pure — ever composed; thus we came to know every note of *Casse-noisette*, so much of *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*.

5

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether Aunt Mary did not come to Gosden simply in order to keep an eye on us children. I think, in her own mind, she very unfairly condemned my grandmother as too unworldly to be trusted with the supervising of a child's education: for to the older woman *education* signified being brought up to use the right shibboleths, wear the right clothes, ride in the proper way and hold your riding crop correctly. It was impossible to exaggerate the importance of these things — and my mother would have agreed with her in this view. To pronounce *girl* as *gurl*, or to wear patent-leather pumps, for example, at breakfast — either of these would have constituted a sin far worse than any purely moral misdemeanor. She liked to take us aside,

when my grandmother was not in the vicinity, and examine us herself in the Things That Mattered, asking one to repeat the word *waistcoat* (*wescot*) after her, and urging upon us the necessity of saying *Mama* and not *Mummy*. (In any case, we said neither, but *Mother*.)

Partly, of course, this concern with superficialities arose from a feeling for elegance — and she was indeed, in her own way, a very elegant old woman, both in appearance and manner; partly, since she herself had no sons or daughters, from a wish to see that the younger members of her own family continued in the way they should go. Because to her, as to everyone interested in them, the shibboleths of her own generation seemed immutable, framed to endure forever, and she never guessed that the *haut ton* of one age inevitably becomes the shabby vulgarism of the next, or that old fashions descend, until, for instance, only the dealers in rags and bones or the hired mourners at a funeral will wear the top hat, once England's glory.

But even when she disapproved our ways, yet she championed us; if anyone complained of the noise we made overhead, running about and shouting, she would always say commendingly, "Dear little feet, poor young people!" On the other hand, when contemporary cousins of ours, on my grandmother's side of the family, came to stay, she was the first to register an energetic protest against any single sound that happened to reach her. She and my mother got on well together, enjoyed a common detestation of the curate, Mr. Gramble, and were in league against him. But her favorite, her greatest friend, and perhaps the real attraction to her in this house, was Toby, my grandmother's pet monkey.

Toby lived in a large, comfortable cage that filled the whole back of a little room on the ground floor, behind the staircase. This capering creature appealed to my grandmother, no doubt, because he seemed, as it were, part of a traveler's tale, and she had throughout her life longed to follow the example of her father and journey to distant parts, but Germany and Italy had always bounded her world, and she had never been able to gratify this inclination.

To my Aunt Mary, however, who had been brought up, both at Renishaw and in the Highlands, with many strange pets, wildcats and eagles and red deer, the monkey was simply a most fascinating and friendly animal. Indeed, she seemed as devoted to him as my grandmother was to Mr. Gramble. They would gaze at each other through the bars with, as it appeared, the uttermost admiration. Certainly they were very unlike in appearance.

From this distance I cannot accurately name Toby's species, but he was young, large, dark, bright-eyed and blinking; hirsute, but not hirsute enough. His most striking physical feature was the pouch, between chin and throat, with which nature had equipped him, so that he might therein deposit anything he wished to hide or swallow. He was very active, but only at times, when he would be seized by

bouts of paroxysmal energy; during other long periods he would remain meditative as Buddha, and, one would hazard from his expression, dejected.

My Aunt Mary, on the other hand, was very pale, and albeit her eyes of harebell blue blinked fondly back at his, her hair was sparse and white, except for a tail, darker and more thick, which lay coiled at the back, just under the cap that crowned her head in the fashion of the women of her era. For the rest, she wore a black silk dress, gold-rimmed spectacles, and round her neck hung a long gold chain, on which was suspended a gold locket containing a miniature of her late husband. In her hand she carried a reticule, wherein, among other treasures, reposed, I recollect, a small gold vinaigrette, a very pretty object of French workmanship, made to ward off the vapors of her Byronic youth.

Every morning Aunt Mary visited Toby, either after or during family prayers; from which, in order, I think, to assert her independence, she liked to absent herself. (My grandmother could not fail to notice and disapprove such truancy, but would find it difficult to make any remonstrance.) For half an hour at a time the old lady would stand in front of the cage, watching the monkey's antics or strange quietude. At intervals she would offer him morsels of food, fruit or nuts, repeating to herself, "Poor boy, poor little feller!" And once a day for months, and at whatever hour it might be that she came to see him, he would throw a brick out of his cage, and she, muttering terms of endearment, would pick it up and return it to him. She was "training" him, she told me. But eventually it became plain that he, looking through the bars into what must have seemed to him her larger cage, had, on the contrary, been intent during the whole of this period on training her.

To give an account of this episode, we must go back to the mainspring of the day, family prayers. On the mornings upon which Aunt Mary was not present, those gathered together could often hear, through my Aunt Florence's twitterings concerning the prophets, the screech and chatter of the ape as he talked to his visitor. It was as though he were trying to extol and exemplify in the face of orthodox Christianity the rival current doctrine of the Origin of Species. Thus while, for example, my Aunt Florence read to us verses describing the conduct of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, the ape, our most ancient

and sure ancestor, was vulgarly demonstrating, by his almost human outcry, the obvious falsity of so pretentious a family tree.

But one morning, when we were on our knees, and while my Aunt Florence was reading, in her humble and meek voice, a prayer for Peace in Our Time, suddenly we heard a scream so loud, issuing, it seemed, from some antique world of tragedy, that it made her break off in the middle of the sentence. There was an instant's formidable silence, and then my grandmother's voice broke in firmly, with the words, "Florence, you and Mr. Gramble had better accompany me, and we will see what has happened." Accordingly, they hurried out, while we picked ourselves up and furtively dusted our knees.

What *had* happened was this. When the monkey had thrown out the brick as usual, my Aunt Mary had as usual bent to pick it up for him. In this instant he had swooped down from his swing, and with the deftness and agility of a trained acrobat and pick-pocket in one, as well as with the hardened throat of a salamander, he had thrust a simian hand through the bars and snatched from her, in a single grab, cap, coiled hair, spectacles, gold chain, gold locket, and reticule, and had triumphantly swallowed the lot, relegating this strange miscellany of objects to his pouch.

Thus, in a flash, he deprived the poor old lady both of conventional appearance and personal history. It was a final disillusionment concerning — I nearly wrote "human nature." Actually, however, the sentimental loss of the locket may not have affected her as much as you might imagine, for her understanding, owing to her great age, was variable: sometimes she remembered, sometimes not. And only a few days before this occurrence, she had shown the miniature of the whiskered head inside it to her younger sister, Blanche, at the same time demanding to be told whose likeness it might represent.

"It's your husband, Mary dearest."

"Nonsense," the old lady replied; "I never married that man! Never! I don't know the face" — and she snapped the locket to, in a fury.

After her loss she had to go into retirement for a little, while new hair and a new cap were secured for her. She became, too, more regular in her attendance at family prayers. As for my grandmother, she felt, I apprehend, that Mary had at last learned her lesson.



HOW DANGEROUS IS THE PUBLIC DEBT?

by LEO BARNES

PEOPLE are beginning to worry about the consequences of our huge national debt. More than half the cost of World War II has been met through borrowing. Despite Japan's earlier than expected surrender, our public debt will be in the neighborhood of 300 billion dollars before the financial balance sheet of this war is closed. That will be more than seven times the New Deal's top debt of 40 billion dollars, and twelve times the First World War peak of 26 billions.

Plain citizens, businessmen, and politicians alike view this prospect with alarm. How large a public debt is dangerous? Will the debt expand? Will it be reduced? Will it be repudiated? Will inflation be the post-war heritage of "war on the installment plan"? What will happen to the war bonds and stamps 85 million Americans have bought? Recurring questions like these call for the widest possible public understanding of the economic realities underlying the national debt.

For years, economists, fiscal experts, and journalists have vigorously debated the question whether a large national debt is a catastrophe or a blessing. In itself, a national debt of 300 billion, 500 billion, or even a trillion dollars is neither a menace nor a benefit. It is simply an *instrument* for future good or evil. We the people, our government, and our business system can choose to use that fiscal instrument. Whether we use it well or badly will depend on our economic literacy.

1

OUT of the argument between debt optimists and debt pessimists, eight points have emerged which may help to clarify our understanding of the public debt.

1. *The term public debt is a "weasel" phrase which induces a one-sided approach to fiscal problems. Because every debtor has a creditor, because govern-*

ment bonds are assets as well as liabilities, it would be equally correct and much more encouraging to speak of the 300-billion-dollar national *credit* instead of the 300-billion-dollar national debt. Actually, the public debt is no more a sign of public poverty than war bond certificates are tokens of public wealth.

This simple linguistic distortion has probably been responsible for more loose thinking about the public debt than any other one factor. It is at the heart of the prevalent misconception that increasing the public debt somehow makes a nation poorer, while decreasing it makes a nation richer. As we shall see, precisely the reverse is usually true.

2. *The public debt is a public burden, even though "we owe it to ourselves."* Exuberant debt optimists like Alvin Hansen and Stuart Chase insist that the public debt, no matter how large it is, cannot be a burden to the nation as a whole because we who *owe* the debt also *own* it. They point out that as taxpayers all of us amortize the principal and pay the interest on the national debt; while as bondholders most of us receive the interest and principal when due.

Conservative economists have justifiably poked fun at this argument of debt liberals. Actually, the point is superfluous to the liberal position. For the burden of the public debt does not have to be denied. It is enough that, for most of us, its burden is negligible compared to its benefits.

3. *The public debt is a burden not because of its size but because of its carrying costs.* If the public debt were to be retired by means of extra-heavy taxes or through a capital levy, then the larger the debt, the greater its burden would become. Actually, only once in world history has any considerable part of a large national debt been legitimately retired rather than repudiated. That happened in the nineteen-twenties under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

By contrast, most economists do not expect any large-scale debt retirement to take place after the present war. Nor do they anticipate repudiation. Debt maintenance and expansion are the probabilities we face. Significantly, President Truman's twenty-one-point post-war program presented to Congress in September contained not a word about reducing the public debt.

Director of the Division of Economic Research for the Research Institute of America, LEO BARNES has written, lectured, and broadcast on economic and political subjects. He is the author of several books and pamphlets, including *Handbook of Production Controls* and *Contract Termination*.

Discounting substantial debt retirement, the burden of our post-war debt will consist almost exclusively in paying interest and other carrying charges. At the present average interest rate of less than 2 per cent, annual carrying charges on a 300-billion-dollar debt would be around 6 billion dollars. This would mean an *actual* post-war debt burden of about \$160 per family per year, or roughly \$40 per person — not the \$8000 which would be each family's theoretical share of the total debt.

In the long run, the real debt burden will probably be even less than 6 billion dollars. Interest rates paid by the government have been dropping steadily. The current average of under 2 per cent is less than half the First World War figure. After the present series of war bonds owned by individuals have been redeemed, they are likely to be partly replaced by securities financed through banks at lower rates. In this way, the over-all average interest charge may eventually fall to about 1 per cent. Such a reduction would halve the burden of the present debt. Alternatively, it would permit that debt to double without increasing the burden for the taxpayer.

4. *The burden of the public debt is relative to national income; the greater the national income, the less the burden of a given debt.* Obviously, a debt burden of \$160 per year is less onerous for a family with an income of \$10,000 than for one with an income of \$5000. Similarly, it is much easier for the country at large to carry an annual debt burden of 6 billion dollars when its income is 150 billions than when it is 75 or 100 billions.

Accordingly, the burden of a public debt is best expressed as the *percentage ratio* of the annual debt interest charge to the annual national income. This means that the burden of a 300-billion-dollar debt, financed at 2 per cent for an interest charge of 6 billion dollars a year, would be 6 per cent of the national income when the latter is 100 billions, 5 per cent when it is 120 billions, 4 per cent when it is 150 billions, and so on.

5. *In an economy operating at less than full employment, raising the public debt usually increases real national income, and thereby decreases the debt burden.* This is the most startling principle of the modern concept of the public debt. It is valid only when economic resources are not being fully utilized; once full employment is achieved, it is no longer true. Moreover, Point 5 applies to *real* national income — that is, money income translated into units of constant purchasing power.

This fact is important; for inflation, which is essentially increasing money income without increasing real income, can also ease the burden of public debt. However, because the economic and social evils of inflation far outweigh its incidental benefits to debtors, we must concentrate on raising real national income rather than content ourselves with the illusory satisfaction of reducing the debt burden by inflating money income.

Point 5 stems from world-wide experience with what opponents call “deficit spending” and what advocates have renamed “compensatory finance.” In this country, the depression showed that increasing the national debt by, say, one billion dollars boosted national income by more than a billion — usually by two or three billions. Economists call this expansion the “multiplier” effect. In other words, when government injects more money into the national income stream by spending than it takes out of it by taxing, that extra money will be spent and respent several times by consumers and businessmen.

Since the burden of the public debt is relative to national income, any increase in the total debt which raises national income by *more* than the boost in the debt will actually reduce the debt burden. Because this point is all-important, let us examine in some detail a possible situation.

Suppose the government is considering a compensatory-spending program to restore full employment. Such action is what the Wagner-Murray Full Employment Act proposes. Suppose too that the public debt is 300 billion dollars, the annual debt charge at a 2 per cent average interest rate is 6 billions, and the national income is 150 billions. The debt burden would then be the ratio of 6 billions to 150 billions, or 4 per cent.

The government now proceeds to spend 10 billion dollars more than it expects to raise in the current year by taxation, thus boosting the national debt 10 billions, to 310 billion dollars. At the average rate of 2 per cent, the annual debt interest charge also rises .2 billions to 6.2 billion dollars. However, as a result of the “multiplier,” 10 billions in deficit spending would probably increase national income by at least 20 billion dollars, to 170 billions or more. Simultaneously, the debt burden would actually have declined from 4 per cent to 3.6 per cent (the ratio of 6.2 billions to 170 billions). Even if the national income were raised by only the exact amount of deficit spending, to 160 billion dollars, the debt burden would still have declined from 4 per cent to 3.9 per cent (the ratio of 6.2 billions to 160 billions).

Debt pessimists will be quick to point out that the increase in national income ordinarily produced by raising the public debt is frequently temporary, while the increased carrying charges are likely to be permanent. The basic reason is that, sooner or later, the “multiplier” effect of any given boost in the public debt dies out and national income tends to drop back to where it was before the debt was increased.

Moreover, businessmen who distrust deficit spending may curtail their expenditures, thus offsetting the expansionary effect of government deficits. Whatever the cause, the result is the same. Compensatory spending frequently does not “prime the pump” of private enterprise, and a continuous flow of it seems to be needed to maintain national income at high levels. This is undoubtedly the most serious objection against deficit spending.

Of course, everyone would be happier if real national income could rise continually or at least remain high without deficit spending. But when the choice is between a falling national income and a rising public debt, the latter is by far the easier horn of the dilemma. Point 5 tells us why. As long as more than frictional unemployment exists, compensatory spending almost always pays for itself — either by raising national income or by preventing it from falling as far as it otherwise would.

6. *In an economy operating at less than full employment, reducing the public debt usually decreases real national income, and thereby increases the debt burden.* This is the opposite of Point 5. When unemployment exists, wiping out part of the national debt by greater taxation or reduced government spending is the surest way to magnify the burden of the remaining part. The “multiplier” works in reverse. A billion dollars more in taxes or less in government spending would mean several billion dollars less in total expenditures for goods and services. Cutting the debt by one billion dollars would thus almost certainly mean a larger slash in national income, so that the relative debt burden would be greater than it was before.

One striking example of this principle will be remembered by many readers — the “recession” of 1937–1938. From June 30, 1937, to March 30, 1938, the Treasury’s books showed a cash surplus of about 100 million dollars. That was the last time the Federal government balanced its budget. It was the *only* time the New Deal ever did. This retreat from deficit spending was accompanied by one of the swiftest industrial declines in American history.

7. *Only in a full employment economy may debt expansion be harmful and debt contraction beneficial.* Points 5 and 6 are not to be construed as arguments for increasing the public debt *ad infinitum*. Expanding (or contracting) the debt is beneficial when it raises real national income, and harmful when it does not.

When a nation’s economy is operating at full employment, its real income is already as high as the skill of its labor force and the development of its technology permit. Under such conditions, additional deficit spending cannot increase real income. In fact, whenever deficit spending does not serve either to bring idle economic resources into use or to prevent economic resources from becoming idle, it is an inflationary rather than an income-creating force. With total public and private spending increasing faster than the total output of goods and services, real income would decline because prices would be rising faster than money income.

In this situation, contracting the public debt is the beneficial measure. This may be done either by curtailment of government spending or by increasing taxes. If the cut in the debt is drastic enough, prices will fall faster than money incomes, and real incomes will go up.

8. *Expansion or contraction of the public debt should be determined by its effects on real national income, not by the size of the government’s budget.* Points 5, 6, and 7 culminate in this basic operational principle. Public debt management should be an instrument for keeping the real national income at the highest possible level. Any decision to increase, to maintain, or to reduce the debt should be made primarily for this purpose.

From this point of view, the size of the public debt is the net result of the government’s participation in economic life, the final score of its financial activities. A government has five fiscal instruments by which it can influence production and consumption, saving and investment, employment and unemployment, the distribution of wealth and the level of prices. These are: taxing, borrowing, spending, lending, and selling. By different combinations of these devices, the government can help to determine the real national income. Whether the national debt will rise or fall in any given year will depend on the government’s decision as to whether the economy must be stimulated or given a sedative.

More and more economists are coming to agree that a technologically developed economy like ours needs government stimulation much of the time to avoid depression and stagnation. After the war, achieving and maintaining high employment levels will accordingly require fairly continuous large-scale government spending. Such spending will mean a constant or a rising public debt.

2

THIS economic compulsion to avoid depression will determine what will happen to the public debt. It will be the crucial factor in shaping the techniques for redeeming the war bonds of 85 million Americans. It will also largely decide how the rest of the public debt will be handled in the decades ahead.

There is no doubt that every single war bond will be paid in full when it falls due. So will every other Treasury obligation. A modern state, equipped with the high-powered weapons of income taxation and central bank financing, does not need to default on its debts. But the necessity of preventing depression will compel the Treasury to replace almost all war bonds as they mature with other government bonds or notes. Debt refinancing, not debt retirement, will be the order of the day.

Why this will be so is not hard to see. Most war bonds sold to individuals have a ten-year maturity period. They will therefore fall due, at a rate of half a billion dollars or so a month, between 1952 and 1957. By that time, the post-war replenishment boom will probably have petered out. As Point 6 shows, to retire large amounts of government debt when economic stagnation threatens would almost surely send the economy into a tailspin. The downrush of 1937–1938 would be mild by comparison.

Shortly after 1950, accordingly, Americans will find themselves being urged to exchange their war or defense bonds for a new kind of "peace" or "prosperity" bond. Conceivably, devices may be worked out for converting war bonds into additional life insurance, unemployment insurance, or old-age pensions, thus supplementing regular social security benefits. Not only would this spread out repayment dates for the Treasury, but it would also provide income when the recipients most needed it, and when it probably would have a beneficial effect on the national economy as a whole.

Apart from mild social pressure, any type of war bond conversion will be optional. Bondholders who want cash will get it when they ask for it, for the government will have other outlets for refunding. Banks, insurance companies, and trust funds will be as eager to invest their assets in government securities in the nineteen-fifties as they have been throughout the New Deal and the Second World War. The Treasury will always be able to refinance its bonds at a lower interest rate through institutions than through individuals.

Individuals' war bonds, of course, represent only a small portion of the public debt. What can be expected to happen to the major part of the debt not owned by individuals? Perpetual renewal is probable for this portion of the debt also.

Indeed, the United States institutional debt is already well on the way to being transformed from a conglomeration of securities with assorted maturity dates into a unified, revolving, perpetual fund. Most bond contracts between the government and financial institutions even now contain clauses under which the Treasury, in order to facilitate its refunding operations, may call in the bonds at any time before maturity.

It is but a short step forward to an even more effective device: that of recognizing the public debt as the permanent economic fixture it is by issuing most if not all government bonds as "perpetuities"

or "consols." These are marketable bonds which contain *no fixed expiration dates*. Instead, they would be subject to unlimited call at the option of the Treasury. In this way, the national debt could speedily be expanded or contracted as over-all economic conditions required.

From now on, the logic of events will probably impel the government to move toward compensatory finance whether it wants to or not. I have pointed out some of the economic advantages that lie in this direction. There remains the vital question of political and social consequences.

Do deficit spending and a large public debt inevitably lead to fascism, as journalist John T. Flynn strenuously maintains? Are they a speedy short-cut to serfdom, as economist Friedrich Hayek more studiously avows? By skillful arguments from German and Italian analogies, both authors present cases which many of their readers have found reasonable and persuasive.

These writers overlook one basic truth. It is the fact that free men can shape social instruments to their own purposes. Democracies can employ some of the economic tools fascist nations have also used, without embracing fascism. Actually, in peace and in war, deficit financing by democratic governments has done infinitely more to prevent and destroy fascism than to establish it.

The real choice America must make is not between a controlled and a laissez-faire economy. Our choice today is rather between control techniques which involve considerable regimentation and those which do not.

Compensatory spending is a device that offers maximum economic results with a minimum of social upheaval. If used in accordance with the eight principles explained in this article, the resulting public debt, however large, will not be dangerous. The public debt can thus serve us as a vehicle of peaceful, democratic change along the highroad to permanent prosperity.





SOMETIMES YOU BREAK EVEN

by VICTOR ULLMAN

HARTNUNG made a quick swing down the ward while he brought Martinelli the nembutal. The fellows had settled down slowly after the night lights were thrown on. The heat was too tough.

The half-sick had the energy to feel frustrated in their search for relief, and already the really sick men had begun their suppressed night groaning, muted half-sighs that punctuated each stage of their efforts to sleep in spite of pain.

The beds marched down both sides of the ward and presented an orderly progression of ghostly mounds in the dim lights. A few changed shape as their occupants squirmed about. All the men were stripped to pajama bottoms, and still they lay in pools of sweat. It looked like a bad night, a sleepless, pain-wracked night when even drugs seem ineffective against the lack of sweet, fresh air.

Martinelli was on his elbow. The young sailor was worried and he let his sweating face twitch in greeting to Hartnung. That was meant to be a smile. The boy was scared stiff. His coal-black eyes reflected sharp flecks from the night lights as he blinked. His hands picked at the covers.

"Got something for you, kid," Hartnung said off-hand.

"What is it?"

VICTOR ULLMAN served in the war as a hospital corpsman with the Navy. In his reply to our letter of acceptance, Mr. Ullman wrote: "Actually, hospital corpsmen defy the logic of war which dictates that the least injured be treated first and given the most attention so that they may go back to duty sooner. . . . Hospital corpsmen are civilians and, in the Navy, they are given some pretty tough assignments, which is one reason why so many develop psychoneuroses without hearing a gun. Once I forced myself to attend an autopsy in order to be certain that there hadn't been anything else I or anyone else could have done. I have seen hospital corpsmen work a fourteen-hour shift and get groggy through lack of sleep, then drink some coffee when they are relieved, to go back and watch a critical patient. I saw one man go into hysteria because his patient died."

"Something to make you sleep. Take it and quit worrying about the operation. You don't have anything really serious."

"But they shaved me in the back, Doc. That means they're gonna stick that needle in my spine. I don't like that. I hate it. They bend you 'way over so's your knees knock your face and then the doctor takes that long needle and — Holy Christ —"

Hartnung patted the boy's shoulder but did not know what to say. The pattern never varied. He had compared notes with the other hospital corpsmen. A kid who would grin down the mouth of an enemy gun always got the shakes the night before his operation. But it wasn't the operation itself. Even if they were going to have their guts laid wide open, they were frantic with fear of the blessed spinal anesthetic. You could persuade a man in the midst of screeching pain that it would have an end. You could get a patient to hold on while you peeled clotted dressings from raw flesh. But the spinal? There was no comfort.

"Look, Martinelli," he said earnestly, "you probably won't believe me but I'll tell you anyway. Tomorrow you'll be grateful for that spinal. Tomorrow you'll say you've been a damned fool. Now take this stuff and go to sleep."

He watched Martinelli take the nembutal, then patted his shoulder once more. Maybe there was something you could tell these kids. Maybe it was something only their mothers could tell them. They were too damned young.

Hartnung stepped outside the porch door in search of a stir of breeze for himself. He looked up into a starry night and a yellow half-moon, ringed with haze. It struck him that the night was silent. It was completely dead. None of the usual rustlings among the leaves of the climbing vines. The palms stood quietly black against the sky. No night birds or the incessant

chirping of insects to combine into a pervading wail as a background for the other night noises. The air was so still that his own body heat seemed to throw an aura of humidity about him. The night was not ordinary.

He returned to the ward office and found Miss Norman reading the order book. In spite of the heat, her nurse's uniform held its starch and she seemed cool as ever. Hartnung slumped into a chair beside her.

"Hello, Harry. Feet hurt again?"

"As usual. Wish I knew a good doctor."

She smiled mildly at the customary joke. "How's the ward?"

"Well, I hope your other wards are quiet, because I'll need you. Don's turned bad. Something happening. The special watch told me he didn't even move when the doctor catheterized him about seven. I checked his chart and the blood pressure keeps hopping up and down."

"The doctor keep him under oxygen?"

"Sure. He's bad."

"How about Carl?"

Hartnung marveled how she was able to keep track of the patients in her wards. She knew each one, not just their names, but their possible conditions. She must be a natural in the nursing business. She looked like a kid, a wind-blown youngster with a set of regular features topped by straying brown hair. A sharp, perked-up nose told the patients she would joke along but get mighty hard if they by-passed her orders. She glided down the ward with a certainty possessed only by somebody with the kind of compassion that did not stop at tearful sympathy.

"Oh, Carl seems O.K.," Hartnung answered. "He's chipper as ever, but they've still got him on the critical list."

"That's because stomach wounds are tricky, Harry. He might go along fine for quite a while, and all of a sudden the infection travels and that's that."

They both were silent, thinking of wisecracking, romantic-looking Carl, back from the fighting with two holes in his stomach.

"By the way," Hartnung asked, "did you go swimming with Fred today?"

Her face came alive. "You bet I did. He took me in town for dinner, too. This night duty — it sure hinders a girl trying to catch a man."

"Nuts. You're crazy about him. You told me you had two swim suits and then you bought a white one. When a girl does that for a date, she's gone overboard and is trying to be calculating about it. That flyer has you in a barrel roll."

She glared at him indignantly. "We have another swimming date tomorrow, so maybe the white suit wasn't such a bad idea." She relaxed into a smile. "The way you talk to me, I wonder who's boss around here. You see too much, Harry."

"I'm a specialist in love. I've handled lots of divorces."

"You lawyers —" The telephone interrupted with

its soft, insistent burr. Her face set suddenly into serious lines.

"How soon can we expect it?" she asked quickly. "All right. But you'll have to get somebody for my other wards. I've got two criticals here and a lot of orthopedics." She listened for the reply. "I don't care if you have to wake up the dead. This is a bad ward. If I got stuck away from it, Hartnung couldn't handle it, good as he is. I'll stay right here." She slammed down the receiver.

"Harry, that's the alert for a hurricane. It's expected in a few hours."

"Holy Moses!" he breathed. "Just when we have Carl and Don —" He sat up straight. "Don — I've got to get some more oxygen and ice for him. We should have at least another tank."

"Then get it now. You know what you have to do?"

"I should by now. Assume that you will be without light, power, food, and in danger of fire. You may have seriously ill patients and be unable to obtain the services of a medical officer. Prepare as though you will be isolated for at least forty-eight hours."

"I guess you do know it. I'm glad you're on with me. Well, I'll check the ward and you start getting set." She stood up. "Harry, did you hear the patrols come in?"

He was puzzled for a moment. "You mean the Catalinas? I thought your Fred was a fighter pilot."

"Yes, of course. Well, let's go." She grabbed a flashlight and started down the ward.

Hartnung tried to collect his thoughts. He had to cart a heavy oxygen tank from the storehouse. He had to get plenty of ice for the oxygen tent. He had to cart food from the galley, food he could serve quickly. Every pan and pail in the ward should be filled with water in case of fire. He had to get all the windows down or a sudden blow could take the roof off. He had to check the narcotics locker. Besides, Carl would need at least 10,000 units of penicillin. Then there were eight men on a sulfa routine. He had to start working.

2

IN THE next few hours Hartnung was outside a dozen times. Each time he looked fearfully at the sky but saw nothing more than a veiled brightness. It made him uneasy. This was not like the storms at home, where the glowering clouds shouted the coming violence. This was a sneaking thing.

The trees stood motionless along the ramp connecting the one-story wards. Under them the air was thick with stagnant heat. Hartnung sweated his suppies along the runways and gasped for air. On his last trip to the refrigerators he got the penicillin and put it in the ward icebox. He thought he was all set but was too exhausted to check on himself. He went down the ward in search of Miss Norman and automatically checked off the patients as he passed their beds.

Martinelli was still on his elbow, glaring into space. Taylor, the ankle cellulitis, was snoring, while Helfer, the femoral fracture, groaned steadily in his sleep. Gizarian was awake as usual under the round frame that kept the pressure of the sheets from his burned legs. He waved his lighted cigarette to Hartnung.

Expecting to find Miss Norman taking care of Don, Hartnung turned into the first quiet room. She wasn't there and he threw a questioning look at Sawyer, the special watch who was seated alongside the oxygen tent.

"Same," Sawyer shrugged; "hasn't moved in a couple hours. I sure wish I could get into that tent with him. At least the air is cool in there."

Don's gaunt face was framed by the window of the oxygen tent. A ragged stubble grew on his chin, a soft, blond, youthful stubble that had sprouted four days earlier when he was brought in. His eyes were closed and his respiration was rapid. It was a wonder he was alive at all. The doctors said he was a goner when they pulled him from the plane, half-drowned, and his legs flopping about.

Hartnung found Miss Norman in Carl's room. He hated to go in. There was a dirty smell there, and in the still night it would be fierce. Usually it hung over the clean whiteness like a pall. It was a positive smell, unmistakable to anyone who had seen infected stomach wounds. Hartnung halted at the doorway.

"Don't be bashful, Doc — come on in," Carl said weakly. His dark, thin face was smirking. In spite of the rubber tube that ran from his nose to the bubbling jars of the Wangenstein above his head, Carl looked jaunty. He was enjoying the attention.

"How is it, Carl?" Hartnung walked into the room and his stomach heaved.

"Fine, just fine. Miss Norman just voted me her favorite pincushion. Every time she gives me a needle she says, 'This one is for good luck' — and she pokes it in again."

He started to laugh, but each indrawn gasp caught at the muscles of his stomach. The tears streamed down his face and mixed with sweat. He bit his lips.

"You don't have to be a hero, Carl," Miss Norman said. "I know it hurts."

His face relaxed and he winked at Hartnung.

"She's a tough customer, Doc. I'm the sickest guy in this hospital and she talks like I have a cold. If I could move I'd get out my Purple Heart, if I had it and if I live to get it."

Miss Norman patted his cheek.

"I'm afraid you'll live to get it. There are too many women you haven't made happy yet. They're waiting for you."

"Say, you got something there," Carl chuckled. "Think of all the women who wouldn't know about love if I kicked off. I got a mission to perform."

She gave his bed a last pat. "You sure have. Now quit the line and listen to me. We're going to have a storm and I want you to buzz us the minute you want anything. If we don't come running, it'll mean the electric is off, so throw this duck through the door.

We'll hear it. Now, you get some sleep before it starts."

Carl winked at Hartnung again. "O.K., Hazel. You may be tough as nails, but if I was myself —"

"You'd captivate my young heart. O.K. Go to sleep."

They went back through the ward. The air was breathless there. Hartnung had closed all but a few windows and the whole building seemed sealed in. The men were restless and several heads lifted from pillows as they passed.

"I'm all set," Hartnung said. "How are the fellows?"

"Everybody's fine except Don. I put in a call for the medical officer for him."

"I thought he didn't seem right. I guess you sort of get a feeling about these things after a while, don't you?"

"You do, and it's a lousy feeling. You wonder sometimes —" Her voice trailed off. "You heard any planes recently?"

"Come to think of it, I haven't. This time of night the Catalinas would be coming in from patrol. I guess they had the storm warning and scattered north."

They reached the office.

"I'll get the food ready," Hartnung offered. "We might not get another chance to eat. How about a steak sandwich and some iced coffee?"

"Steak? Where did you get it?"

"Well, I had to get the master key for the refrigerators so that I could get the penicillin. So, well, the meat locker opens with the same key and — so I happened to —"

"All right, all right. Don't tell me. There must be a regulation that would make me an accessory, and a steak sandwich sounds good."

Hartnung sliced the steak with a scalpel and fried it on an instrument tray. When the sandwiches were ready he brought them into the office. Miss Norman was preparing a row of hypodermics. A strand of hair hung over her eyes and clung to her sweating forehead.

"I'm getting these ready just in case," she said. "We may need them in a hurry. There's a wind coming. I can hear it in the distance." She turned squarely toward him. "Harry, they wouldn't be flying on a night like this, would they?" Her eyes were tortured.

"You're being silly. You know they had more warning on the hurricane than we did, and we got plenty. For God's sake, don't be a woman. Your Fred is a fighter cadet, so he wouldn't be on a patrol. He's probably safe in bed. Unless he's sitting up with a sick poker hand. I hear all those guys study between deals."

She pushed the hair out of her eyes.

"Go chase yourself. You're so damned sure of yourself, I wonder how your wife stands you."

"Well, maybe a couple of thousand miles between us helps."

She was immediately contrite. "I'm sorry, Harry. I was just kidding."

"I know. We all have our problems. Right now the steak is getting cold. Let's eat."

They chewed on the sandwiches for a while but Miss Norman was fidgety. She kept her head cocked to listen.

"I can hear that wind coming. It's close now."

"All you hear is your love-stricken heart."

"You can kid all you want. I'd feel better if I knew Fred was home." She was terribly worried. "I'd — I'd even feel better if I knew he was on a date with another woman — maybe — if he was safe, I mean."

"Nuts. The lofty motive again. Last time I heard it —"

They were both brought to their feet by a loud crash from the end of the ward. There seemed to be a dead silence after it, but then there was a shrill whistle of wind and the rustle of papers being blown around.

Hartnung raced down the ward and heard someone call to him as he passed, "It's a bed screen."

Hartnung cursed himself. The one thing he'd forgotten. He folded the screen and slid it under the nearest bed. The whole ward was awake now, simply because he had forgotten something. He heard Miss Norman call out from the other end of the ward.

"Listen, fellows, there's going to be a storm. We'll need your help. You'd better get as much sleep as you can now, because when it breaks — you can write home about it. If anybody feels bad or wants something, use the buzzer, but if that doesn't get us, pass the word along each bed until it hits somebody who can walk. He's to find us. Get it?"

A high, falsetto voice answered. "But, Hazel, I'm so frightened. Can't you hold my hand for a while?"

Hartnung knew it was Cranston, the cutup of the ward in more ways than one. The fellows laughed and whistled. But Miss Norman was ready.

"Not a chance. I might give you a fever."

Another gust of wind swept down on the building and it shook with a lasting tremor. The wind blasted through the few open windows and swept everything loose against the far wall.

"Better close them," Miss Norman said. "I'm going to check Don and Carl again."

3

HARTNUNG felt the wind a real force against his stomach as he closed them. The wind was steadier now and it pressed against the building with solid pressure. Twigs and leaves scraped along the window screens, and branches slithered down the sloping roof.

With all the windows shut, the ward was sealed in and all the noise of the outside turmoil seemed a lurking threat surrounding it. The night lights flickered twice and Hartnung flinched. They would really

have trouble when the power went out. He got two extra flashlights and placed them on tables at either end of the ward. Then he went in search of Miss Norman. She was in Don's room, alone, working over the boy.

"Harry, quick. Shove the oxygen up to 10 pounds. He's biting air."

Hartnung swore as he twisted the valve on the tank. He'd seen too many men die a few minutes after they fought to tear huge chunks of air. He refused to think of Don going. They had nursed him as though he were a child, and had sweated four nights in attempts to anticipate his needs. He watched Don's face as the oxygen concentration increased inside the tent. It seemed too slow. The kid opened and closed his mouth in the characteristic chop but his face was not discolored. To Hartnung that was hopeful. The others had gone purple.

"Say, where's Sawyer?" he asked.

"I sent him out to get a doctor. I don't know if they'll be able to get back, but we've got to do something. The telephone's out."

She was stripping Don's sheets and raising his legs by the Stader splints that tacked each one together. She was looking for hemorrhage. Hartnung grabbed the scissors from the dressing table and cut away the compress on the thigh wound. No excess bleeding there.

"It must be internal," Miss Norman said urgently.

"Harry, we'll have to do something in a hurry. His heart is jumpy."

"Digitalis?"

"I'm afraid so. Get it anyway. We'd better have it ready."

He ran back through the ward. When he opened the medicine locker he noticed that the bottles were jiggling around on the glass shelves as the whole building trembled under the wind. There was an overtone of noise from the outside like the sound of city traffic from an office window high above the street.

She was sitting at the oxygen tank when Hartnung got back to Don's room. The boy seemed to be breathing easier. His chest heaved slowly but regularly and there was still no purple. Hartnung broke the ampoule and sucked up the solution with a sterile hypo. He wrapped the needle in a piece of gauze soaked in alcohol.

"It's all ready."

She was staring at Don. "Thanks, Harry. We'll hold onto it. He seems to be easier now. Look, you give Carl his penicillin. I'd better stay here." She winced as the building seemed to heel over under a fierce blast. "Harry, I can't help thinking this might be Fred. One little mistake and he could get all smashed up like Don here."

"That's true, but how many do get smashed up? You know your Fred has a damned good percentage in his favor, so why not be grateful for that?" He thought for a moment. "Gosh, I guess I've been a little thick. I've been kidding you about Fred. I

didn't know you were really overboard about him."

"Oh, forget it, Harry. I love to hear you kid about him. It's just my luck to fall for a flyer. Just my lousy luck. He'll finish his training here and ship out and I'll be shipped to another hospital. We'll write for a while and then it'll taper off like an autumn rain. I've seen it happen before."

"If it does happen, you're well out of it. If the guy is worth your time, he'll stick to a picture of you. You never know when it was taken, but it's there. He'll look at it from ten thousand miles away and five miles high in the air. He'll see it anywhere he happens to be. It's more permanent than any snapshot. It's the picture snapped in the heart and developed in the mind, then printed in memory. If the lug goes for you, he'll have a picture."

She was staring at him, mouth wide-open. "Harry, you must love your wife. You talk like a sentimentalist."

"Huh? Oh, go on. I used to use that spiel on a distraught wife who wanted a divorce and there didn't seem to be much money in the case."

"Don't be ashamed of yourself. You've helped me. Now, get going." Her eyes were shining.

Carl scarcely stirred when Hartnung gave him the penicillin. The morphine had taken. He started a round of the ward and settled down in the office for his paper work. He tried the telephone but the line was still dead. The gusts of wind seemed to be coming regularly now. But still there was no rain. That was a strange thing, because no storm Hartnung ever had seen blew so hard without the rain flying like bullets before it. The heat felt worse. It had a feel to it like a soft, mushy, dead thing. It was just three o'clock. Hartnung nodded over his paper work.

4

THE rain came two hours later. It came suddenly, a solid sheet of water that deluged the whole building and flooded the gutters in an instant. It sounded like a giant faucet flowing directly onto the roof. On the easterly side the water shot straight along the wind's path and crashed against the thin wall. Somehow it came through all the closed doors and windows on that side in a fine spray that wet everything nearby. Hartnung hurried to pull every bed away from the wall and into the aisle. Another thing he should have anticipated.

The rain brought no relief from the heat. If anything, it added a clammy humidity to the thick atmosphere inside the ward. The men were restless and some cried out. As he moved the beds, Hartnung felt them quiver under his hands as the concentrated blasts of wind and rain hit the building. Only complete exhaustion or drugs could keep any of them asleep through this.

He was almost back to the ward office when he heard the buzzer above the noise of the storm. It was a steady, prolonged warning. Hartnung turned

on his heel and ran back down the ward. It was Carl.

Miss Norman was wrestling with the heavy Wangersteen bottles hanging from the tall frame. By raising the bottles she was trying to increase the suction clearing the poison from Carl's stomach. Hartnung grabbed the crosstrees and shoved the upper frame higher, then turned the lock key hard.

In the dead air the smell was terrific. Carl's face was brick red. He panted and yet his chest scarcely moved.

"It's happened, Harry," Miss Norman said distractedly. She turned Carl's eyelids up and muttered under her breath. "Get me ice and alcohol — quick."

She clipped the words and Hartnung ran. He cursed his fumbling hands as he dug out the ice. First Don and now Carl. What if they lost both of them? It would break her heart. She fought against death with all her emotions. It was a real adversary to her, constantly thrusting at the vitals of her patients with lethal weapons. A high temperature or a rapid respiration was more than a symptom to her. They were as real evidence that danger had struck as a gaping wound would be.

When he got back she was standing in the center of the room, staring at Carl.

"Get him cool. Splash the alcohol and put ice everywhere, under his armpits, on his neck."

"How bad is he?" Hartnung asked as he worked.

"Real bad. Temperature high and his heart skipping. The infection is traveling."

He slopped the alcohol all over Carl's face and chest, then fanned it with a towel to hasten evaporation. When he put the ice on, he found Carl's body burning — not the heat caused by the atmosphere, but the dry, searing heat of high internal temperatures.

"Harry, we've got to get oxygen for him."

Her voice was so strained, Hartnung turned to her. She was standing in the middle of the room, in the same spot.

"We need oxygen and there is only one place to get it." She bit her lip and thrust out her chin as though she expected him to be horrified.

"From Don?" She nodded, and for the first time Hartnung felt anger against her. "Kill one man off to save another — maybe? Does that make sense?" He fanned the towel violently. "Don seems easy now. We might create another crisis if we took the oxygen away from him. If the heat didn't kill him, the lack of oxygen would."

She glared at him and pulled the bothersome loose strand of hair out of her eyes.

"Don't you think I know all that? But what should I do? Carl might be saved if he gets oxygen. Don may live without it. We've got to take the chance. Look at him now and tell me what you would do."

Hartnung turned back to the bed. Carl's dark face was in repose. But so was his chest, and his mouth was closed. He had to breathe through his mouth because of the rubber tube in his nostril. Then he

wasn't breathing. Maybe he was gone. But suddenly Carl raised his head. Somewhere in his body urgent signals went out and his head went up, his mouth opened wide, and he swallowed hard. Then he was quiet again, but for so long that Hartnung's heart began to pound.

This was too long. Carl lay there, his chest smooth and still; only the bluish vein at the base of his neck showed any signs of circulation. He had halted in his pain. He had stopped completely. He was poised between air and nothing. Then with a spasm the chest heaved again and Carl's head came up and he opened his mouth and was alive.

5

HARTNUNG found that he had not taken a breath through Carl's fight. He tasted the sweetness of the air, hot, humid, and foul-smelling as it was.

"I'm sorry," he said, and thought for a moment. "I guess you're right. But look, can you give him a shot of something, keep him going for just a little while?"

"Sure, but then what?"

His voice pleaded. "There's an emergency oxygen kit in the surgical storehouse. I want to try to get it."

"Oh, no, Harry. You'd never make it. If you couldn't get back I'd be sunk here alone. Besides, you can't hope to bring that heavy kit back."

"But that's just the point. I got an extra tank of oxygen. All I'd have to get is the tent and valve stand. You can't tell. I might be able to do it."

"We can't take the chance, Harry. You know our orders. We've even got to let a man die rather than take any risk with the others. First we have to get men back to duty, and then prevent death. That's the logic of it and you know it."

He glared at her wildly. "Logic? Don't give me that. You think this whole business is logical? That men should get holes in their stomachs? That they should be torn to pieces. That's not logic. That's a perversion and it can't be justified. I've been brought up — why, my own kid is being brought up — to consider life something to be cherished, protected. I just can't take your 'logic.' All I know is Carl is dying. Don might die. There's a chance to get oxygen for them both. We've got to try it. Can't you see that?"

There was compassion in her eyes. "I know how you feel, Harry. I went through it when I was in training. I had to give in. It's rotten cruel and they lied to us in the schools and churches when they told us a human life is sacred. It isn't. It's expendable. I didn't like it either, Harry, but I had to accept it."

"Not me. I never will." He was pale with anger and his fists were clenched. "You tell me this, and try to be honest about it. What would you do if that were your Fred in there, the boy you are nuts about?

Would you take the oxygen away from him without first trying everything?"

He kept her eyes with his fierce glare and saw her blink when the question struck home.

"That's not fair, Harry. I —"

"Who's talking about being fair? What would you do? Hell, I don't have to ask you. You'd be trying to get that kit yourself and you know it. All I'm asking is to let me do what you yourself would do if Fred were in there instead of Don."

Her eyes dropped first. "All right. You win," she whispered. "But, Harry, don't take any chances. Hurry, please."

He was out of the room like a shot and ran down the length of the ward to the door at the other end, hoping to get some shelter on the inside ramp. The door held against him as though it were locked. With his full weight surging he got it open enough to slip through. He was caught full by the blast and in a moment was soaked. He was carried for twenty feet before fetching up against the pillar on the far side of the ramp. He knew his arms were scraped, but he clung to the wet wood desperately. The wind tried to tear him from it and the turmoil of rain and roaring pressure confused him.

He let himself go and danced, in mincing steps, right past the next ward. He could see it only in the fine sheet of spray that flew up from it. The wind was a hand at his back, pushing insistently. He was swept on down the ramp, teetering crazily from side to side. He caught a glimpse of the overhanging sign above the entrance to the supply storehouse, and threw himself to his knees. He tried to cling to the wet wood but felt himself sliding as he crawled toward the door. Still on his knees he clung to the door-knob and inserted the key.

By opening the door a crack, Hartnung was able to get a good grip on the frame and in a moment was inside. The door smashed to beside him and he clung to the wall, taking deep breaths while the water dripped from his hair and clothing.

The emergency kit was ready and he stripped the yellow tent from its frame. He unhooked the tank stand, then wedged the tent between the frame and the ice container. He was ready to go.

He backed out the door, letting his shoulders push it open against the force of the wind. But when he was outside, the door pressed against the frame of the kit and he had to pull until his arms felt as though they were out of their sockets. The moment he got the kit clear, the door slammed with such violence that the glass shattered and some of the fragments blew down the ramp in a series of tinkles.

He backed up and made the edge of the building. Then the full pressure caught him; he felt his fingers slipping on the handle. He leaned backwards to gain purchase, and his wet rubber heels skidded on the wood. Instinctively he loosened his fingers and tried to regain his balance. The oxygen tent was torn from his grasp, and before he went down he saw a yellow flash as the tent unfolded and sailed into the air.

Even when he fell, he kept listening for the smash of the frame but heard nothing.

He fell on his side and used his left hand to break the impact. A shock of pain reached as high as his shoulder and then he felt himself sliding, slithering across the floorboards until he crashed against the side of the building. Again he hit with his left hand, and the grind of pain that resulted shocked him into complete relaxation. He lay against the building, the rain water flowing under and around him, and he fought successive waves of blackness that came from far back in his head to his eyes, where there were flashes.

When he felt pain again, he knew he would not pass out. He turned his face and started to crawl up the ramp, using his right hand only. He could not raise himself far because the wind was like a plotting demon. Whenever he got too high, it lifted him so that he started slithering back. It guessed every move. He settled down to inching his way along, using even the cracks between the floor boards to help him, forcing his knees to push his useless body forward.

When he saw the dim glow of the night lights through the door, Hartnung stopped cursing; and for the first time since he started on his way back, he thought rationally. Things were so clear that he even saw the doorknob. He nestled close to the door on his knees, then inched his way up until his right hand struck it. It was like a sudden calm in rough seas. He could make it now. The door would be hard to open, but he could get in. He braced a knee against the wall and pulled on the door. He pulled it open enough to squeeze his left shoulder into the opening and almost laughed triumphantly. He had made it.

He pitched forward into the ward, and the door squeezed him through it like the paste in a tube. He lay on the floor and then he did laugh. What a silly setup! He thought he could pull a miracle out of the wind and save Don. Not save Carl, but Don, because Don had his oxygen and had a right to it. He had a right to keep what he had — life. It was a small thing after you are dead, but so long as you could breathe every few seconds, even though you didn't know it, you had a right to it.

He got on his feet and leaned against the wall. The water dripped from his hair and into his eyes. He fumbled along the wall. Now he would have to take the tent away from Don, take the blessed air away from him. He would drape the tent around Carl and the boy would taste the bubbling life that flowed from the tank. Perhaps he would live and never know that it was Don's life that flowed in his veins, Don's oxygen that made his blood red, Don's years of growing maturity, love, and life that he would enjoy.

He felt the door to the office and stumbled inside. He had left his jumper on the back of a chair and found it quickly. With one hand he wiped the water from his eyes and hair and blinked into the desk lamp. He held onto the back of the chair because he felt that he was going to faint. Then he saw Miss Norman. She sat at the desk, her head back on the chair.

"We don't need the oxygen now, Harry," she murmured.

He was puzzled. "Shouldn't I take it from Don?"

She sat up wearily and looked at him for the first time. Then she jumped to her feet.

"You're hurt, Harry. Your knees are bleeding." She ran to the medicine cabinet and took out alcohol and cotton. "You shouldn't have tried it."

She stooped and ripped away the white ducks, already torn at the knees. The edges of the cloth were bloody and the kneecaps were scraped raw.

"But we've got to get the oxygen to Carl. Wait, I —"

She looked up at him. "Carl was gone before I could get the digitalis in him. I gave it to him anyway, but there was no reaction. Forget it. That's what I'm trying to do."

She dabbed alcohol at his knee with a viciousness that told him she could not forget it. He felt the sharp sting of the alcohol and it made his legs seem weak. He weaved and the chair back seemed to give him no support. It was just as unsteady as he. He raised his left hand to get the hair out of his eyes but it wouldn't go above his nose. That was silly. He felt like laughing again. He heard her voice far away.

"Harry, what's the matter with your arm?" Then he let go and crumpled to the floor.



LYNCHERS DON'T LIKE LEAD

by JOE JORDAN

I

TWENTY-SIX years ago, on February 9, 1920, a mob at Lexington, Kentucky, bent upon lynching a Negro who was on trial for murdering a white child, charged the Fayette County courthouse. The members of the mob, all white men, were fired upon and repulsed by white soldiers and white civil officers. Six men were killed and fifty or more were wounded. Of the hundreds of newspapers throughout the United States which hastened to praise Fayette County officials for their somewhat astonishing stand against mob violence, many pointed out, as did the *Brooklyn Eagle* in a typical comment, that the Lexington incident marked "the first time south of Mason and Dixon's Line that any mob of this sort had actually met the volley fire of soldiers."

At the time, a number of the writers of editorials indicated a cautious belief and hope that the "Second Battle of Lexington" might mark a turning point in the method of dealing with mobs. It now appears that they were right. In 1919, mobs had lynched eighty-three persons in the United States. That figure has not been approached since the Lexington mob was dealt with so vigorously. In 1944, there were only two lynchings in the entire country. To avoid the danger of selecting by chance two unusual years, it is safer to consider five-year averages. In the five years preceding 1920, mobs had lynched an average of sixty-one victims a year; in the five years preceding 1945, lynchings averaged fewer than four a year.

A decisive encounter between determined officers and a determined mob was bound to occur sometime. It occurred at Lexington, that February day in 1920, because the mob picked the wrong town for a lynching party. Fayette County had not seen a lynching in fifty years. It didn't see one then, and it hasn't seen one since. Thousands of outsiders flocked to Lexington on the day of the trial, and some Alabamians who

arrived the day before, disclosed to reporters that they had made the long trip to have a part in the expected lynching. They misjudged the temper and underestimated the courage of the county officials, who had issued plain warnings that anyone attempting to take the prisoner from them would be killed.

Will Lockett, the Negro who was to be tried, had killed a ten-year-old white girl at South Elkhorn, in the southern section of Fayette County. It was a revolting crime. The child had been seized when she was walking to a country school less than 400 yards from her home. She had been dragged into a cornfield and there her skull had been crushed by repeated savage blows with a large rock. Her body, half hidden under a fodder shock, had been found after she failed to appear at school.

Lockett, a World War I veteran who still was wearing his Army uniform, had left a country store in the neighborhood shortly before the crime was committed, and was suspected immediately. He was found six hours later, six miles away. A doctor and two other civilians who captured him took him to Lexington hurriedly, for they feared a mob would form and they wanted to get him into the hands of the law.

At Lexington police headquarters, Lockett confessed promptly. He was removed to the county jail, but almost at once the officers decided it would be safer to take him to the state penitentiary at Frankfort. When he was led out of the jail, a crowd already was beginning to form in the street, but it was not large enough to menace the officers who had him in charge, and within an hour he was behind the walls of the Frankfort prison.

As news of the crime spread, the crowd in front of the jail increased, and by dark it numbered several hundred. Its members refused to accept the jailer's statement that Lockett had been taken to Frankfort. There is a traditional procedure in such cases, and it was followed. The jailer consented to admit a committee to search the jail and inspect the prisoners. The committee, which included a farmer by whom Lockett had been employed, looked into the faces of all the frightened Negroes in the jail and went out to assure the crowd that Lockett was not there.

Of course, there have been many similar cases in

After serving for two and a half years in the Navy, including fifteen months in the Pacific, where he was an Air Combat Intelligence Officer on the staff of Vice-Admiral Towers, JOE JORDAN returned to his home town, Lexington, Kentucky, to resume his old post as City Editor of the *Lexington Leader*.

A Kentuckian from 'way back, he has recalled a scene which Americans of every state would do well to remember. For this is the way our democracy must act when the hotheads are up in arms.

which the wrong man has been identified and dragged out, but the Negroes in the Lexington jail were lucky that night. The mob then went to police headquarters, where a similar search was permitted. Convinced that Lockett had been taken to Frankfort, the mob's leaders attempted to charter interurban electric cars for the trip to the state capital, but traction-company officials refused to accommodate them, and approximately three hundred men set out in automobiles.

The late Edwin P. Morrow, then Governor of Kentucky, was informed by telephone that the mob was on its way to Frankfort. He acted with characteristic vigor. One hundred special deputies, armed with shotguns and rifles, were sent to the penitentiary to reinforce the regular guards there. Governor Morrow took charge at the prison gate.

Meanwhile Sheriff Bain Moore of Franklin County had taken a force of men to the outskirts of Frankfort, on the Lexington Pike. He stopped the first cars in the caravan from Lexington, had them turned crosswise of the road to establish a blockade, and warned the mob members that they would meet certain death if they attempted to remove the prisoner from the penitentiary. Most of the men turned back. A few who got past the sheriff's barricade were arrested on Governor Morrow's order when they appeared at the prison gate.

The crime was committed and Lockett was arrested on Wednesday, February 4. A Fayette County grand jury indicted Lockett the next day on a murder charge, and his trial was set for the following Monday, only five days after the slaying.

Everybody realized that a serious situation could develop when Lockett was returned to Lexington for the trial. Circuit Judge Charles Kerr and County Judge Frank A. Bullock — in Kentucky the county judge is the administrative head of the county government — conferred with other county officials, with Mayor Thomas C. Bradley of Lexington, and with Governor Morrow. It was decided that there would be no running away from the issue by postponing the trial to a secret date or ordering a change of venue. Governor Morrow promised a company of state troops from Campbell County, in northern Kentucky.

It was admitted that the public did not have so much respect for "Home Guards" as for Regular Army soldiers, and the officials looked longingly toward Camp Taylor, less than a hundred miles away, where the crack First Division Regulars, veterans of World War I, were stationed. The Governor could not obtain Federal troops, however, without certifying that a state of lawlessness existed with which the state authority was unable to cope.

2

IN THE interval between Lockett's arrest and his trial, the Lexington newspapers pleaded for peace and order. Negro organizations adopted resolutions

"condemning the horrible outrage" and demanding that the guilty member of their race "be punished promptly and adequately." A group of South Elkhorn residents met Saturday afternoon at the courthouse and issued an appeal by T. L. Hardman, brother of the slain girl, which was carried in both Lexington newspapers Sunday morning.

"As a brother of Geneva Hardman, who was murdered by Will Lockett, and as a representative of her family," he said, "I request all of our friends and all those who sympathize with us not to indulge in any violence or create any disturbance when he is brought here for trial. The authorities have acted promptly, the man is under arrest, he has been indicted promptly and his trial fixed for Monday. I feel sure that a prompt and speedy trial will take place and that any jury impaneled will find him guilty and punish him adequately for the horrible crime he has committed. . . . I would hate to see the life of any other person endangered as the result of violence by reason of conflict over a brute like this, and I therefore urge all citizens, for the good name of the county and in the interest of law and order, to do nothing to interfere with the orderly processes of the law."

In an editorial headed, "Let the Law Take Its Course," the *Lexington Leader* commented: "If this bereaved brother can assume such an attitude at this time, certainly those who sympathize so deeply with him can afford to await calmly the verdict of the jury. . . . The people of Fayette County can afford to let the law take its course in this case. They cannot afford to incur the just criticism of the people of the nation which would follow a resort to mob rule." The *Lexington Herald* advanced similar arguments. Sunday morning the congregation of the South Elkhorn Christian Church, composed entirely of neighbors of the murdered child, adopted a resolution calling for orderly administration of the law. Every effort was being made to prepare the public for the crisis expected on Monday.

These appeals appeared to have had the desired effect in Fayette County itself. In a news story the day before the trial, the *Herald* reported: "Indignation on the part of the citizens last night turned into determination that the law should take its course." The *Leader* found that "the mob spirit, which was prevalent immediately after the atrocity was committed, has died down and has been replaced by a willingness to let the law take its course." The *Leader* added, however, that there had been "reports that other counties would send delegations here to 'get' Lockett."

Both newspapers repeatedly assured the public that there could be but one outcome of the trial — speedy conviction and a death sentence. Said a *Leader* news story: "It is anticipated that if Lockett is sentenced to be electrocuted, as it is generally believed he will be, the same military protection will be given him while he is on his way to the penitentiary where the electrocution will take place. . . . It is thought the trial will be a speedy one. After the jury

is chosen, the actual trial ought to be over in a very short time." Thus it was hoped to make clear to the public that the issue was not whether Lockett would be punished, but whether the punishment would be carried out lawfully or by a mob.

Adjutant General J. M. Deweese, who was to be in charge of the state troops, issued a brief, forceful warning: "The responsibility for any bloodshed at this trial will rest on those who disregard their duty as citizens and attempt to take the law out of the hands of the constituted authorities." Fayette County Sheriff J. Waller Rodes, who had hurried home from a business trip to Texas to take charge of the county's defense measures, said, "Under no circumstances will the prisoner be taken away from the guards."

At one o'clock Monday morning, the day of the trial, police began stretching steel cables in the empty streets, to keep spectators at a distance from the courthouse. The lines were no more than boundary markers, since it would be easy enough to slip through them. At 3.45 A.M., a special train arrived from Frankfort, bringing Sheriff Rodes, General Deweese, the prisoner, and the state troops. The train stopped before it reached Union Station, and the soldiers marched two blocks with their prisoner and entered the courthouse without incident.

By seven o'clock, a crowd had begun to form on Main Street, in front of the courthouse. It grew rapidly. The trial had been set for nine o'clock. When that hour approached, there were immense crowds on the Main Street and Short Street sides of the building, but officers kept everyone outside the cables except officials, prospective jurors, newsmen, and just enough spectators to fill the courtroom.

The approach to the main entrance of the courthouse is by broad flights of stone steps which lead to the second floor. All ground-floor entrances had been barred. The first flight of front steps ends at a level landing which runs off to the right and left to connect with walks from Upper Street and Cheapside, at an elevation higher than the Main Street sidewalk and the front lawn. Soldiers were stationed behind the stone parapet around the front of this landing. A machine gun had been set up on the landing. At the top of the highest flight of steps, just inside the wide front doors, were more soldiers with rifles and deputies with shotguns. Soldiers also had been stationed in various offices in the building, at open windows commanding the steps.

The defense setup appeared to be adequate. Men attempting to reach the front doors would have to get through the cable barrier (which would not be difficult, but would separate them from the crowd), then cross a bare, level space approaching the steps, and mount the steps in the face of fire from the protected soldiers, who had been posted in positions that would enable them to sweep the steps with rifle and machine-gun fire. That it would be the height of folly to attempt to storm such a position, any man of judgment could see — but mobs are not made up of men of judgment.

The crowd that surrounded the courthouse square was estimated by some observers to number 8000 to 10,000. Such guesses usually are high. A conservative estimate would be 5000 to 6000. Of these, comparatively few were there with any serious idea of attempting to take the prisoner out of the courthouse. Most of them had come out of curiosity, half hoping, perhaps, that they would see fighting. University of Kentucky students (I was one of them) had left the campus in droves, flocking to the downtown district to share in the excitement, in spite of repeated warnings for all peaceful citizens to stay out of the danger zone. The authorities had pointed out that spectators would be in as much danger as participants if a battle developed. Many lookers-on were in a nervously jovial mood, exchanging jokes about how fast they would run if shooting started.

Presently people began to point out a man with a coil of rope over his left shoulder. He pushed his way forward to the cable, at a point directly in front of the steps. In addition to the ones who appeared to be in his party, other grim-faced men began sifting through the crowd and gathering around him. The merely curious spectators who happened to be in that vicinity dropped back and were replaced by additional angry, cursing men who "meant business."

Thus the nucleus of the mob was formed. It appeared to be unplanned, this concentration. Naturally, the ones who actually considered rushing the courthouse would gather at the spot from which the charge would have to start, and as they got together and bolstered one another's courage, perhaps no one of them wanted to appear cowardly before his fellows and so they all persuaded themselves that the thing could be done, that the civil officers and soldiers would not dare shoot white men to protect a Negro murderer.

The courthouse clock struck nine times. Everybody realized that if anything was to be done, it would have to be done soon. The threats and cursing became louder up near the barrier, while those in the background ceased their joking, suddenly aware that the situation might turn dangerous after all.

3

INSIDE the courthouse, as we were to learn later from the newspapers, the trial started promptly. Judge Kerr was on the bench. Every seat in the courtroom was filled, but no one was allowed to stand in the spectators' section, behind the rail. In front of the rail, in the space reserved for jurors, attorneys, and court officials, a few men were standing, among them County Judge Bullock. Lockett sat at the defense table, surrounded by four deputies. The bailiff rapped for order, pounding his gavel on a desk across which he had laid an automatic shotgun.

As had been predicted, the trial proceeded with a minimum of delay. A jury was selected quickly. The only question asked each prospective juror was

whether he had any conscientious scruples against the death penalty. The court had appointed two leading members of the bar as defense counsel, George R. Hunt and Colonel Samuel M. Wilson. Mr. Hunt filed a demurrer to the indictment, explaining that he was doing it "as a matter of form," but that the indictment appeared to be properly drawn.

Asked whether he wished to plead guilty or not guilty, Lockett mumbled a reply inaudible to the spectators. "Defendant pleads guilty, your Honor," the clerk announced.

Only one witness testified, a man who established the fact of the child's death and told of finding her with a heavy stone on her face. The defendant did not take the stand. Colonel Wilson read Lockett's honorable discharge from the Army, which stated that his character was "very good," and then read a statement in which the defendant asked for a life sentence. "I know I do not deserve mercy," it said, "but I am sorry I committed the crime and I would give anything if the little girl could be brought back to life."

Colonel John R. Allen, Commonwealth's Attorney, made a brief prosecution argument to the jury. "In all the history of crime in the United States," he said, "there has been none to equal this in cruelty. In the name of the law, and of the little girl who was murdered, I ask you to act quickly, and suggest that you return a verdict without leaving the jury box."

While this was taking place in the courtroom, the crowd in the street became more restive. A deputy sheriff engaged in a brief fist fight with a man who had crawled under the cable barrier, and the man was dragged away by two policemen. A newsreel cameraman had been admitted to a cleared space on the lawn and had set up his camera near the equestrian statue of Confederate General John Hunt Morgan. He had taken pictures of the soldiers and the crowd, but apparently he wanted something showing action or emotion. "Shake your fists and yell!" he called out to the nearest spectators. They obligingly did so.

The people who shook their fists and yelled to please the cameraman were just outside the cable barrier, but they were a hundred feet or so east of the nucleus of the real mob. Their action, however, was like a spark in the highly charged atmosphere. It was answered by a roar from the mob — a savage, bestial roar. I was not to hear anything like it again until the radio carried to America the roars with which a Nazi mob responded to an impassioned harangue by Hitler on the eve of Munich.

Men in the forefront of the mob hoisted the cables and went under them quickly, as if the shouts had been a signal. The man with the rope was among the leaders.

General Deweese had taken a stand in an open space at the approach to the first flight of steps. His men had orders not to shoot unless he fired his revolver twice into the air. As the leaders of the charge approached the General, he backed about twenty steps, pistol in hand. When they reached him, he

grappled with two of them, and struck one over the head with the pistol. The others surged around him and in a moment had mounted the first flight of steps and reached the landing. They bowled over a machine gunner and kicked his gun aside.

Deweese fired the two signal shots, and a withering volley was discharged. Men piled up on the steps, some wounded, others dropping to escape the bullets. A dozen or more who had passed the landing before the firing began rushed on up the remaining steps to the front doors, but turned back and ran when the soldiers and deputies who had been stationed inside the doors surged out with rifles and shotguns pointed at them.

The one burst of firing, which lasted only a few seconds, had halted the mob, and the soldiers held their fire. Some witnesses estimated that as many as fifty shots had been fired by members of the mob at the defenders of the courthouse; others denied it. That there was some firing from the mob was certain, for three policemen and one soldier were wounded, and today there are still chipped places where bullets struck the stone front of the courthouse.

All the merely curious spectators — except the ones who had been hit — broke and ran as soon as the firing started. The action-seeking cameraman, lugging his camera, tripod and all, sped past many of them before they reached Limestone Street, a block east. (For some strange reason, almost everyone ran east, even those who had been standing west of the steps.) The number of spectators hit never was determined accurately. Some of the soldiers said later that they had fired over the heads of the mob leaders who were mounting the steps. Their bullets went into the crowd or shattered store windows across the street. At least one man was fatally injured, who had been standing backed up against a store front on the opposite side of Main Street. A woman clerk inside a store was struck in the ankle by a bullet.

Of those who had fallen on the steps, the uninjured and slightly injured crawled away, and the others were carried away. One man was taken to a doctor's office near-by and died there within a few minutes. Four others died at hospitals before midnight. The sixth victim died several days later.

Twenty-one wounded persons were treated at hospitals. The newspapers said "scores" were treated at drugstores for less serious injuries, such as being peppered by nearly spent buckshot or being knocked down and trampled. Fearing prosecution, several members of the mob who were shot were reported to have been taken home by friends. Avoiding hospitals, they were treated by their physicians, and no reports were made. That as many as fifty were wounded appears to be a conservative estimate.

4

IN THE courtroom, Colonel Allen was making the closing statement to the jury when the crowd's roar

was heard, followed by firing. "It's started!" several spectators shouted, leaping to their feet. Deputies pointed pistols and commanded them to sit down. The trial proceeded.

The jurors quickly reached the expected verdict — death. Lockett was called around and Judge Kerr stood to pronounce sentence. At that moment an excited man ran into the courtroom and shouted, "Judge, you better let 'em have the nigger! They're going to tear the courthouse down if you don't!"

Again the deputies pointed their pistols and Colonel Allen — not an honorary but a military colonel, to whom it would be no new experience to be under fire — calmly counseled the crowd in the courtroom to remain seated. Judge Kerr as calmly proceeded with the sentencing, specifying that Lockett should die March 11 in the electric chair at Eddyville Penitentiary and concluding, "May the God of All Mercy have mercy on your soul."

Down in the street, as soon as the first shock was over and the mob members grasped the unbelievable fact that the officers and soldiers actually had fired upon them, had wounded many, and probably had killed a number of them, a cry for vengeance went up. Now they wanted not the prisoner alone, but the men who had stood up against them. Crowds broke for the pawnshops, seeking weapons. Several farsighted pawnbrokers had had their places locked all day, the doors barred and the windows shuttered.

Two shops were open. Joe Rosenberg later reported to police that "forty or fifty" pistols had been taken from his shop; Harry Skuller said he had been robbed of "fifty or sixty" weapons. Boxes of cartridges were picked up along with the pistols. (Later, the two pawnbrokers wasted money on newspaper advertisements appealing for the return of their property. Not a single one of the "borrowed" weapons ever was recovered.)

The shooting had cleared out all the idlers, and the surly crowd that milled around in front of the courthouse was now composed exclusively of those who "meant business." As the news spread, more and more armed men arrived and the situation, to all appearances, was worse than it had been before the shooting. There were reports that dynamite had been sent for, that the courthouse would be blown up, that a special train loaded with mountaineers from eastern Kentucky was on the way to Lexington.

Unknown to the mob was the fact that Governor Morrow had decided he now could certify truthfully to Federal authorities that there existed a state of lawlessness with which the state authority was unable to cope. The First Division Regulars had entrained at Camp Taylor and were on their way to Lexington.

The shooting had begun at 9.28 A.M. Then came the raids on pawnshops and the arrival of reinforcements for the mob. During the succeeding hours, one of the *Leader's* numerous extra editions related, "The courthouse was besieged by increasing numbers of armed men, who displayed an increasingly threaten-

ing attitude." By General Deweese's order, Judge Kerr, Judge Bullock, and other county officials remained inside the building, for by that time they were as much the objects of the mob's wrath as the prisoner himself. Lockett sat in a prisoners' lockup adjacent to the courtroom, handcuffed, with his head bowed. He had taken little apparent interest in the trial, and barely had raised his head when he heard the firing outside the building.

As the day wore on, tension increased minute by minute and the besieging force steadily grew larger, but the leaders of the mob bided their time. There were reports that they were waiting for dynamite, that they were waiting for reinforcements, that they were waiting for darkness so they could shoot out the street lights and overwhelm the defenders of the building. The strain was beginning to tell on the "Home Guards," many of whom were teen-age boys whose previous military experience had been confined to drilling one night a week in a National Guard armory. They looked frightened.

Finally, at 3.20 P.M., the special train from Camp Taylor steamed through the yards and stopped at Mill and Water Streets, only two blocks from the courthouse, but out of sight of the mob. Out of the coaches poured streams of battle-hardened veterans, who quickly fell in and marched north on Mill Street with bayonets fixed. Leading them was a color guard bearing the United States flag, a banner which in the sixties often had been carried into Lexington to the accompaniment of despairing groans from the town's leading citizens.

Lexington during the War Between the States had been a Confederate stronghold in a border state. It had been captured and recaptured, and had lived alternately under the United States and Confederate States flags. Now it was being occupied again, but there were no groans that day from the leading citizens as the Regulars executed a smart turn into Main Street and bore down upon the mob, with the Stars and Stripes at the head of the column. Indeed, one of the beleaguered county officials peering out of the courthouse windows — a man who, like most of us Kentuckians, had been taught from childhood to take pride in being an Unreconstructed Rebel — laughingly admitted later that he had been somewhat astonished to hear himself shouting, "That's the prettiest flag I ever saw!"

The soldiers moved steadily east on Main Street and swept the mob before them. No shots were fired from either side. Here and there an occasional inflamed individual attempted to put up an argument and was cracked over the head with a rifle butt; now and then a sullen straggler was hurried along by a light prick with a bayonet point. But for the most part the men who had been so bloodthirsty instantly lost interest in fighting and took to their heels. Magically, within five minutes, all streets approaching the courthouse had been cleared. Khaki-clad sharpshooters looked over the eaves of all structures in sight of the county building.

Never did a city submit more happily to invading forces than Lexington surrendered that day to the United States troops. Martial law was declared, and the citizens marveled at the efficiency with which the soldiers took charge. Twelve patrols were organized and assigned headquarters. As darkness approached, soldiers began patrolling Negro districts, the tobacco-warehouse district, — which had been threatened because the sheriff and several other county office-holders were interested financially in the warehouses, — and the Union Station, to guard against the expected arrival of the mountaineers, which never came to pass.

Another place that needed guarding was the ROTC Armory at the University of Kentucky, which contained hundreds of rifles and thousands of rounds of ammunition. Twice during the day, members of the mob had made unsuccessful attempts to enter it. Directly across Limestone Street from the campus was a fire-department station, which an Army captain selected as convenient headquarters for his patrol. To his request that the station be kept open all night, a surly fire-department captain replied that he intended to lock up the lower floor and retire with his men to the dormitory above. The fireman was arrested and hustled off to jail. The military was in charge, and before long that fact was impressed upon all citizens, whether or not they sympathized with the mob.

5

THE next day Brigadier General Francis C. Marshall, commanding the U. S. troops, summarized Monday's events in a terse statement: "This community has set a fine example against Bolshevism and lawlessness and has killed several of its own citizens in upholding law and order."

"Folly's Harvest of Sorrow" was the heading over a *Leader* editorial the day after the riot. It said in part: "The folly of a few men, maddened for the moment by a spirit of revenge, seeking the life of a miserable creature at the very instant condemned to die for his crime, compelled the servants of the law to fire upon a mob in Lexington Monday morning. The majesty of the law was upheld, but at frightful cost."

The *Herald* expressed sympathy for the families of the victims, but added that "there is pride that the law was protected, that the officers of the law observed their solemn oath both to execute and to defend the law." It said the affair proved two facts: that the guilty would be punished surely and swiftly, and that "he who attempts to violate the law goes to meet death."

Jere Reagan, Chief of Police, commented: "There can be no question as to the absolute necessity of firing. Those who forced their way through the lines meant business. I am sorry innocent persons have been killed, but enough warning had been given."

Further evidence that General Marshall was the law in Fayette County was given Thursday, when he

directed Judge Kerr to summon a special grand jury to investigate the law violations that had occurred Monday, and to indict the guilty persons. The jury commissioners selected what was recognized immediately as a "hand-picked" grand jury, composed of citizens who would not hesitate to indict the mob members. A week later, this jury was discharged, since it appeared that any indictments the body voted probably would be thrown out of court because the names of the jurors had not been drawn by chance from the jury wheel in the usual manner.

A new jury was drawn from the wheel. It heard witnesses and reported that the members of the mob were "mostly from other counties than Fayette, who were there for the avowed purpose of rescuing the prisoner from the authorities." It called the bloody riot "an unfortunate affair," and concluded that it would be unwise to return indictments, since the subsequent trials "would only tend to aggravate an already tense situation."

"Here we find a new principle injected into the processes of the law," the *Leader* declared in a bitter editorial. "Officers of the law, instead of seeking to punish the guilty and acquit the innocent, must first determine whether the trials of men presumably guilty of serious crimes and misdemeanors would disturb the public mind and 'tend to aggravate bitter feelings in the state.'" There the matter rested.

Lockett had been taken out of Lexington Tuesday night, under the protection of 400 soldiers. No attempt was made to sneak the prisoner out of town. The soldiers openly marched through the streets with him to the Union Station. Thirty-two officers and 472 soldiers remained in Lexington to maintain order. This force was reduced gradually until, on February 22, thirteen days after the riot, General Marshall proclaimed an end to martial rule, "law and order having been restored."

Lockett died in the electric chair at Eddyville Penitentiary on March 11, in the presence of nineteen Fayette County witnesses, including two brothers of his victim. Three days before the execution, he confessed the slaying of four women, one in Indiana, one in Illinois, and two in Kentucky, all by choking. Thus the child he killed in Fayette County had been his fifth victim.

The Kentucky General Assembly, which was in session at Frankfort when the Lexington riot occurred, enacted a law changing the penalty for rape from death in the electric chair to public hanging in the county in which the crime had been committed. Presumably the theory was that the mob lust for vengeance would be appeased by a convenient outdoor hanging which all could witness. A number of revolting exhibitions were staged under this law. The type of persons attracted to such events enjoyed themselves so thoroughly and behaved so atrociously that the law was repealed. Any effort to appease the mob spirit probably was unnecessary, anyway; the Second Battle of Lexington appeared to have dampened Kentuckians' ardor for lynching parties.

THE SOCIAL ANIMAL

by CARYL P. HASKINS

1

MANKIND today is about to be forced to a new level of social existence. We are puzzled and worried as to how we shall even begin this exciting adventure, with its corollaries of world union and the attainment of world peace. The transition to a higher social integration is broader in its scope, more fundamental in its implications, more difficult in its execution, than anything we have tackled since the emergence of the first city-state. This is not a basically new problem to the life of our earth, however. For uncounted millennia the inhabitants of this planet have been making new integrations and rising to ever more complex levels of social existence.

These societies are fascinating to watch. For a number of years, as a hobby, I have been collecting social animals in a figurative way, observing their communal habits and drawing the inevitable comparison with our own social organizations.

Some animals are obviously social. To the prairie dogs and the lemmings, the caribou and the antelopes, the wild cattle and the elephants, the wolves and the macaque monkeys, gregarious living, in families or larger associations, is a virtual necessity throughout life. Birds like the giant "orioles" of the American tropics, the starlings and the blackbirds, the sociable weaverbirds of Africa, and many of the fishing birds such as some of the herons and the gulls and gannets, the puffins and shearwaters, the ducks and swans and geese, the penguins and the albatrosses, are by habit community nesters and live in dense associations the year round.

One thinks of reptiles as solitary creatures, but crocodiles and many lizards evince a preference for companionship, and many snakes in colder climates

spend the winter in densely massed balls. Frogs are eminently gregarious in their vernal song festivals, and the newts that coast slowly along the shallows of sandy and boggy ponds are scarcely less so. The giant schools into which such ocean fish as the mackerel and the cod habitually gather are proverbial, and the close-knit flashing balls of minnows that assemble in our brooks and ponds at breeding time are also well known.

Gregariousness is even more common among the invertebrates than among the vertebrate animals. We are familiar with the masses of ladybird beetles that winter under the rocks of mountaintops, with the swarms of the great orange Monarch butterflies that gather every fall to find their precarious way south, with the occasional hordes of grain-destroying locusts like those which plagued the Mormons. The entomologist will cite other examples less well known but fully as interesting. There are, for instance, the Psocids or bark lice, humpbacked little insects that scurry over the trunks of trees, where they live in family groups or somewhat larger herds of a few dozen individuals.

There are at least five known groups of social beetles. Some are borers in the wood of living or freshly killed trees, and are likely to be found in the giant new-fallen logs of tropical forests; others prefer wood of a more pulpy nature. A parent pair of beetles excavates a gallery in the woody tissue, and at intervals along the route, the female deposits her eggs. These eggs hatch into helpless white grubs, which are tended by their elders with a degree of care which varies with the species. The more solicitous parents chew and partially predigest wood pulp for their young; while the most fastidious actually cultivate a fungus in the woody galleries, and the young browse off the soft tissues of this white, filmy vegetable.

When the larvae become mature, they remain with the parents and rear their own progeny in the same galleries, until a moderate-sized colony, consisting of young, parents, grandparents, and sometimes still older generations, has accumulated. Eventually, individual pairs leave the overcrowded apartments and wander off to found new communities.

The entomologist would speak too of the semi-

Born in Schenectady, N.Y., in 1908, CARYL P. HASKINS graduated from Yale in 1930 and took his Ph.D. at Harvard in 1935. He was appointed Research Professor at Union College in 1937 and has been a Research Associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1936. In 1935 he established his own laboratories and has served as their director since that time. Throughout the war he served with the Office of Scientific Research and Development, acting as Executive Assistant to Dr. James B. Conant in his capacity of Chairman of the National Defense Research Committee, and later as Deputy Executive Officer of the NDRC. He has written two books, *Of Ants and Men* and *The Amazon*, both of them — and also the present article — in collaboration with his wife, Edna F. Haskins.

social earwigs, among which the female tends eggs and young until the latter can shift for themselves. The young must escape at an early age, however, lest the solicitude toward them change suddenly to cannibalism. The student of spiders would cite the parental care of many of the hunting species — the Lycosids and their allies, among which the young are tended by the mother much as among the earwigs — and would also point to the various tropical social spiders whose huge compound webs may be twenty feet across.

2

It is but a short step from these semisocial forms to eminently social creatures — the termites, the ants, the bees, and the wasps — in which the evolution has reached a high point of development, with many curious consequences.

These are the obviously social creatures of the earth. We think of the social mode of life as restricted to them and to man. But one wonders whether the concept need end there. Why should we think of man and such animals as these as the only, or indeed necessarily as the most interesting, examples of social life on earth? If we shift our attention from the many-celled organism to the single cell as the social unit, for example, we immediately open up a whole new world of societies.

Consider, for instance, that curious group of forms, the single-celled green flagellates, which often occur as green clouds in the water of roadside pools. These organisms have long defied systematists to rank them as either plants or animals, for they have attributes of both. Like plants, they possess chlorophyll, and many of them are well able to manufacture food by photosynthesis, the typical energy-gathering process of green plants. But they are also mobile, lashing their way through their watery world by means of rapidly vibrating filaments, or flagella, and many of them actively hunt microscopic prey and ingest it, after the manner of animal protozoans.

The green flagellates propagate by cell division, like most single cells, and among the solitary types the separation of the two daughter cells is quickly and completely effected. In one series of forms, however, a mode of life which is in some measure social has been initiated.

In the flagellate genus *Spondylomor*, for example, the daughter cells remain associated after division, and attempt to do their work in common. For four generations these organisms cling together, awkwardly attached by their anterior poles, until a loose bundle of sixteen cells has accumulated, all of them mobile and active, all struggling to merge their individualities into an ill-defined colonial whole.

The arrangement of the cells in the *Spondylomor* colony, in which they all attempt to point in the same direction, is an awkward one from the standpoint of mobility, and it has been improved in later members of the series. In the genus *Gonium*, for instance, the

subsocial cells remain together for only two or four generations, but they are arranged in the form of a flattened plate, embedded in a common gelatinous matrix with their mobile ends pointing outward. In the genus *Stephanosphaera* this plate has become a hollow ball, with each cell pointing outward from its surface.

In *Pandorina* the colonial cells sometimes remain together through a further generation before the community perishes, resulting in the occasional formation of thirty-two-celled globes. In *Eudorina* the organisms remain connected for yet another generation, thus sometimes forming a sixty-four-celled community, while in *Pleodorina* city-states of one hundred and twenty-eight members are known.

In the genus *Volvox* comes the climax of this social evolution. Here the globular colonies may comprise forty thousand member cells forming a relatively enormous — though still microscopic — green ball which rolls through the water in search of sunshine and food. All the members of this community are interconnected by strands of protoplasm; so fairly rapid communication is possible between them, and they show various kinds of coördinated action. The colony as a whole has begun to develop a personality of its own.

The green flagellates form the most striking colonies of single cells, but they are by no means the only microorganisms which live communally.

Even among the bacteria, those simplest of all truly living things, this tendency to social living has made itself manifest. The great majority of bacteria form loose colonies, which can be recognized by a typical gross external appearance, but in which the individuals are neither connected with one another nor particularly modified to social existence. Among some of the higher bacteria, such as the iron-collecting genus *Leptothrix* and its allies, long chains of cells are frequently formed, a single cell in width, and enclosed in a common sheath which may be tough enough so that the threads attain many-cell lengths before they are broken by mechanical stresses.

Such an organism as *Bacillus rotans*, on the other hand, exhibits a different sort of colonial organization. Here an entire assemblage of these individually mobile creatures exhibits an over-all motion of its own, resulting from the regulated movements of thousands of coördinated colony members. Under laboratory conditions at least, the whole community of *Bacillus rotans* revolves slowly on its culture-medium, presenting, when it is fully developed, the appearance of some strange microscopic spiral nebula trapped by the glistening agar surface.

The climax of social living among the bacteria, however, is found in that most striking of all colonial groups, the Myxobacterales. A single Myxobacterium multiplies by fission, like any simple solitary unicellular form, but, as its daughters accumulate, a common gelatinous matrix is evolved by the group, in which the cells live communally as among many of the semisocial, non-mobile bacteria. Like *Bacillus*

rotans, however, the Myxobacteriales are mobile organisms, and, as the cells accumulate, they move about in strict concert, so that the colony as a whole travels from place to place.

As the community approaches maturity, the rod-like cells collect into dense groups at various points along the margin of the colony, and these knots soon become raised above the general surface. Gradually long tubes are formed, sometimes involute, twisted, and branched in a complex manner. The heaped-up cells make their various ways to the ends of these tubes, where they accumulate as rounded fruit-like bodies at the terminals of the branchlets, until the whole structure may come to resemble some weird and gnarled Joshua tree in miniature. Exposed to the air, the cells become dormant and relatively dry, and gradually they are broken off and drift away on the winds, to germinate under favorable conditions and repeat the process. What more highly specialized form of social existence could one desire in this, the simplest class of living things?

3

It is somewhat surprising to find evidence of rather typical community existence at the level of the single cell, where one does not ordinarily look for social activities. It is tempting, then, to look for similar evidences of the social mode of existence at a still lower level—within the single cell itself. If the insect colony is an aggregation of multicellular organisms, bound together in their coöordinated existences by various sorts of ties, if the *Volvox* colony is a community of cells similarly attached, could a single cell, by any stretch of the imagination, be thought of likewise as a community of subcellular units, and if so, what would those units be?

This path of speculation is somewhat harder to trace, for in the single cell we have already arrived at the limit of life as we understand it, so that we must extend our parallel, beyond that point, to entities which, in the ordinary sense of the term, are non-living.

First of all we shall have to coin a working definition for the social unit. In the higher ranges of communal existence the social unit is sufficiently self-evident and recognizable; we do not need to define it. At the level of the bird flock or the ant colony or even of the primitive colony of single cells, a society is an association of coöperating members which normally function in common, but which are capable of retaining their individuality and continuing to exist for some time when they are separated from the whole. Suppose that we do not carry the definition any further than this, but apply it as it stands to the case of the single cell.

Another obstacle that must be overcome is our ignorance of the intimate details of the single cell. We do know a good deal, to be sure, about the grosser structures of more complex single-celled crea-

tures. We know, for instance, that the higher protozoa possess a complicated "nerve net" that functions much like our own motor nervous system in controlling the movement of the various organelles¹ of locomotion. We know that such cells have a central "brain," the motorium, through which the impulses of the "nerve" channels are coöordinated.

But intracellular components of this sort are not exactly what we want. An advanced protozoan is, relatively, a very high organism, and these units which we have singled out are complex structural entities of a yet more complex whole. It is as though we were to select a man as our example of a colony of single cells, and to call the colonial unit a head or an arm, a brain or a spinal column.

We come a little closer to our goal if we think of some of the lower plant-like cells—the algae, perhaps, and the advanced pigmented bacteria—as the "community" and think of genes, the units of heredity, or chloroplasts, the unitary structures in photosynthesis, as the "members" of the "colony." Neither genes nor chloroplasts, to be sure, are capable of carrying on an independent existence, of having any real individuality outside of the cell worlds of which they form such indispensable parts. But in some respects they are not far from that status.

Let us go a step further down the scale and consider intracellular entities of still smaller average dimensions and still less lifelike properties as the components of the cellular "community." Consider, for example, the nature of enzymes and their role in the life processes of single cells. Enzymes are biological catalysts, the function of which is to promote and accelerate chemical reactions which might not otherwise occur to any appreciable extent.

Enzymes contribute no energy to the reactions which they promote and are not themselves used up to any appreciable extent. Like many catalysts of a non-biological nature, they are often relatively stable molecules capable, if properly protected, of existing indefinitely outside of their cell systems without losing their activity. They therefore satisfy one condition in our definition of a society: they are component members of an association, which yet can be separated from it as entities and can maintain a separate existence.

The second criterion, that the members of a society shall function coöperatively within the group, is most strikingly met by the enzymes. Evidence piles on evidence that the very life of the cell is made possible largely by the exquisitely coöordinated action of the various cellular enzymes. It is through their action in timing and directing the metabolic reactions in the cell that the products of one chemical step are made ready for use in the next.

Consider, for example, the alcoholic fermentation of sugar as performed by yeasts in the ripening of wines and spirits. Yeast fermentation gives every external appearance of being a simple unitary chemical process. It gives a quantitative yield of alcohol and

¹ An organelle is an organ inside a single cell.

carbon dioxide; hence, if we know how much sugar is consumed by a particular type of yeast, we can accurately calculate how much alcohol will be produced. The process is as reliable and as unvarying as if it were being conducted in a chemical factory.

Yet when we analyze the whole situation, we find that the procedure involves a great number of complex chemical steps, all taken in strict sequence, each depending upon the products evolved in the preceding operation, all timed to a minimum of wastage by the action of the various controlling enzymes. First of all, a molecule of a six-carbon sugar unites with two molecules of phosphoric acid to give a molecule of hexosediphosphate, which then cleaves to form two molecules of the three-carbon triose phosphate. One of these molecules is reduced to glycerophosphate for use by the organism. The other is oxidized to phosphoglyceric acid, which, by an oxidation-reduction reaction, yields a molecule of pyruvic acid and one of phosphoric acid. The phosphoric acid is then available to combine with additional sugar to start the process anew. The pyruvic acid is cleft to acetaldehyde and carbon dioxide, and finally the acetaldehyde is converted to ethyl alcohol.

Could anything appearing so superficially like a unitary process in fact be further from it? Could any example be more vivid of the close coördination between enzymically controlled reactions within the framework of the single cell?

On the basis of this single example, which can be multiplied manifold, we may tentatively accept the view that, in certain aspects, the single cell too is a society, to which certain of the concepts of societies can properly be applied. We shall later see where some of these concepts lead us.

4

THIS process of trying to identify the elements of social structure at the three levels of life that we know — the single cell, the colony of cells, and the community of many-celled organisms — gives rise to many provocative ideas. Some of the most significant are evoked by the basically similar features of the course of evolution which societies have followed at every level of life. There are impressive and mystifying elements in the perfect coördination of a society, in the gradual emergence of a new individuality at the social level. One can trace the steady increase in power and scope of that social individuality and then observe the equally steady diminution and decay of the individualities of its component parts, until they are so subordinate to the whole that they can no longer exist apart from it — until what was once a society becomes an individual of a new order.

We can find no better examples of these developments than are offered by that best-known of all social groups, the wasps and bees and ants and their various related forms. Not all wasps and bees are social creatures. Indeed, almost nine tenths of all the

known forms lead strictly solitary lives. So it is possible, within this single series of insects, to observe the actual emergence of the social habit. The females of these solitary species construct numbers of exquisitely fashioned individual cells under stones or under the eaves of buildings or in the cavities of old logs or even in the stems of plants, in each of which a single egg is placed.

In due time, the egg in each of the cells hatches and the larva feeds, grows, pupates, and finally emerges as a winged adult to repeat the cycle. There is nothing obviously social in this stereotyped pattern of behavior, which has apparently been repeated, generation by generation, with little variation since very ancient times. Yet it evidently contained the seeds of the social mode of life, for it was from such forms as these, apparently, that timid transitional types arose, a few of which are living today, so that we are able to study in detail every aspect of their fugitive social existences. From them, in turn, the highly socialized bees and wasps, the yellow jackets and the honeybees, were derived.

The first hint of the approaching social condition, apparently, was an attempt by the mother insect to consolidate her work; to scatter her brood cells less widely over the country and so to conserve energy in building and provisioning. Among the more advanced solitary wasps and bees, the female may use a single cavity in which all the food packets are placed end to end, and so save the labor of cell-building altogether.

Among some species of the rare solitary bee genus *Allodape* the founding female begins by finding or excavating a long tubular gallery in the stem of a suitable plant. A packet of honey and pollen is assembled and crowded to the bottom of the burrow and an egg is laid on it, but no envelope is constructed about it. A second packet is built on top of the first and another egg deposited, and there follow a third and a fourth packet, until the tube is filled. The mother insect then deserts the family. Presently the eggs hatch and the larvae develop together, to pupate and emerge as adults at about the same time. They may live together in a group for a little while, but they have no real mutual interest and soon disperse. This is the first step forward.

The second step toward social existence involves two more or less parallel developments, one of which may, however, be a consequence of the other. The life span of the mother becomes prolonged until she is able to survive the maturity and emergence of her offspring. At the same time, she ceases to supply each egg with provisions. Instead she deposits all the eggs together in the cavity without any stored food, but she retains a continuing interest in them and periodically supplies them with nourishment.

These young are therefore in intimate contact with each other and with their mother throughout development, and after they have matured they remain together with her for a time as a sort of pseudo-community on the social level of a covey of quail.

But it is not long before the group splits up and each young female member sets about founding a new family of her own. No great degree of continuity has been achieved by the society; no great degree of independence has yet been sacrificed by its members.

The next step is an extraordinarily important one. It is well illustrated by the common bumblebee. Here the solitary young queen establishes her family in the spring in essentially the same manner as the female of *Allodape*. She finds or excavates a burrow in the ground, constructs a cell (in this case of wax and pollen paste), deposits the eggs therein, and feeds the young, at first by the ancient method of mass provisioning practiced by *Allodape*, later by the more modern one of progressive feeding of the growing larvae. These young develop together, constantly presided over by the mother, and emerge together, as in more primitive forms.

But here a striking social advance becomes immediately evident, for the progeny at maturity prove not to be perfect males and females, but are females only, and stunted and imperfect females at that, some of them being no larger than houseflies. Unlike the young of *Allodape*, or even of more nearly social forms, they are not physically capable of founding new communities, and, what is even more important, their instinct pattern is defective in the same respect. Maternal instincts are highly developed, reproductive ones are almost wanting; these stunted daughters therefore remain tenaciously at home, attending to the rearing of subsequent batches of eggs deposited by the mother.

The founding female now gives little further attention to foraging or to the rearing of young, these duties being taken over entirely by the new workers. As the summer wears on, successive groups of workers appear, becoming larger in stature as the size of the colony increases, until finally, in the fall, true queens and males appear and the cycle which in the *Allodape* colony requires but one brood is at last complete. A society has been stabilized and has acquired a certain individuality. Some of the autonomy of its component members has been sacrificed, however, to the end that the newly integrated superorganism shall remain intact and shall survive.

Survival is a precarious business in such early transitional forms as these. Bumblebees, being fortunate in inhabiting the colder parts of the earth, where competition from rivals is not too intense, are reasonably common. A number of similar transitional social types are known among the wasps and bees of the tropics, however, which are among the rarest of insects, far rarer either than the solitary ancestors from which they came or the more highly socialized forms which have followed them.

The next steps in the evolution of the Hymenopteran society are familiar to us all. The colonies become more populous, as in the yellow jacket; they become more highly stabilized, as in the honeybee. The workers become sharply differentiated and more highly coöordinated in the duties which they perform,

and grow more and more dependent upon the colony for their continued existence. Less and less are we dealing with a colony in the definition which we gave it. More and more are we dealing with a new kind of individual.

5

FURTHER stages in the story are better represented among the ants. The ants appear to be far older in evolution as social insects than are the bees or wasps. There are no living solitary ants, and the most primitive social forms of which we know, the Ponerines, are already far beyond the stage of *Allodape*. They form stable communities, with distinctly, though not strikingly, differentiated queens and workers. The colonies are still small in terms of the numbers of their members, however, still loose in internal construction, still poorly coöordinated. There is only a primitive differentiation of function, and none of form, among the workers.

The whole process of social evolution among the ants is one of overcoming these defects, until the colonies comprise many thousands of workers, as among the leaf-cutting *Attas* of the American tropics or the Driver ants of the Old and New Worlds, or the huge communities of mound-building *Formicas* of Pennsylvania and Illinois. There has been an increase of structural differentiation between the queen and the worker, with a progressive reduction of the independence of the worker, until in the genus *Carebara*, a thief-ant of Africa, the queen may be ten thousand times the size of her largest worker progeny and cannot even feed her young without serious danger of crushing them.

There has been differentiation first of function and then of form among the workers until among many of the fungus-growing ants there may be many kinds of soldiers and workers within a single colony, showing among them the richest variety of specialization and adaptability. There has been a perfection of communication and coördination until, as with the slave-making genus *Polyergus*, whole armies can act in concert in the attainment of a common objective.

There has been sacrifice of the individuality of the single ant to that of the community until independent existence is made almost impossible by defective instinctive endowment and even from the standpoint of physical development solitary life would no longer be easy. Coördination, regulation, subordination, and discipline of the colony members, resulting in the superior integration of the community — these have been the unmistakable trend.

The social insects probably mark the high point of this kind of development among communities of the many-celled creatures. Yet the ant colony as an individual is still a very loosely integrated structure. Interdependent as its members may be in action, any one of them can be removed from the community, be kept apart for a period, and be subsequently returned, without damage to the part or the whole.

Perhaps the course of evolution among higher multicellular organisms is still too recent to have permitted further development than this along the social road. Perhaps the fact that there is no actual permanent physical connection among the members of these colonies has inhibited their further social specialization. In any case, social evolution has been carried spectacularly further among another class of invertebrate creatures — one that is far older in the evolutionary scale, though far more primitive in structure, than the insects, where it has been possible for the members of the society to remain physically connected.

The jellyfishes are creatures which one does not ordinarily consider as social or as likely to embark on social development. Yet in one group of them, the Siphonophora, the social "superorganism" has attained a higher individuality and its component members have sunk to a lower level of independence than in any other class of many-celled creatures.

The social habit is not in fact uncommon among the allies of the jellyfishes. The polyps of corals and of the purple sea-fans, for example, form immensely populous communities; but since they remain permanently stationary, there is little differentiation among the members of a colony. The social habit has been carried over, however, into some of the mobile forms of medusae, with the most striking results, and an evolutionary series can be traced here to typify the trends involved.

The marine Siphonophoran genus *Halistemma* includes organisms which associate into rather diffuse colonies in which all the members are nevertheless physically interconnected. Each colony takes the form of a long pendant string to which are attached various structures, each structure actually representing a modified member of the colony. At the top of the colony is a small float, dependent from which is the slender axial fiber. A short distance below the float there are several swimming-bells, attached to the fiber by strands. These swimming-bell members of the colony possess no mouths and must be nourished by other individuals of the community, but they are highly efficient swimmers and their function is to keep the colony afloat and to move it about.

Groups of specialized polyp-like individuals are attached farther down the fiber. There are hunting polyps, equipped with mouths and single long tentacles, which capture prey, digest it, and distribute the products to the other colonial members through their connecting stems. There are curiously modified individuals which function as special protective structures, and others which have no mouths but are furnished with long tentacles to act as defensive stinging equipment or as fishing lines to capture and paralyze prey, and finally there are mouthless, tentacleless reproductive forms, the social function of which is to produce new colonies.

In the related genus *Physophora* the bewilderingly diffuse structure of the *Halistemma* colony has become compact and integrated. There is still a float

with a fiber pendant from it, still equipped with specialized swimming-bells. But below the bells the fiber is shortened. The various groups of bizarre colony members have been assembled in a compact knot and the protective individuals have been grouped as a defensive ring about them. In the colonies of *Stephalia*, the next stage in this social evolution, the upper float has been greatly enlarged and strengthened and the swimming-bells have been grouped in an orderly circle just below it. Immediately underneath this swimming equipment the rest of the colonial members lie almost fused together in a compact mass. One can hardly fail to be reminded, in all this compacting of colonial structure, of the initial move of *Allodape* on the social road, of the early trend among the females of the first semisocial wasps and bees, to gather together and to compact their brood cells.

This evolution culminates in that widely known and spectacular inhabitant of tropical waters, the gorgeous Portuguese Man-of-War. In this colony the individuality of the community as a whole has been so overwhelmingly developed at the expense of its members that it is tempting to consider the "creature" the single organism which it almost is. The float, which is crested and can be deflated, allowing the colony to sink "at will" as it were, has been greatly enlarged and has usurped the entire swimming function for the community. Accordingly, the swimming-bell members of the colony have been suppressed and have disappeared.

Underneath the float is a group of feeding individuals possessing mouths but without tentacles. Associated with them, and assisting them in the capture of prey as well as in defending the colony, are several hydranths bearing poisonous fishing lines, including the stupendously long one that is so conspicuous and sometimes so startling to human bathers. Here also are the reproductive members, protectively situated near the heart of the colony, from which new individuals, and thence new communities, will arise.

Social evolution has come to a nearly full cycle. Differentiation of colony members, exquisite internal coördination, the genesis of a new, dominant, overweening composite "personality" through which the once well-marked autonomy of the colony members has been hopelessly suppressed, have at last made the colony so much like the individual from which it originally sprang that it is scarcely structurally distinguishable.

6

SO MUCH for the true society as we ordinarily understand it. Let us return now to the society of single cells, to the evolution of the green flagellates already discussed. The sixteen-celled colony of *Spondylomorium*, its little packet of struggling members attached by their anterior poles, all striving more or less unsuccessfully to merge their individualities into that of a colonial whole, is as diffuse and poorly adapted a structure as a colony of timid, half-social *Stenogas-*

trine wasps huddling together on their frail, twisted little combs of wood fiber in the shades of Philippine jungles. There is no differentiation of individuals in form or function, and only poor coördination between them.

In the more socially advanced genus *Gonium*, however, protoplasmic strands have been detected connecting the colonial components. The relationships between the cells is in a sense analogous to that of the members of the jellyfish colonies, although the differentiation between the single cells is still far inferior to that among even the most primitive social medusae.

In the sixty-four-celled colonies of *Ludorina*, physical specialization among the members of the colony, roughly comparable in degree to that among the workers of an ant colony, has appeared. Certain cells have become specialized as the anterior pole of the structure, which now always travels with these cells in the lead. They have the largest eyespots and probably the highest rate of metabolism, and the size of the eyespots in the cells behind them gradually diminishes until eyes may be wholly lacking in the lowest tiers of cells.

In *Pleodorina* a further permanent specialization of function and form has taken place among the colonial members, with a consequent heightening of the individuality of the community at the expense of the single cell. Irregularly scattered through the colony, but for the most part in the posterior portion, occur certain large, well-provisioned cells, which may sometimes exceed the normal ones in number. These are specialized reproductive cells, and they and they only have the power of forming new communities. They are the young queens of the bee or the wasp or the ant colony.

In *Volvox* all these trends reach their climax in this series. The female reproductive cells are still further differentiated from their fellows. Specialization of the non-reproductive cells has been carried yet further, with greater activity and better developed sense organs in the leading members of the group, and a greater tendency to phlegmatism, to the storage of reserve food, in the trailing ones. All the cells are interconnected by conspicuous strands of protoplasm, all the forty thousand pairs of waving flagella are coördinated in their motion. The colony has nearly become an organism.

This is the end of the evolution in the *Volvox* series, so far as we can detect it today. But it appears to be merely the beginning of the development of cellular colonies in nature. Recent findings have indicated that there may be a rather close phylogenetic connection between creatures of the type of *Volvox* and that next higher, though aberrant, type of cell colony, the sponges. The channel may have led on into the whole kingdom of creatures which we call multicellular animals, to culminate at last in the vertebrates. There specialization of the cellular components has become so finely developed, there the individuality of the colony has been so exaggerated at the expense of its once independent parts, that we no longer think of

these colony-animals — these flamingos or these elephants or these men — as cellular communities at all. Once again, specialization at the level of the colony member, coördination and dominance at the level of the whole.

7

CAN we discern traces of these same trends of social evolution at the level of the "society" that is the single cell? Here they will be much harder to find, for of all "social" developments on earth, that of the single cell is infinitely the oldest in evolution, its early stages impenetrably buried in antiquity. Nevertheless, we may be able to discover some suggestive evidence of this same progressive internal specialization and coördination of intracellular units with evolution. Let us return to the matter of cellular enzymes.

There is much collateral evidence to indicate that the simple anaerobic bacteria, such as *Clostridium tetani*, causative agent of lockjaw, or *Clostridium perfringens*, a vector of gas gangrene, may be close to the archetype of all living microorganisms. It seems not at all impossible that they may have come down from a namelessly ancient past when the amount of free oxygen in the air was minute, when breathing as we understand it was an undiscovered art among the living cells of the day, when only the bound oxygen of water and possibly of other suitable oxides was available for respiration. The yeasts, on the other hand, appear to be relatively advanced organisms, recent in evolution in contrast to the anaerobes. It may be illuminating to compare the processes of fermentation as carried forward by these two great groups of single cells.

We have seen that the fermentation processes of the yeasts behave as if a single unitary chemical operation were involved, though in fact a large number of complex changes take place, each one of which is dependent upon its predecessors; and the whole series is so beautifully timed, the whole mosaic so exquisitely fitted together, that the coördination is remarkably perfect. The anaerobic bacteria, like the yeasts, ferment carbohydrates for a living, these sugar-like compounds forming their chief source of energy.

But, lacking both the variety and the coördination of enzymes that the yeasts possess, the anaerobes do not produce alcohol as their uniform end-product. Instead, they turn out a weird variety of metabolic products, many of which would be reckoned by a yeast cell as fertile sources of further chemical energy. Their metabolism, in fact, is both wasteful and chaotic. The *Clostridiums*, in fermenting a gram-molecular weight of a six-carbon sugar, may produce as end-products free hydrogen, butyric acid, acetic acid, acetone, carbon dioxide, and possibly other compounds, and capture withal less than twenty calories of heat energy in the process.

A yeast cell, supplied with a gram-molecular weight of the same type of sugar, yields only ethyl alcohol

and carbon dioxide, as we have seen, despite the fact that many of its intermediate products are identical with those of the *Clostridium*s, and captures nearly twice the energy. The anaerobes, in their prodigal wastefulness of earth's energy sources, in the diffuseness and paucity of their "colonial" structure in terms of enzymes, in their variability and their inefficiency, offer a contrast with the yeasts that may not be fundamentally different from the contrast between the loose, ill-defined community of the bee *Allodape* and the industrious, close-knit hives of the commercial honeybee.

8

ALL of this collection and comparison of societies leads to some fascinating considerations, rooted in their basic similarity and in their equally significant and far-ranging differences. On the first score, there appear to be two similarities which are so fundamental as to demand an explanation — an explanation which in the present state of our knowledge of the universe it hardly seems possible to give. Every "society" that we can name, at any level of life, shows in its evolution, and particularly at its inception, a well-marked trend to proceed from a simpler to a more complex state.

The enzymes of the yeasts are more varied and more chemically complex than those of *Clostridium*. The cells of the *Volvox* colony are more numerous and more varied in their interrelationships than the sixteen units of *Spondylomor*. And the *Spondylomor* colony is in turn a far more complicated being than the single-celled flagellates from which it apparently arose in evolution. Even the most primitive wasp colony is a much more complex association than the single solitary wasp with her brood cells. And think of the advance in complexity from a colony of Ponerine ants, with its dozen or two component members, to the great armies of the tropical Driver ants, each of which may contain hundreds of thousands of members!

Purely on the basis of Darwinian natural selection, on the theory of "survival of the fittest," it is not easy to understand why this unmistakable trend from the simple to the complex should be universal in the evolution of earthly societies. Over and over again we have vivid evidence that the advance from a solitary to a social existence cannot, in its early stages, have been wholly beneficial to the species in the sense that its survival value was increased relative to its competitors. The awkward, struggling colony of *Spondylomor* has certainly sacrificed a good deal relative to its simple flagellate ancestors. Its agility is considerably interfered with, for the "individuality" of the colony is as low as that of an American colonial town meeting.

The ratio of its absorptive surface to its volume, that ratio which must not fall below an irreducible minimum if the cell is to survive, is reduced over that

of the free-living flagellates from which it presumably arose. Its opportunities for distribution over the earth are somewhat poorer than those of the lighter, more simply constructed solitary flagellate. It appears to be an altogether less efficient creature than its ancestors. Perhaps it is significant that only one species of *Spondylomor* is known, and that it is a rare organism compared with the common solitary green forms from which we must believe that it has been derived. Every evidence seems to indicate that the first transition from the solitary to the colonial mode of life was not an expedient move.

We can trace the same picture at the next higher level of social life. The semisocial Halictid bees, the half-colonial Stenogastrine wasps, living timidly in their tiny, subintegrated communities, would seem to have sacrificed much in mobility, in distribution, in foraging ability, over earlier solitary types. They are today rare and obscure curiosities of the entomologist and the comparative sociologist. Yet the fully solitary bees and the solitary wasps from which they came are so common the world over that they include somewhat more than 80 per cent of the known species of these insects. The diffuse floating network of the Siphonophoran colony *Halistemma* can hardly be better off in the competition of the ocean than the compact solitary jellyfish type from which it must have been derived. Again it is hard to see that it has ever been expedient, in a Darwinian sense, for an organism to take up the social mode of existence.

The move, to be sure, was often enough vindicated somewhere later in evolution. A *Spondylomor* colony may not be an efficient operating unit compared to a single cell, but the colony of cells that is a man may claim to be reasonably efficient. A colony of primitive bees is a weak and inefficient affair, and bees of this sort are comparatively rare, but the number of individual honeybees in the world may well exceed that of any solitary species, or even those of many solitary species combined, and the distribution of the honeybee is world-wide.

This vindication, this survival of the society which began in evolution at a disadvantage in an unfriendly world, has been achieved through the increase of the individuality of the colonial whole relative to that of its component parts. The solitary flagellate cell was a well-coördinated, smoothly functioning individual. The primitive cell-colonies are the very reverse of this. The individualities of their members are still well preserved. The individuality of the newly emergent social unit is perilously low.

But in *Volvox* this condition has already begun to change. The actions of the component cells are no longer independent; their interrelationships have been specialized and regulated. The individuality of the cell is distinctly lower than that of a cell of *Spondylomor*. The individuality of the colonial unit is decidedly higher. Then think how much further this trend has proceeded in the cell colony that is a man, where very few individual cells of the body are capable of independent existence, where the

regulation of cells to colonial life has proceeded to an extreme, where the individuality of the colony is at a peak and that of the component cell at a minimum.

At the next level of social life, the degree of individuality that characterizes a colony of honeybees, Maeterlinck's "Spirit of the Hive," is certainly higher than that of a community of the primitive Halictid bee, of the primitive Stenogastrine wasp, of the primitive Ponerine ant. How much more of an individual is the Portuguese Man-of-War, how much more like a mere glorified edition of a solitary jellyfish, than is the diffuse *Halistemma* colony. If other evidence were not convincing, how much more logical it would be to assume that the Man-of-War evolved directly from the primitive solitary form, without ever having gone through the precarious intermediate stage of primitive social existence.

9

It is clear that the ordinary forces of natural selection in evolution as we usually understand them, the common picture of "survival of the fittest" in nature, demand the production of a streamlined, highly coördinated individual and condemn the loose, poorly integrated colony that any primitive society must necessarily be. At every level of existence, life has responded to this demand. And for the most part the abundant life-forms of today are so nearly individuals that, with the exception of the most recently evolved types, we are hard put to it to call them communities at all. Possibly that is why the "missing links" of evolution connecting solitary with social creatures are so often rare or extinct.

But if natural selection is so inimical to poorly coördinated aggregates at any level, why was social existence ever initiated? What tempted the first social bees and wasps and ants, the first social jellyfish and men, to live under these disadvantageous conditions? What tempted the early colonial flagellates to undertake that mode of life, so inconvenient by comparison with the existences of their solitary ancestors? Why is not the only form of life on earth today the single cell? What, for that matter, tempted the first groups of enzymes to associate in the working units that may have been the first simple cells — what forces led to the initiation of life at all?

These are profound questions, which reflect the constant trend from simplicity to complexity that is so evident throughout the evolution of our solar system. If we answer them, we have perhaps also answered the question as to why there is a complex organic chemistry on earth, while in the sun, from which the earth arose, the presence of only such simple chemical compounds as methene, cyanogen, and the oxides of certain metals has been detected. Of course, the riddles cannot be solved at the present stage of our knowledge or of our philosophy. It is

important to notice, however, that this trend from the simple to the complex, which is so vividly demonstrated in the development of all earthly societies, may be far older and deeper than the phenomenon of life.

Natural selection, on the other hand, with its encouragement of the opposite trend, favoring the simple unitary individual over the complex, many-sided aggregate, surely opposes this basic trend. The yeast cell, with its series of fermentation processes so well coördinated that they appear to be a single operating unit, has apparently been evolved from such relatively ill-coördinated organisms as are today generally represented by *Clostridium*. The ant, so well-knit as an insect that we think of it as an individual instead of as a colony of cells, appears with little doubt to have sprung ultimately from crude cellular colonies vaguely like those of *Spondylomorum*. The colony of Army ants, so closely coördinated that it can almost be thought of as an individual itself, is a product of early associations that were no more than indifferent collections of individuals.

So we are perhaps witnessing, among the societies of the earth, the cross-working of two sets of forces. The first has ever promoted the formation of complex aggregates from simpler components. It gives every evidence of being far deeper and wider, far older, than mere earthly life, though earthly life is deeply subject to it. The second is natural selection in the Darwinian sense, and it appears to be peculiar to life, and is perhaps no more ancient in its operation on this planet than the appearance of life.

No sooner has a new and more complex aggregate of living elements appeared on earth in response to the first trend than it has been subjected to the demands of the second. And so, over the millennia, the individuality of its component parts is suppressed, the units comprising it are condensed into more and more compact entities, the whole is smoothed and finished. Finally it attains a point of equilibrium in the evolution of individuality. The ancient trend to complexity is reasserted, an aggregate of a new order is formed, the old, old cycle is repeated once more, and a new level of life appears.

These are a few of the speculations which must occur to a collector of social animals. And immediately he is asked, as he perpetually asks himself, the inevitable question, the most fascinating of all: "What is the application of all these things to man and his society?" But that is a broader and a more vexing query. For the society of man, though it represents but one microcosmic example in the grand sweep of all earthly social evolution, is nevertheless a highly atypical one. Its correct placement in the scale of which it is a part will require, now and in the future, the most patient analysis of detail, as well as the most comprehensive knowledge of the broader evolutionary picture.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

DELTA WEDDING

by EUDORA WELTY

Laura McRaven, nine, arrives at Shellmound, plantation home of her dead mother's brother, Battle Fairchild, in the Mississippi Delta, during the late summer of 1923. The family are gathering and are preparing, in the height of the cotton-picking season, for the wedding of Dabney, seventeen, to Troy Flavin, the Shellmound overseer. George, Battle's younger brother from Memphis, the adored one of the family, has arrived with the news that his wife Robbie Reid (whom the family considers as "common" as Troy) left him that week.

At Shellmound the family consists of Battle and Ellen, their eight children ranging from Shelley, eighteen, to Bluet, two; the old aunts Mac and Shannon; and dead brother Denis's child Maureen, not quite right in her head from injury in infancy. Two more sisters of Battle's, the old maids Primrose and Jim Allen, live at the near-by plantation, the Grove; Tempe, his oldest sister, is expected from Inverness — her grandchild, Lady Clare Buchanan, has already arrived.

20

GO IN and out the window, go in and out the window . . .

They held hands, high and then low, and Shelley, who was It because she was the big girl, ran stooping under their arms, in and out. They were playing in the shade of the pecan trees, after naps and a ride to Greenwood after the groceries, Shelley, India, Maureen, Ranny, and Laura. Cousin Lady Clare Buchanan was just now sent by Aunt Mac out to play with them too. She had come ahead of Aunt Tempe, her grandmother, to Shellmound — come by herself on the Yellow Dog, and now went around with her lower teeth biting her upper lip like William S. Hart.

Oneida's and Little Uncle's little boys were up in the yard, crisscrossing with two lawn-mowers, cutting the grass for the wedding. Far in the back, Howard was beating the rugs with a very slow beat. The sound of the lawn-mowers was pleading; they seemed to be saying, "Please. Please." The children were keeping out of mischief so that other people could get something done; Shelley was obeying her mother too, and this lowered her some in the eyes of them all, white and colored.

" . . . For we have gained the day."

Lady Clare said to Laura, "Ask Shelley can Troy French-kiss."

"I'm sure he can," Laura said loftily, for she had been here a day longer than Lady Clare, whatever French-kissing might be.

They played "Running Water, Still Pond," "Fox in the Morning, Geese in the Evening," and then "Hide-and-Seek." Laura ran to her best hiding place, down on the ground behind the woodpile in the back yard. She waited a long time crouched over and

nobody came to find her. From where she hid she could see the back of the house, hear the Negroes, and upstairs on the long sleeping porch she could see Uncle George walking up and down, up and down, smoking his pipe. She listened to the dark, dense rustling of the fig trees, and once she put a straw down a doodlebug hole and said the incantation in a very low voice.

Then she saw Maureen running by, and Maureen saw her. With a leap Maureen was up on her woodpile. She did not say a word. She looked over from the top and then, after a strange pause, as if she could think, she pushed the whole of the piled logs down on Laura, upsetting herself too. "Choo-choo," said Maureen, and then she ran away.

Laura at first was surprised, and then with great effort she began to extricate herself. The surprise, the heavy weight, and the uncertainty of getting out kept her so busy that at first she did not notice that no one had come for her. She had on her next-to-best white dress, and long tears showed in it, and long scratches marked up her legs and arms. She had the taste of bark in her mouth and kept spitting on the ground, but the taste was still there. Inside the house the light, tinkling sounds went on; Roxie's high laugh, like a dove cry, rose softly and hung over the yard. And from further away the sigh of the compress reminded her of Dabney, who had gone somewhere.

Harm — that was what Maureen intended; that was what she meant by her speechless gaze. That was what made her stay so close to them all, what drove her flying over the house, over the fields that way, after the others. That was what put extra sounds in her mouth. It was the harm inside her.

"She likes to spoil things," India had explained

matter-of-factly, and matter-of-factly Laura had accepted the explanation. But the cousins were a clan. They all said things, and they all kissed one another, and yet they all had secret, spiteful ways to happiness. Pushing the heavy logs from her, she felt shorn of pleasure in her cousins and angry in not having known that this was how the Fairchilds wanted things to be, and how they would make things be when it pleased them. Uncle George was nowhere to be seen, and she thought she heard Shelley laughing, and calling his name, down in the house. A feeling of their unawareness of her came over Laura and crushed her more heavily than the logs of wood.

She licked the blood away clean from her arms, and looked at her knees to see if some old scabs had come off — yes. She was as black and ugly as a little Negro. She tied her sash tight around her hips. Without looking up she crept around the yard, with her locket in her mouth, around the cistern on her hands and knees, keeping low not to be seen, her feet dragging numbly. Under the snowball bush she hit both feet with her fists until she could feel the sting, and then, picking all cinders one by one out of her elbows and skirt and out of her Roman sandals, she walked around the house and darted in to Home, which was the trunk of a tree, without being caught.

At that moment, touching Home, her finger to the tree, she was not happy, not unhappy. "Free!" she called, looking around, not seeing the others anywhere, but she had them every one separate in her head.

Then she saw Uncle George walk out of the house and stare out into the late day. She thought of herself as growing up beside Uncle George, the way some little flowers and vines have picked their tree, and so she felt herself sure of being near him. She knew quite objectively that *he* would not disown her and uproot her, that he loved any little green vine-leaf, and now she felt inner warnings that this was a miracle of safety, strange in any house, and in her this miracle was guarded from the contamination even of thinking.

As if by smell, by the smell of his pipe, an open smell like a place in the woods, she knew that he out of all the Delta Fairchilds had kindness and that it was more than an acting in kindness: it was a waiting, a withholding, as if he could see a fire or a light, when he saw a human being — regardless of who it was, kin or not — and had never done the first thing in his life to dim it. This made him seem young — as young as she. On the other hand, when all night she could hear coming up the dark stair well his voice soft and loud, with Uncle Battle's bark after it, chasing, she gathered that he was hard to please in some things and therefore old. Uncle George and Uncle Battle would argue or talk until Uncle Battle hollered out the window for Roxie or Ernest to come up to the house and fix them their nightcaps.

She stored love for Uncle George fiercely in her heart, she wished Shellmound would burn down so that she could run in and rescue him, she prayed for God to bless him — for she felt they all crowded him so, the cousins, rushed in on him so; they smiled at

him too much, inviting too much, daring him not to be faultless, and she would have liked to clear them away, give him room, and then — what? She would let him be mean and horrible — horrible to the horrible world. Would she? She leaned her forehead against the tree, with some shimmering design about him in her head coming like a dream, in which she was clinging, protecting, fighting all in one, a Fairchild flourishing and flailing her arms about. Of course it was all one thing — it was one feeling. It was need. Need pulled you out of bed in the morning, showed you the day with everything crowded into it, then sang you to sleep at night as your mother did. Need sent you dreams. Need did all this — when would it explain? Oh, some day. She waited now, and then each night fell asleep in the vise of India's arms. She imagined that one day — maybe the next, in the Fairchild house — she would know the answer to the heart's pull, just as it would come to her in school why the apple was pulled down on Newton's head, and that it was the way for girls in the world that they should be put off, put off, put off — and told a little later; but told, surely.

Uncle George came down the steps, and walked slowly over the fresh-cut grass, not seeing her, for she was behind the big pecan tree. All his secret or his problem, or what was in the blue letter, though she did not know what it was, was sharp to her as she saw him go by, weighty and real and as cutting (and perhaps as filled with dreaded life) as a seashell she had once come on at the seashore, and unwittingly seized.

"Don't cry out here, Laura," said a soft voice.

It was Little Battle, in his overalls. He poked a cold biscuit with a little ham in it into her mouth, and because she was startled stood by while she swallowed it. Then they ran into the house. "Oh, Little Battle!"

21

AFTER Shelley had stayed her time in the room with Troy, waiting for her sister, she excused herself to dress for the Clarksdale dance. But up in her room, in her teddies, she sat down on her cedar chest and unlocked her Trip Abroad diary, lit a Fatima cigarette, and began to write. She had turned the floor fan on her back and seat, and as she wrote, the two ends of her little satin sash were dancing behind her. Her peach ostrich mules were on her feet, and from time to time she lifted up her bare heels and waited a moment, tensely, before going on, like a mockingbird stretching in the grass. Momently, she put her Fatima cigarette ashes in her hair-receiver.

Laura with her nightgown on stood in the door watching her.

"Go away, Laura!" said Shelley. "You aren't supposed to watch us every minute!"

Laura ran off, having the grace not to stick out her tongue as India would do.

Shelley was to go to Europe after the wedding, with

Aunt Tempe — it was Aunt Tempe's graduation present, but she could not bring herself to wait that long before beginning to write in the book with the lock and key. The first entry was three weeks ago: "We all went fishing with Papa in Moon Lake, caught 103 fish, home in time, Indianola dance. Pee Wee Prentiss. Stomach ache. Dabney's favorite word is 'perfect.'" But already, so soon, she was writing long entries. Dressing a moment (they were calling her downstairs) and writing a moment, jumping up and down, she succeeded in getting the tulle dress, still warm from the iron, over her head and in filling in almost six pages of the diary. Her chest rose and fell in the little "starlight blue" dress, flat as a bathing suit against her heart.

Tonight again D. was cruel to T. F. and is keeping him waiting and then going out to one last dance. T. does not go home — waits for just a glimpse. He is interested because he thinks she must be smart. To provoke a man like him. Dabney does not even know it. Why doesn't it dawn on T. F. that none of the Fairchilds are smart, the way he means smart? Only now and then one of us is *gifted*, Aunt J. A. says. I am gifted at tennis — for no reason. We never wanted to be smart, one by one, but all together we have a wall, we are self-sufficient against people that come up knocking, we are solid to the outside. Does the world suspect that we are all very private people? I think one by one we're all more lonely than private and more lonely than self-sufficient. I think Uncle G. takes us one by one. That is love — I think. He takes us one by one but Papa takes us all together and loves us by the bunch, which makes him a more cheerful man. Maybe we come too fast for Papa. I feel we should all be cherished but not altogether in a bunch — separately, but not one to go unloved for the other loved. In the world, I mean — Shellmound and the world. Mama says shame, that we forget about Laura, and we loved her mother so much we never mention her name or we would all cry. We are all unfair people. We are such sweet people to be so spoiled. George spoils us, does not reproach us, praises us, even, for what he feels is weak in us.

Maybe I can tell him yet that I know where Robbie is, but so far I can't. The moment of telling, I cannot bring myself to that. I thought it would be easy at the supper table, but in the middle of supper now we all look at each other, all wondering — before a thing like Dabney's wedding, not knowing just what to do. Sometimes I believe we live most privately just when things are most crowded, like in the Delta, like for a wedding. I don't know what to do about anybody in the world, because it seems like you ought to do it soon, or it will be too late. I may not put any more in my diary at all till after the wedding. I wish now it would happen, and be past. I hate days, fateful days. I heard Papa talking about me to Uncle G. without knowing I was running by the library door not to meet T. when he came in (but waiting, I did) and Papa said I was the next one to worry about, I was prissy — priggish. Uncle G. said nobody could be born that way, they had to get humiliated. Can you be humiliated without knowing it? I would know it. He said I was not priggish, I only liked to resist. So does Dabney like it — I know. So does anybody but India, and young children.

When T. proposed to D. I think it was just because

she was already so spoiled he had to do something final to make her notice, and this did. That is not the way I want it done to me. Nobody tells T. a thing yet, and maybe we will never tell him anything. But I think he never minds at all. Trouble acts up — he puts it down. But I know that trouble is not something fresh you never saw before that is coming just the one time, but is old, and your great-aunts not old enough to die yet can remember little hurts for sixty years just like the big hurts you know now, having your sister walk into something you dread and you cannot speak to her.

T. just sits and looks at a family that cherishes its weaknesses and belittles its strength. He is from the mountains — very slow. Where is his mother? Father? He is not a born gambler of any description. He considers D. not anything he is taking a chance on but a sure thing and wants her for sure. Robbie is another person like that and wants George for sure. I can't stand her! Maybe Europe will change everything. When I see the Leaning Tower of Pisa will I like Robbie any better? I doubt it. (Aunt T. will be with me all the time!) All of us wish G. did not want her, and tell him and tell him she is not worthy to wipe his feet. But he does want her, and suffers. He goes on. I do not know and cannot think how it was when Papa and Mama wanted each other. Of course they don't now, and don't suffer by now. I cannot think of any way of loving that would not fight the world, just speak to the world. Papa and Mama do not fight the world. They have let it in. Did they ever even lock a door? So much life and confusion has got in that there is nothing to stop it running over, like the magic pudding pot. The whole Delta is in and out of this house. Life may be stronger than Papa is. He let Troy in, and look, Troy took Dabney. Life is stronger than George, but George was not surprised, only he wants Robbie Reid. Life surprises Papa and it is Papa that surprise hurts. I think G. expects things to amount to more than you bargain for — and so do I. This scares me in the middle of a dance. Uncle G. scares me a little for knowing my fright. Papa is ashamed of it but G. does not reproach me — I think he upholds it. He expects things to be more than you think, and to mean something. He cherishes our weaknesses because they are just other ways that things are going to come to us. I think when you are strong you can squeeze them back and hold them from you a little while, but where you are weak you run to meet them.

Shelley with a sigh leaned out her window to rest. A whippoorwill was calling down in the bayou somewhere, and the hiss of the compress came softly and regularly as the sighing breath of night. She heard voices on the lawn. Dabney in a filmy dress was telling Troy good night. Shelley listened; how well she could hear and see from here she had not realized or tried out.

"Oh, I wish I didn't have to go to the old dance — or that you could dance, Troy!" cried Dabney. She clung to him, her voice troubled and tender. "Never mind, we'll soon be married."

"Sure," said Troy.

She clung to him more, as if she would be torn away, and looked over her shoulder at the night as if it almost startled her — indeed the soft air seemed to

Shelley to be trembling with the fluctuation of starlight as with the pulsing of the compress on the river. Troy patted Dabney's shoulder.

"I hear your heart," she said right out, as if imploringly and yet to comfort him.

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said.

"Take care of yourself," she said.

"I will."

"It won't be long until I can take care of you."

There were tears in Shelley's eyes; their tenderness was almost pity as they clung together. She nearly cried with them.

"I have to go now, Troy. I have to."

She stood away. He stood with his arms hanging, and she went. Dickie Boy Featherstone put her in his open-top car.

Then Shelley heard Uncle George walk heavily over the porch and down the steps. She saw him strolling toward the gate, and smelled his pipe. "George!" He looked up and said how hot the night was. He went on. She could not say anything, she could not call it out a window. (It would seem so conceited of her, too.) She believed he went and stood on the bank of the bayou to smoke; she could see a patch of white through the Spanish Daggers, though the mist drifted there now, turning like foam in the luminous night. She leaned her forehead on the wall; the warm wall-paper pressed her head like a hand.

Dabney, she knew, would tell George in a minute that Robbie was no farther away than Fairchild's store this day, hiding from him and crying for him. But she, Shelley, could not enlighten him. She and Robbie had seen each other across the crowded room — a suspended cluster of long-handled popcorn poppers turned gently between them to block their vision — and both their faces went fixed. They did not speak.

She could hear under her window now the faint sound of the idling motor in some boy's automobile, and downstairs the victrola ending "By the Light of the Stars" and then the dancers catching their breath.

"Shelley! Shelley! Are you ever coming?" called Mary Lamar Mackey.

Then Shelley put a little coat of peach silk around her and went down. At the foot of the stairs Piggy McReddy was waiting for her, shouting up, "I'm the Sheik of Araby!"

22

PAPA, Uncle George gave me a walking horse, red with four white socks and a star here!"

"Well, you didn't cry about that, did you?" said Battle.

"She's going to ride me!" said Ranny.

"None of this is going to do you any good that I can see," said Battle, "across the river. I don't know whether to give you an airplane or build you a bridge."

"I know a way she could come back home from Marmion," said Ranny. "If she goes down the other side of the river to the bridge at Fairchilds and goes across and comes up this side, she could come home."

"You're too big for your breeches," said Battle, lifting him up and throwing him to the ceiling. "You think you can show Dabney the way home, do you? No, sir, Dabney's going away from us and never coming back."

Ranny burst into tears in the air, and so did Bluet out in the hall. Battle set the boy down in haste.

"Ranny!" said Shelley, looking up from her book. "Papa was joking. Papa was only joking. Dabney will come back whenever you call her, Ranny. Oh, Papa."

"Stop crying, Ranny," said Battle shortly. "Bluet can cry her eyes out if she wants to, because she's a girl, but you can't, or I'll take the switch to you promptly."

"She's never coming back," sobbed Ranny.

"Never coming back," Bluet cried after him, and hugged Ranny around the neck and cried with her forehead pressed to his. Even their little white sideburns were wet with tears. Then, without any appreciable change of their hold on each other or their noise, they were laughing.

"Good-bye, Dabney!" they shouted.

Ellen and Troy stood shyly looking at each other across the big red Heatrola where the back halls crossed. They were dismally afraid of each other, Ellen knew. She had in her hand a silver goblet she had retrieved from the sand pile.

"Troy," she said, "come help me polish these goblets. Dabney's gone to Greenwood for the groceries. You don't mind finding me busy, do you?"

"I reckon all this is bound to make you busy," said Troy. He tiptoed around the Heatrola and followed her. She felt that he lightly peeped into the back door of the library as they went by. Primrose sat in there sewing some object — George had brought the aunts up this morning. As a matter of fact, Ellen noticed, it was a bridesmaid's lace mitt, and even upon a blameless garment like a mitt the sweet lady could not have satisfied herself her work would go perfectly with Troy peeping in. And indeed it was not perfect, but Primrose could never have had the thought occur to her that, being a lady, she could not sew a seam worthy of a lady, and would have undertaken anything in the trousseau.

"Where's Jim Allen?" she called. Primrose jumped, and drew the little mitt to her. "Oh — it's Ellen! She's looking at your roses, though it's the heat of the day."

"She'll find them covered with black spot," Ellen said regretfully. She led Troy back to the kitchen. Roy and a little stray Negro child were eating cold biscuits at Roxie's feet and feeding a small terrapin on the floor, and were sent out to the back yard. Aunt Mac, ignoring Roxie, Howard stringing beans, the children, and now Ellen and the young man, was

ironing a stack of something on the trestle board in the back part of the kitchen.

They sat down at the scrubbed round table in the center. A June bug flying on a thread was tied to Troy's chair. "That's Little Battle's," Ellen said as if by divination. "You don't mind June bugs, do you?"

"Oh, no'm."

"Get you another chair if you'd rather." She collected things from the dining room and pantry. "Here's the polish, here's you a rag, and you can take half these goblets. Roxie and Vi'let and Howard and all just have so much to do, and Pinchy at this time — Be particular you get in that little ridge."

"Yes'm."

"Wait. I'll get you a bite of cooky. That cup in your hand now will be Dabney's," she said, and Troy almost let it fall. "We have so many daughters — of course you have to divide things up. One daughter couldn't have more than her share." She set a plate of cookies and a glass of buttermilk in front of him, went back and got him a cold drumstick. "Not that there's a contentious bone in any of my children's bodies. That's Orrin's. Blessed Orrin likes silver too. He said, 'Mama, I want to have a silver cup of my own to shave out of when I'm grown,' and I told him it was surely his privilege."

"How old is Orrin now?" was all Troy could think of to reply, and Ellen could not think to save her life just then how old Orrin was.

"Here's another one will be Dabney's, for you to shine. It was from the Dabneys — my family. Brought over." She jumped up again and brought him a voluminous linen napkin to wipe his fingers on. "Don't leave that drumstick and let it waste. This is Dabney's cup too."

Troy took it with his thumb and middle finger, sticking his forefinger well out.

"It won't say sterling," called Aunt Mac from the ironing board. "That's because those things were made before there ever was an old sterling. It's like B.C."

23

THEY polished in silence for a while. Troy added a little spit now and then, and held up each goblet critically but silently to see how Ellen thought it shone. His fingers were sprouted with his red hairs but they had a nice shape and they were kind, in Ellen's judgment.

"My little old mamma made the prettiest quilts you ever laid your eyes on," he said, when he finally spoke. His foxy skin turned rosy with pleasure and his thick lashes growing in light-red bunches and points gave him a luxuriant, pet-like look. He laid down his linen rag. "One called 'Trip around the World' and one called 'Four Doves at the Window.' 'Bouquet of Beauty,' that was one."

"And you asked your mother their names." Ellen looked at him as though he had done a commendable

thing. "Where was your mother? Where was your home, Troy?" she asked softly. How she had wondered. Of course Battle would never have asked a man such a thing!

"My little mama ain't dead! No ma'am, though she writes an infrequent letter and I take after her. Bear Creek, up Tishomingo hills. She can crochet just as well as she can piece tops — hard to believe."

Why had Ellen wondered? She could have seen the little perched cabin in her mind any time, by just not trying. ("Howard," she said, "did you leave any strings on? Well, now, you take your hammer out under that cool fig tree and start making that altar Miss Dabney wants. Just do it your way — I can't even tell you how to start it.") She looked back at Troy. "Well, you're still Mississippi," she said smiling.

"Though this don't seem like Mississippi to me," he said. "I mean at first. Two years back I would just as soon have been in Timbaktu as Fairchilds, not to see one hill."

"You were an only child? Like me?" she said, gently taking the goblet he had set down and putting her rag to it.

"Only boy."

Ellen could not imagine a boy not enumerating his sisters, but she nodded.

"I sure wish Dabney and myself could have one of Mammy's pretty quilts now, to lay across our bed."

"I guess your sisters ask her for them when they marry," she said rather breathlessly, and he nodded, as if to commend her. "Aunts," he said. "I had me three old-maid aunts that loved lots of cover." He cut his eye at Aunt Mac, who was by this time singing a Presbyterian hymn. "They were forever scared they'd get cold, and they had more quilts than you ever did see in your life. Lived on a mountaintop. I'd go pay them a visit. They'd go to bed at sundown and I would sit up till about twelve o'clock before the fire, throwing on logs, getting the place hotter and hotter. Every time I'd throw on a log they'd throw off a quilt."

"Troy," she said, "I believe you're a tease too."

Troy straightened up, and taking a goblet as if it were unfinished business on the table between them, he attacked it with his rag, first spitting on it thinly between drawn lips. "Well, there's nothing easy about hills," he said. "And plenty like me have left them — four to my knowledge on one bend of the Tennessee River. They all come to the Delta. It sure gets you quick. By now, I can't tell a bit of difference between me and any Delta people you name. There's nothing easy about the Delta either, but it's just a matter of knowing how to handle your Negroes." He batted the June bug.

"Well, Troy, you know, if it was that at first, I believe there's more to it, and you'll be seeing there's a lot to life here yet that will take its time working out," said Ellen. She held up the goblet for him to see.

"What would it be?" Troy asked. "Besides that,

you don't need to shoot 'em — just use the butt end of your gun." He smiled down on her for the first time.

"The Delta's just like everywhere," she said mysteriously. "You keep taking things on, and you'll see. Things still take a little time."

Vi'let came in with a vase of wilted zinnias. "Miss Tempe's come in," she said. "Sent me out first thing to throw dead flowers out the parlor. Is it all right to throw 'em away?"

"It's all right, Vi'let, they're really dead. Go tell her Miss Ellen'll be there in a minute." She frowned over Troy's head. She was torn between her pride — presenting Troy naturally, and now, to Tempe — and her conviction that she might wait just a little while about it.

"You can look for me back about sundown," Troy was saying. He stood up, put the chair up to the table again with the June bug, tired, hanging floorwards now, and took his hat off the top of the bread safe.

"Don't be late — it's supper and the rehearsal, remember. If those clothes and crooks haven't come, what'll we do?"

"Dey come," Roxie prophesied. "Ain't nothin' goin' to defeat Miss Dab, Miss Ellen."

Troy was bending in a polite bow to Aunt Mac. He started out and then, stock-still, asked Ellen, "Is she ironing *money*?"

"Why, that's the payroll," said Ellen. "Didn't you know Aunt Mac always washes it?"

"The payroll?" His hand started guiltily toward his money pocket.

"I get the money from the bank when I drive in, and she hates for them to give anything but new bills to a lady, the way they do nowadays. So she washes it."

"If that's what she wants to do, let her do it!" roared Battle. He was coming down the hall followed by four Negroes, all of them carrying big boxes. "Here's Dabney's doin's," he said. "All creation's coming out of Memphis. What must I do with it — throw it out the back door?"

"Take it quick, Roxie," said Ellen. "Vi'let! Howard! Aunt Mac, you'll have to soon make way at the ironing board!" she cried to the old lady's ear.

"Tempe's here along with it," said Battle. "Come on, Troy, let's get out."

Troy walked a little gingerly out of the kitchen, as if he might be offered his salary before he got out, fresh and warm from the iron, but when Ellen pulled him from Battle and led him toward the cross-hall by the side door and showed him the long present-table set out there, he went more easily.

"Now I'm really scared for you to touch Bohemian glass till after the wedding, Troy," she said earnestly. She took up a bit of it from the tray. "From Virginia," she said. "Dabney cousins that couldn't come. They sent an outrageous number of wine-glasses."

"They sure are the prettiest things yet," he said,

as she turned the flower-shaped glass in the light. He watched her worn, careful, ladylike hand with the bit of fragile glass sparkling around it.

"I love the hills," she said, glancing up. "I miss them even now."

He shook his head, smiling, at the distant past.

24

INDIA, Laura, and Ranny were sitting on the parlor floor playing cassino when Aunt Tempe arrived, their six bare feet touching. Little Uncle went by two or three times with suitcases and things, and Vi'let with the dress box sailed to the back. Skipping in front, Lady Clare came in all over again under the aegis of Aunt Tempe and made a face at them. She looked around for the piano (as if it had ever been moved!) and sidling through the archway sat down and began to play "Country Gardens." Just at the door, India noticed, her father sent Aunt Tempe in with a nice, soft spank, and went off calling "Ellen! Ellen!"

Aunt Tempe, in a batik dress and a vibrantly large hat, entered (keeping time) and kissed all the jumping children. Then she straightened up from the kisses and admonitions and looked quickly around the parlor, as if to catch it before it could compose itself. Howard, who kept coming in and standing motionless, studying the spot on the floor where he had to put the altar, was caught in her gaze. "Scuse me," he said, and vanished with his hammer. The big feet of Bitsy and Bitsy's little boy, who was learning, hung inside the room; the Negroes were washing the outside of the windows behind thick white stuff, invisible, and talking to Maureen; if they knew Aunt Tempe could see their feet, they would be moving their rags.

India sat back on the floor and gazed at her aunt, admiring the way she kept her hat on, and shuffling the cassino cards gently. Aunt Tempe was about to call Vi'let — she did call Vi'let and ask her what dead zinnias were doing in front of the original Mr. George Fairchild. And where were Miss Ellen and Miss Dabney — running around frantic upstairs? And where was Mr. George? And where was just some *ice water*? Out in the back they could hear Horace, Aunt Tempe's goggly chauffeur, whistle at how hot it was at Shellmound, as opposed to Inverness.

Aunt Tempe drew a breath and sighed. She made little turns on her Baby Louis heels, and her soft plump shoulders came in view like more bosoms in the back, over her corset. India could read her mind. The table lamp provoked Aunt Tempe. The three white marble Graces holding the shade in their six arms, with dust unreachable in the folds of their draperies and the dents of their eyes, were parading the whole lack of Shellmound to Aunt Tempe: the place was *outdated* — it didn't do for marrying girls off in.

Of course Battle and Ellen would do the place over, the day one of the children prevailed on them

hard enough — perhaps it would be quick little India — dress it up and maybe brick it over, starting with the gates. One day they would take up the floral rugs and the matting and put in something Oriental, and they would get rid, somehow, of that Heatrola she hated to pass in the hall. They were only procrastinating about it. But here Dabney was marrying, and still the high, shabby old rooms went unchanged, for weddings or funerals, with rocking chairs in them, little knickknacks and playthings and treasures all shaken up in them together — and those switches on the mantel would probably stay right there, through the ceremony.

On the table before her now a Tinker Toy windmill was sitting up and *running* — with the wedding two days off — right next to the exquisite tumbler with the Young Pretender engraved on it that was her wedding present to Battle and Ellen — cracked now, and carelessly stuffed with a bouquet that could have been picked and put there by nobody but Bluet — black-eyed Susans, a little chewed rose, and a four-o'clock.

Aunt Tempe closed her eyes to see Mashula's dulcimer still hanging by that thin ribbon on the wall — did she know Shelley could take it down and play "Juanita" on it? India followed her gaze; it passed fleetingly over Uncle Pinck's coin collection from around the world, which Aunt Tempe had been tired of looking at in Inverness and taking out of Little Shannon's mouth — and fell sadly on the guns that stood in the corner by the door and the pistols that rested on a little gilt and marble table in the bay window.

"Those firearms!" she murmured, freshly distressed at their very thought, as if in her sensitive hearing she could hear them all go off at once. That was somebody's gun — he had killed twelve bears every Saturday with it. And somebody's pistol in the lady's workbox; he had killed a man with it in self-defense at Cotton Gin Port, and of the deed itself he had never brought himself to say a word; he had sent the pistol ahead by two Indian bearers to his wife, who had put it in this box and held her peace. There (India sighed with Aunt Tempe) was somebody's Port Gibson flintlocks, and somebody's fowling piece he left behind him when he marched off to Mexico, never to be laid eyes on again. There were the Civil War muskets Aunt Mac watched over, an old minie rifle coming to pieces before people's eyes. Grandfather's dueling pistols that had not saved his life at all, were on the stand in a hard velvet case, and lying loose was Grandmother Laura Allen's little pistol that she carried in her riding skirt over Marmion, with a flower scratched with a penknife along the pearl handle, and Battle's, her father's, little toothmarks in it.

"Bang-bang!" said Ranny.

"No longer a baby," Aunt Tempe sighed. She sat down in a rocker, and Vi'let brought a pitcher of her lemonade — so strong it would bring tears to the eyes. "And poor Laura," she said, reaching out at her

and kissing her again. To her, girls were as obvious as peony plants, and you could tell from birth if they were going to bloom or not — she said so.

"I've brought Dabney a forty-piece luncheon set for the time being," she said, seeming to address Ranny. "I couldn't put my *mind* to anything more."

"How is Mary Denis's little new baby?" Ranny asked. "Is it still a boy?"

"Mm-hmm, and he's the image of me — except he has Titian hair," said Aunt Tempe. "That he got from Mr. Buchanan. It took wild horses to drag me away from Mary Denis at such a time, but I was prevailed on. I felt compelled to come to you."

"How is Mary Denis?" asked Ranny. "I love her!" He was sitting like a lamb at Aunt Tempe's feet, and letting her pet him.

"As well as I ever expected her to be, precious. She gets along very well considering she's married to a Yankee that wants his windows washed three times a week."

"They aren't, though, are they?" cried India staunchly.

"Look, look! Aunt Tempe, look!" Dabney whirled in laughing, with flimsy boxes and tissue paper and chiffon ruffles flying.

"I should say they're not!" Aunt Tempe opened her arms and kissed Dabney three times under her big hat. In the back, Vi'let was crying, "Miss Dab, ain't you 'shamed! You bring my dresses on back here."

"Mercy! You've always just washed your hair! Don't ever let this husband of yours, whoever he is, know you can cook, Dabney Fairchild, or you'll spend the rest of your life in the kitchen. That's the first thing I want to tell you."

"He doesn't know anything about me at all," Dabney laughed, dancing away in her mules around the wreath on the floral rug, whirling with her white wedding dress held to her.

"Bring those affairs here to me, Ranny child," said Aunt Tempe.

"Oughtn't we to wait and let Dabney open everything that comes?"

Aunt Tempe shook out a dress and held it at an authoritative angle with her head tilted to match. "I must say I never heard of a *red wedding* before," she said.

"American Beauty, Aunt Tempe!" cried India, teasingly whisking it from her and beginning to dance about after Dabney, holding it high.

"I stand corrected," said Aunt Tempe.

"They fade out before they get to Shelley and Dabney," Laura told her consolingly.

MAUREEN ran in, got Aunt Tempe's hug and kiss — and took, as if for her prize, the rosy dress slightly less bright and danced with it, nicely. The little girls went gleefully, though delicately and soundlessly on

their bare feet. Laura too, with a sudden spring, had gently extracted the next dress from Aunt Tempe's fingers, and slid 1, 2, 3 into a ballroom waltz, hidden behind her pink cloud.

"Play, Lady Clare! Play till you drop," India's voice called.

Ranny leaped up and got under the wedding dress Dabney was holding, and then dancing frantically cried, "Let me out, let me out!"

"Slower, Lady Clare! Vi'let!" Aunt Tempe called, and Vi'let came and stood in the door with her hands on her hips. "If you don't press these dresses right away, you won't get a chance. They'll be worn out completely."

"I *can't* go slower!" cried Lady Clare.

Outside, Bitsy and his little boy rubbed round peepholes in the window polish to see in, and laughed so appreciatively that they nearly lost their balance, to India's ever watchful delight while she pony-trotted.

"Well, of course I can't talk," said Aunt Tempe, looking fixedly at the bride dancing and the three dresses without any heads dancing around her, with Vi'let beginning to chase them. "My own daughter married a Yankee. Naturally, I bring her to Memphis and Inverness to have her babies — *and* name them."

"It's not like Dabney was going out of the Delta," called the pale-pink waltzing dress.

"Poor Mary Denis went clear to Illinois."

"Oh, Aunt Tempe, how's Mary Denis?" Dabney cried, coming to a momentary stop. "I did so want her for a bridesmaid!"

"She's thin as a rail and white as a ghost now."

"I bet she's beautiful as ever. How much did her baby weigh?"

"Ten pounds, child: Little George."

"Oh, how could you tear yourself away?" asked Dabney in a pained voice, holding a pose before the long mirror. She bent her arm and looked tenderly down over imaginary flowers. Vi'let smiled.

"I was prevailed on," said Aunt Tempe, but Dabney had run lightly out of the parlor again, snatching a flight of dresses and letting them fall over Vi'let, covering her, as she giggled, with a bright cascade. Bluet, Maureen, Ranny, and Laura reeled after her, still under the spell, and Lady Clare was still playing "Country Gardens."

"The overseer," announced Aunt Tempe, nodding as if to imaginary people on both sides of the room, the tiniest smile on her face.

India sat down and looked up at her.

"I bet you didn't know Aunt Robbie ran away from Uncle George and never is coming back."

"Hush your mouth, child."

"Yes she did!"

"Ah! What has he done?" Aunt Tempe said, with her sisterly face alive to brotherly mischief. Then, "Oh, the mortification! Who told you, baby? And when?"

"I'm nine," said India. "No-body told me, but I *knew* way back this morning."

"You knew what?" called Ellen warningly from the hall. "You did get here!" she said to Aunt Tempe in that warm, marveling voice with which she always welcomed people, no matter how late she was doing it, as if some planet had mysteriously entered a fresh orbit and appeared at Shellmound. She kissed Aunt Tempe's cheek — the softest cheek of the Fairchilds, which Aunt Tempe offered in a temporary manner like a very expensive possession.

"Aunt Primrose and Aunt Jim Allen still don't know you know what," India said, putting her arm soothingly around Aunt Tempe's neck. "They don't even dream!"

"Get away from me, India, you're always such a *hot* child! *Well, madam?*"

"How's Mary Denis?" asked Ellen as if the "*Well, madam?*" were not Aunt Tempe's question first.

"Thin as a rail, white as a ghost. Only wild horses — The baby's my image — has Mr. Buchanan's Titian hair . . . Mr. Buchanan's the same Yankee he ever was, demands the impossible. . . . Oh, the mortification of *life*, Ellen!"

Aunt Tempe poured out another glass of lemonade and asked pitifully for a little tiny bit of sugar. "Of course I know George and Battle both try to spare me — Denis always spared me everything. It would kill me to know all poor George must have gone through, what it's driven him to!"

"India, you run out and tell Vi'let to stop whatever she's doing and come sweeten Aunt Tempe's lemonade to suit her — and take Lady Clare with you."

In the music room there was a stir as if Lady Clare roused out of some trance. "Did you hear me playing 'Country Gardens,' Aunt Ellen?" she cried, running in.

"Yes, dear, I was listening out in the hall," Ellen said. "You're a big, strong girl, rounding out a little, I believe."

"I'm bigger than Laura," said Lady Clare. "I'm going out and turn around in the yard until it makes me drunk and I fall down and crack my head open."

"Now Lady Clare — just because you're visiting!" said Aunt Tempe.

"I'm not going to tell Dabney you know what," said India as she walked out.

"That's a good girl, honey." Ellen looked at her proudly.

"She's got so many secrets from me, I'm not going to tell her mine! Maybe I'll tell her years later."

"Now! Straighten me out," Tempe said to Ellen, leaning not forward, but back.

Ho-hum," said India. She fell back on the floor and put a glass of lemonade on her diaphragm. "Aunt Tempe, I bet you don't know something you wish you did."

"What, child?" asked Aunt Tempe sharply.

"I can't imagine how India finds out things." Ellen was brooding.

"I don't worry about India!"

Ellen sighed. "I guess not yet. Well, Dabney's going to marry Troy Flavin, just as we told you, and Robbie has run away from George and he won't say a word or go after her. Not connected, of course, but —"

"Two things always happen to the Fairchilds at once. Three! Have you forgotten Mary Denis having a baby at Inverness at the very moment all this was descending on you here?"

"No, I didn't forget," said Ellen. "I reckon there are enough Fairchilds for everything! But we're hoping this trouble on George will blow over."

"Blow over! That's Battle's talk. I can hear him now. How in the world could it?"

"Robbie might still come to the wedding."

"I'd like to see her! She'll get no welcome from me, flighty thing," said Tempe.

"Oh, Tempe, I think he's hurt," Ellen said. "You know George and Battle and all those men can't stand anybody to be ugly and cruel to them."

"I know. And how can people hurt George?" Tempe asked. She turned up her soft face with a constricted look that was wonder, and searched Ellen's gaze. "I know George's headstrong," said Tempe, piteously showing the palm of her little hand. "Nobody knows better than I do — the oldest sister! He's headstrong. Nobody has a bit of influence over him at all. But how can *she* think *she's* fit to take him down, Old Man Swanson's granddaughter? I could pull her eyes out this minute."

"I had led myself to believe they were happy," Ellen said. Vilet was bringing the sugar on an unnecessarily big silver tray and Ellen watched her treat Tempe very specially and tell her how young and pretty she looked, not like no grandma, and she was going to bring her some of that cake. "We're not telling Dabney about this until the wedding's over," she continued, as Tempe sipped her lemonade.

"Pshaw! If Dabney's old enough to marry the overseer out of her father's fields, she's old enough to know what George and every other man does or is capable of doing. *I'll* tell her, the next time she dances in here."

"Tempe," said Ellen softly, "wait. Give Robbie just a little more time!"

"Robbie? Whose side are you on?"

"I'm on George's side. And Dabney's side. George is the sweetest boy in the world, but I think now it's up to Robbie. I think he's left it up to her. Tempe, we don't know — we don't know anything."

27

ELLEN walked to the window. Then she gave a cry: "Oh, who on earth can that be coming? Oh — it's Troy. Here comes Dabney's 'sweetheart, you all!' They peeped behind her.

"Don't let him see us!"

"I believe to my soul *he's* got red hair!" cried Tempe.

"Let's us not move." India put her eye on Laura and Roy, but Roy was reading and heard nothing.

"I think he's a very steady, good boy," said Ellen.

"And he's going to *learn*."

"That's a bad sign if I ever heard one," Tempe cried instantly. "My, he's in a hurry about it too. Flavin is a peculiar name."

"He doesn't usually come that fast, does he?"

Primrose whispered, as Troy leaped over little Ranny's stick-horse in the drive and hurried toward the steps. "He's bringing something. My, it looks like Aunt Studney's sack, but of course it isn't."

"Let's still don't get up and look," muttered India, lying flat.

"I wouldn't have known him!" said Primrose.

"It's bigger than Aunt Studney's sack! Is old Aunt Studney dead yet?" asked Tempe, her fine brows meeting as she peered.

"No, indeed," Ellen said. "She still 'ain't studyin' us, either. She told Battle so yesterday, asking him for a setting of eggs. He's at the door."

"Here's Troy!" cried Dabney's voice. She was rushing down the stairs and letting him in.

Aunt Mac came through the parlor and by their sashes pulled the three ladies neatly away from the window, and went out again.

"You didn't kiss me!" cried Dabney.

But Troy was pushing his way into the parlor, disheveled. "Look!" he said. "Everybody look! Did you ever think your *mother* could make something like this? My mammy made these, I've seen her do it. A thousand stitches! Look — these are for us, Dabney."

"Quilts!" Dabney took his arm. "Shelley! Come in and look. Troy, come speak to Aunt Tempe — she's come for the wedding, Papa's sister from Inverness."

But he flung her off and held up a quilt of jumpy green and blue. "'Delectable Mountains,'" he said. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am. I swear that's the 'Delectable Mountains.' Do you see how any lady no higher'n a grasshopper ever sewed all those little pieces together? Look — 'Dove in the Window.' Where's everybody?"

They all came forward and watched Troy spread out the quilts, snatch them together, spread them out again. "Wedding presents." "They're lovely!" "Get up off the floor, India, or you'll get a quilt over you!"

"She sent so many," said Shelley, backing away a little each time she came forward.

"It gets cold in Tishomingo," said Troy gravely.

"Couldn't your mother come to the wedding, Troy?" asked Ellen gently. "We could send for her." Even if his mother wrote to him, she had not been sure he wrote to his mother.

"Not just to a wedding. If we had a baby or something, she'd scoot down."

"What's the name of this quilt?" asked Dabney, arms on her hips.

"Let's see. I think it's 'Tirzah's Treasure,' but it might be 'Hearts and Gizzards.'"

"Didn't you know either about George's predicament?" Aunt Tempe said to Aunt Primrose across the room. "I'm glad somebody else didn't know."

"He told me when I came in. Bless his heart! She'll come back," Aunt Primrose said, looking around Troy's arm.

"Ma pieced that top of a snowy winter," said Troy gravely staring, his eyes far away.

"I wish I could make something like that," said Aunt Primrose gallantly.

"Not everybody can," said Troy. "But 'Delectable Mountains,' that's the one I aim for Dabney and me to sleep under most generally, warm *and* pretty."

Aunt Tempe gave Ellen a long look.

"I think they are beautiful, useful wedding presents," said Ellen. "Dabney will treasure them, I know. Dabney, you must write and thank Troy's mother tonight."

"Let her wait till she tries them out, Mrs. Fairchild," said Troy. "That's what will count with Mammy."

Aunt Primrose darted her little hand out, as if the quilt were hot and getting hotter, and Ellen and Dabney and Troy pulled it out taut in the air. The pattern shone and the ladies and Dabney all fluttered their eyelids as if the simple thing revolved while they held it.

"I've seen a plenty of cats bounced in quilts," said Troy, hilarious with pride.

"Why? Poor little kitties," murmured Aunt Primrose.

"Well, you know what it means if the cat landed in front of you — you'd be the next. To marry." Then Troy's face turned as red as fire: poor Aunt Primrose was an old maid. But Dabney giggled and put her arm around his.

"Look," said Ellen. "Troy, there's a paper pinned to this corner."

"Oh, that's Ma's wish," said Troy. "I noticed it."

"She says here, 'A pretty bride. To Miss Dabney Fairchild. The disappointment not to be sending a dozen or make a bride's quilt in the haste. But send you mine. A long life. Manly sons, loving daughters, God willing!'"

"That's Ma. She'll freeze all winter."

"Your pretty bride," said Dabney, going around. "How did she know I was pretty?"

"I don't know," said Troy. "I didn't tell her much." He bent to her disbelieving kiss. "I guess you'd better get these off the floor and fold them nice, Dabney. And lay them on a long table with that other conglomeration for folks to come see."

The dinner bell rang. Battle and the boys came in rosy and slicked, playing with the barking dogs. Laura ran through them, looking back, but they scarcely noticed her. Orrin had on his pompadour cap. George came down with Ranny riding him,

knees on his shoulders. Ranny had the family telescope up to his eye, and turned it with both hands about the room, exclaiming.

"Who do you see in this room?" George was asking him quietly. "Do you see Mama having secrets with Aunt Primrose and Aunt Tempe and Aunt Jim Allen?" They went toward them.

"Yes, sir!"

"I always thought Robbie was a very *strenuous* girl," said Aunt Primrose hesitantly, looking up at George.

"She's *direct*," said Ellen.

"She has her cheek," Tempe snapped, while Jim Allen was still asking pleadingly, "Who, who?"

"She has the nerve of a brass monkey," said George, and Ranny crowed from his head. George's forehead, nose, and cheeks were fiery from the sun; he seemed to be beaming at the sight of his sisters all gathered, with a midday fragrance of stuffed green peppers and something else floating over them like a spicy cloud.

28

THEY'RE both as direct as two blows on the head of a nail, George and Robbie, Ellen was thinking with surprise. George was so tenderhearted, his directness was something you forgot; when he was far away, in Memphis, she thought of him — as she always thought of the man or the woman — as at Robbie's *mercy*. Robbie, anywhere, was being direct.

"I've racked my brains to think of something we can tell the Delta," Tempe declared, with Ranny's telescope turned on her.

"Tell the Delta about what?"

"About Robbie Reid, your wife," said Tempe. "You have to tell the Delta something when your wife flies off and leaves you. Right at the point of another wedding! You should have thought of it when you married her, woke up the night. Ranny, is that the manners your Uncle George teaches you? That's staring."

"I don't see Robbie," Ranny said, turning George with his digging knees. He looked through the front window, out at the glare. "I just see Maureen chasing a bird, and Laura turning round and round in the yard."

"Call them in," growled Battle.

"Tell the Delta to go to Guinea," said Ellen stoutly.

Aunt Mac came up the hall, her strong voice singing, belligerently sad, "O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son? . . . mother, make my bed soon."

"Of course Mary Denis is thin as a rail. — Mercy!" Tempe said to Lady Clare, who appeared too and circled round her, ecstatically walking on her knees and drinking something green. "Don't you drink that in here. Ink? Take it on out, I can't watch you."

"Well, is everything all pretty near ready now?" Troy's voice was asking.

"I see Dabney kissing Troy," Ranny announced.

"Oh, Troy, the altar rocks!" Dabney cried.

"Put a hammer in my hand, I'll knock it into shape before we sit down to dinner."

"I see Lady Clare drinking Shelley's ink," said Ranny dreamily.

"Lady Clare, you know what happens when you show off," Aunt Primrose said, putting her finished bridesmaid's mitt to her lips and biting the thread.

"She doesn't care," said Ranny, smiling, at the telescope. "She doesn't care."

"I seem to hear the dinner bell," said Aunt Jim Allen.

"Roy, close your book." Ellen kissed the top of his head, and he looked up with sucked-in breath.

"Laura and Maureen," said Battle, with the condensed roar in his fatherly voice carrying out the window, "will you obey me and come to the table before I skin you alive and shake your bones up together and throw the sack in the bayou? And Mary Lamar Mackey," he said, to the other direction, "will your ditty wait?"

"Oh, Papa, you're so *hot!*" said Shelley. She pulled at his starched coat sleeve and tried to kiss him, and he spanked her ahead of him to the table.

"Miss Priss! Do you love your papa, not forget him?"

"Naturally," said Aunt Tempe, when Roy with his eyes bright told what George did, about the Yellow Dog on the trestle, "he did it for Denis."

She smiled and fanned with the Chinese fan she brought from Inverness, nodding at them. Dabney, who loved her father and adored George, knew beyond question, when Aunt Tempe came and stated it like a fact of the weather, that it was Denis and always would be Denis that they gave the family honor to. She held Troy's hand under the table and accepted it with a feeling not far from luxuriousness.

Denis was the one that looked like a Greek god, Denis who squandered away his life loving people too much, was too kind to his family, was torn to pieces by other people's misfortune, married beneath him, threw himself away in drink, got himself killed in the war. It was Denis who gambled the highest, who fell the hardest when thrown by the most dangerous horse, who was the most delirious in his fevers, who went the farthest on his travels, who was the most beset. It was Denis who had read everything in the world and had the prodigious memory — not a word ever left him. Denis knew law, and could have told you the way Mississippi could be made the fairest place on earth to live, all of it like the Delta.

It was Denis that was ahead of his time and it was Denis that was out of the pages of a book too. Denis could have planted the world and made it grow. Denis knew what to do about high water, could have told you everything about the Mississippi River from one end to the other. Denis could have been anything and done everything, but he was cut off before his time. He could have one day married some beautiful

girl worthy of him (Mary Lamar Mackey would have grown up to him), leaving Virgie Lee (Denis's choice was baffling, not to be too much brooded on) to somebody she would better have tried to live with; he would have had a beautiful child — a son — a second Denis, though not his father's equal.

It was a shame on earth that Maureen, though George would naturally risk his life for her, was the only remnant of his body; she bore no more breath of resemblance to him than she did to, as Aunt Jim Allen always remarked, the King of Siam; if anything, she took after her mother, though her hair was light. It would be wrong to see in her dancing up and down any bit of Denis's tender mischief or marvelous cavorting.

"These fields and woods are still full of Denis, full of Denis," Tempe said firmly. "If I were to set foot out there by myself — though catch me! — I'd meet the spirit of Denis Fairchild, first thing, I know it."

She looked pleased, Dabney thought, as if she were mollified that Denis was dead if his spirit haunted just where she knew. Not at large, not in transit any more, as in life, but fixed — tied to a tree. She pressed Troy's hand, and he pressed back. Poor Denis! she thought all at once, while Maureen, eying her, stuck out her tongue through her smiling and fruit-filled mouth.

29

It was morning, the day of the rehearsal. Roy ran out of the house and scattered some crumbs to the birds. Ellen saw him from her window — his face tender-eyed under the blocky, serious forehead and the light slept-on hair pushed to the side, with a darker shadow the size of a guinea egg under the crest. Alone in the yard, he said something to a bird. This was her last day with her daughter Dabney before she married. How she loved her sons, though!

"This is Dabney's wedding rehearsal day," Ellen said, turning to the old great-aunts, with Roxie by her offering them a second cup of black coffee while breakfast was getting ready.

"Gordon, dear, I'm hot," said Aunt Shannon fretfully. She lay back with her soft black Mary Jane slippers crossed, on Aunt Mac's chaise longue, frowning slightly at the mounted blue butterflies on the wall.

"She thinks none of the rest of us know it's September," growled Aunt Mac. She snapped her watch onto her bosom. "Nobody but Brother Gordon killed in the Battle of Shiloh. Foot!"

Aunt Mac was three years younger than Aunt Shannon. She had dyed black hair that she pulled down, spreading its thin skein as far as it would go, about her tiny, rosy-lobed ears. Little black ringlets bounced across her forehead as if they alone were her hair and the rest were a cap, an old-fashioned winter toboggan with a small fuzzy ball at the peak, which was her impatient knot. She was little with age. Somewhere, in mastering her dignity over life, she

had acquired the exaggerated walk of a small boy, under her long black skirt, and went around Shellmound with her old, wine-colored lip stuck out as if she invited a dare. Her cheekbones like little gossamer-covered drums stood out in her face, on which rice powder twinkled when she sat in her place under the brightest lamp.

Her sharp, bright features looked out (though she was quite deaf now) as if she were indeed outdoors in her new cap, a bright boy or young soldier, stalking the territory of the wide world, looking for something to catch or maybe let get away this time. She watched out; but very exactly she dressed herself in mourning for her husband, Duncan Lawes, killed in the Battle of Corinth sixty years ago. A watch crusted with diamonds was always pinned to the little hollow of her breast, and she would make the children tell her the time by it, right or wrong. She whistled a tune sometimes, some vaguely militant or Presbyterian air that sounded archaic and perverse in a pantry, where she would sometimes fling open the cupboard doors to see how nearly starving they were.

Her smile, when it came, was soft. She gave a trifling hobble sometimes now when she walked, but it seemed to be a flourish, just to look busy. Her eyes were remarkable, stone-blue, and with all she had to do, she had read the Bible through nine times before she ever came to Shellmound and started it again there. She and her sister Shannon had brought up all James's and Laura Allen's children, when they had been left, from Denis aged twelve to George aged three, after their dreadful trouble; were glad to do it — widows!

And though Shannon drifted away sometimes in her mind and would forget where she was, and speak to her husband Lucian as if he had not started out to war to be killed, or to her brother Battle the same way, or her brother George as if he had been found and were home again, or to dead young Denis she had loved best — she, Mac, had never let go, never asked relenting from the present hour. And if anything should, God prevent it, happen to Ellen now, she was prepared to do it again, start in with young Battle's children, and bring them up. She would start by throwing Troy Flavin in the bayou in front of the house and letting the minnows chew him up.

The two old sisters were not too congenial — had never been except for a little while when Battle's generation were growing up and absorbing their time; and in recent years the belief on Aunt Shannon's part that she was conversing with people whom Aunt Mac knew well to be dead seemed a freer development of the schism. Far back in Civil War days, Ellen had been told or had gathered, some ineradicable coolness had come between them — it seemed to have sprung from a jealousy between the sisters over which one agonized the more or the more abandonedly over the fighting brothers and husbands.

With the brothers and husbands every man killed in the end, the jealousy did not seem canceled by death, but extended by it; memory of fear and the

keeping up of loyalty had its rivalries too — made them endless and now wholly desperate, for no good was ever to come of anguish any more, just as it never had when anguish was fresh. Aunt Shannon now, with her access to their soldier brothers Battle, George, and Gordon, as well as to James killed only thirty-three years ago in the duel, to her husband, Lucian Miles, and even to Aunt Mac's husband, Duncan Lawes, was dwelling without shame in happiness and superiority over her sister.

Poor Aunt Mac did indeed seem to think less of her husband now, in spite of herself (she made little flung-off remarks about his family, "Columbus newcomers") when Aunt Shannon spoke casually to "Duncan, dearie," and bent her head, as if he had come up behind her while she was knitting to give her a little kiss on the back of the neck, as indeed he had done often long ago.

"The wedding's right here. Are we ready, Aunt Mac?"

"Duncan, dearie, there's a scrap of nuisance around here ought to be shot," said Aunt Shannon, glancing sideways without stirring. "You'll see him. Pinck Summers, he calls himself. Coming courting here."

"Duncan Lawes will shoot who I tell him, thank you," said Aunt Mac. "Shannon, be ashamed of yourself for getting your time so mixed up. Vainest of the Fairchilds! Well, then, Ellen, go on to Dabney! Wake her up!"

30

BUT Dabney had ridden out on her red filly before any of them were awake, out through the early fields. Vi'let had not yet swept the night cobwebs from the doors, and she had dashed through shuddering, with fighting hands, and pushed open the back gate into the early eastern light which already felt warm and lapping against her face and arms. In her stall the little filly looked at her as if she were waiting for her early; there was a tremor to go, in her neck and side.

Howard's little boy was sitting in the hay and he saddled the filly and put Dabney on and held the gate. She rode out looking back with her finger to her lips — Howard's boy put finger to lips too, and jumped over the ditch watching her go. She thought she would ride out by herself one time. She had even come out without her breakfast, having eaten only what was in the kitchen, milk and biscuits and a bit of ham and a chicken wing, and a row of plums sitting in the window.

Flocks of birds flew up from the fields, the little horse went delightedly through the wet paths, breasting and breaking the dewy nets of spiderwebs. Opening morning-glories were turned like eyes on her pretty feet. The occasional fences smelled sweet, their darkened wood swollen with night dew like sap, and following her progress the bayou rustled within, ticked and cried. The sky was softly blue all over, the last rim of sunrise cloud melting into it like the foam on fresh milk.

With her whip lifted, Dabney passed Troy's house, and passed through Mound Field and Far Field, through the Deadening, and on toward the trees, where the Yazoo was. Turning and going along up here, looking through the trees and across the river, you could see Marmion. Around the bend in the early light that was still night-quiet in the cypressy place, the little filly went confidently and fastidiously as ever.

Dabney bent her head to the low boughs, and then saw the house reflected in the Yazoo River — an undulant tower with white wings at each side, like a hypnotized swamp-butterfly, spread and dreaming where it alights. Then the house itself reared delicate and vast, with a strict tower, up from its reflection, and Dabney gazed at it, counting its rooms.

Marmion had been empty since the year it was completed, 1890, when its owner and builder, her grandfather, James Fairchild, was killed in the duel he fought with Old Ronald McBane, and his wife Laura Allen died brokenhearted very soon, leaving two poor Civil War-widowed sisters to bring up the eight children. They went back, though it crowded them, to the Grove; Marmion was too heartbreaking.

Honor, honor, honor, the aunts drummed into their ears, little Denis and Battle and George, Tempe and Annie Laurie, Rowena, Jim Allen and Primrose. To give up your life because you thought that much of your *cotton* — where was love, even, in that? *Other* people's cotton. Fine glory! Dabney would not have done it. The eagerness with which she was now going to Marmion, entering her real life there with Troy, told her enough — all the cotton in the world was not worth one moment of life! It made her know that nothing could ever defy her enough to make her leave it.

How sweet life was, and how well she could hold it, pluck it, eat it, lay her cheek to it — oh, no one else knew. The juice of life and the hot, delighting taste and the fragrance and warmth to the cheek, the mouth. She hated the duel for her grandfather, actively, while the little horse trembled with impatience under her hand and hated being kept standing still. Everybody in the family had nearly forgotten the old duel by now (it was "bad about Marmion," they "abandoned the place") except Dabney, whom it had lately come to horrify. She would not leave Marmion, having once come to it, if there were duels for any cause.

What was the reason death could be part of a question about the crops, for instance? Yes, honor — she had been told when she asked questions as a little girl. Marmion was empty out in the woods because Old Ronald McBane at Old Argyle had not protected his landing where some of the people's cotton for miles around was shipped from his gin. Grandfather, who had a gin too, had accused him of it, had been challenged and called out to pistols on the river bank, had been killed instantly. But both gins went on the same.

Dabney had always resisted and pouted at the

story when any of the boys told it — when they said "Bang-bang!" she covered up her ears and wept, until they comforted her and gave her something for having made her cry. She knew, though, that even the surrender of life was the privilege of fieriness in the blood. She felt it in herself, but would anything ever make her tell, ever find it out? Not while she could resist and lament that dear life would surrender itself for anything.

31

THE sun lifted over the trees and struck the face of Marmion; all the tints of cypress began to shine on it, the brightness of age like newness. Her house! And somehow the river always seemed swift here, though it was the same river that passed through Fairchilds under the bridge where the cotton wagons went over as noisily as a child beating a tin pan, and passed the Grove where the aunts sat on the porch and cried for a breeze from it.

"I will never give up anything!" Dabney thought. "Never! Never! For I am happy, and to give up nothing will prove it. I will never give up anything, never give up Troy — or to Troy!" She thought smilingly of Troy, coming slowly, — this was the last day, — slowly plodding and figuring, sprung all over with red-gold hairs. Shelley couldn't stand him because he had hair in his ears. She called him Hairy Ears — Dabney smiled, biting her lip at that small torment. The truth was, slowness made any Fairchild frantic, and Dabney delighted now again in Troy's slowness like a kind of alarm.

"Papa never gave up anything," she was thinking. "I am the first thing Papa has ever given up. Oh, he hates it!" He would not tell her how he really felt about her going to Troy — nobody would. Nobody had ever told her anything — not anything very true or very bad in life. Proud and outraged together for the pampering ways of the Fairchilds, she put the little switch to her horse.

The rehearsal was tonight. If they didn't say anything to her now, or try to stop her, it was their last chance. And let them! Just now, while they never guessed, she had seen Marmion — the magnificent temple-like, castle-like house, with the pillars springing naked from the ground, and the lookout tower, and twenty-five rooms, and inside, the wonderful free-standing stair — the chandelier, chaliced, golden in light, like the stamen in the lily downhanging. The garden, the playhouse, the maze — they had all been before her eyes when she was all by herself, even her own boat-landing!

Then after she got in and was living there married, she wanted it to rain, rain — sound on the roof like fall, like spring, bend the trees — and the lightning to glare and show them trembling, lifted, bent, come-alive, the way trees looked from windows during storms at night. She wanted this to be outside; and inside, herself, sitting in dignity with her cheek on her hand.

She rode by the thick woods where the whirlpool lay, and something made her get off her horse and creep to the bank and look in — she almost never did, it was so creepy and scary. This was a last chance to look before her wedding. She parted the thonged vines of the wild grapes, thick as legs, and looked in. There it was. She gazed, feasting her fear on the dark, vaguely stirring water.

There were more eyes than hers here — frog eyes, snake eyes? She listened to the silence and then heard it stir, churn, churning in the early morning. She saw how the snakes were turning and moving in the water, passing across each other just below the surface, and now and then a head horridly sticking up. The vines and the cypress roots twisted and grew together on the shore and in the water more thickly than any roots should grow, gray and red, and some roots too moved and floated like hair. On the other side, a turtle on a root opened its mouth and put its tongue out.

And the whirlpool itself — could you doubt it? Doubt all the stories since childhood of people white and black who had been drowned there — people that had dared to swim in this place; and of boats that had ventured to the center of the pool begun to go around and disappeared? A beginning of vertigo seized her, until she felt herself leaning, leaning toward the whirlpool. But she was never as frightened of it as the boys were. She looked in while she counted to a hundred, and then ran.

Behind her the little filly had been stamping her foot. She mounted, and galloped back into the fields, the Deadening, Far Field, Mound Field, back to Shellmound. When she went under Troy's window she drew the reins a moment and cried out rapidly, tauntingly, all run together like one word: —

"Wake up, Jacob, day is breaking!
Pea's in the pod and the hoe-cake's baking!
Mary, get your ash-cake done, my love!"

Was he awake? Did he hear? She rode flying home, and began calling, "Mama! Roxie! Roxie! Papa!" How hungry she was!

32

SHELLEY!" Ellen called at the foot of the stairs.

"Ma'am?" came Shelley's ladylike voice from around several corners in the upper regions. Where on earth was she?

"She's painting her name on her trunk to go to Europe," India said at her mother's feet. She kept her informed about what everybody was doing at all times, which she knew though she herself, as now, might be cutting paper dolls out of the *Delineator* on the hall floor with Laura and Roxie's little Sudie; she seemed truly the only one who knew.

"I want you to go to the store for me and get me a spool of strong string for Howard's altar!" called Ellen in a patiently high voice. "The pony cart's out front now — while it's still a little cool. And go to

Brunswick-town and take Partheny a cup of that broth Roxie's pouring off, and tell her if she's over being mindless to come up without fail to help in the kitchen! Tell her to be here tomorrow morning with the birds! You can take Laura and India with you," she added in her normal voice. "Where's Lady Clare?"

"On the joggling board, joggling," said India.

"Yes'm, Mama! In a minute," called Shelley. "I'm all covered with black!"

"We can go without Shelley," said India, her face close to Laura's. She poked her scissors at Laura's heart. "We'll go with each other."

"Let me at the phone," said Aunt Tempe, entering. "Pinck's going to have to get me some little fluted paper salted-nut holders! It occurred to me in the garden — twelve silver ones won't go anywhere. I'll catch him at the Peabody!"

Nothing tired Ellen herself more than the spectacle of marital bullying, but it was the breath of life to Tempe, spectacle and all. She sailed among the children to the telephone, while little India smiled in the wake of her pleasure in demanding one more little old thing from Pinck.

George walked through, and the children all swept around him. Tempe took hold of him. Caught in their momentum, he looked out at Ellen perfectly still, as if from a train window.

"No, I'm going to the Grove and have dinner with Jim Allen and Primrose," he was saying.

"Today?" Tempe exclaimed.

"Has the wedding anything to do with today? That's tomorrow." He teased Tempe, but went out the front door. Through the side lights Ellen saw him stretch out in the porch hammock and lie as if asleep when Troy rode Isabelle up in the yard and called "Hi, George!" with his arm raised in that rather triumphant way. She waited a moment watching him, feeling that there was something radical in George, or that some devastating inner picture of their unnecessary ado would flash before his vision now and then.

There was an ascetic streak in him, even, she felt timidly. Left to himself, he might not ask for anything of any of them — not necessarily. No, she could not think that for more than a moment. He was too good. He would not wish them any way but the way they were. But she, herself, wished they could all be a little different on occasion, more aware of one another when they were all so close. They should know of one another's rebellions, consider them. Why, children and all rebelled!

Laura and India were hunching down the steps like dwarfs together under the big black umbrella that completely obliterated their shadows down to their trotting feet.

"Wait-wait-wait!" cried Shelley. She ran flying out the door lacing her fresh middy and tying it with the impatient knot of a tomboy. Her hair from under her tight headband blew straight back in the wind. Her cheeks were both smudged with shiny black

lacquer. She pretended not to see Uncle George, for she did not beg him to come or tell him good-bye.

"I had to finish my name," she said to India and Laura. "Looks like you all could wait that long."

She dipped between them and took the umbrella up to her height and tilted it stylishly. Three pairs of leg shadows jiggled on the grass. Above them, Roy was sitting on the roof and singing "My name is Samuel Hall and I hate you one and all, damn your eyes!"

"Just don't look at him and he'll come down," said Shelley. "Now you can come with me, but don't touch me." They sat in the pony cart and Shelley drove Tiny down the road. India and Laura carefully held the umbrella over her and made faces behind her back. "I'm still full of breakfast," Laura ventured.

No one on the street of Fairchilds spoke any way but beautifully-mannered to Shelley; all the men promptly swept off their hats. No one told her her face was dirty, and India was waiting until they got home to make her look in the glass. They drove up and down the street three times and had Coca-Colas, speaking to people over and over, with all the men's hats going up and down. India cried joyously, "Hi, Miss Thracia! Hi, Miss Mayo! Oh, I'm so lonesome at Shellmound!" she sighed to Laura. "Miss Mayo has an oil painting that winks its eye."

33

ANY member of the Fairchild family in its widest sense, who wanted to, could go into the store, walk behind the counter, reach in and take anything on earth, without having to pay or even specify exactly what he took. It was like the pantry at Shellmound. Anything was all right, since they were all kin.

And no matter what any of them could possibly want, it would be sure to be in the store somewhere; the only requirement was that it must be looked for. There was almost absolute surety of finding it. One day on the ledge with the hunting caps, India found a perfect china doll head to fit on the head of the doll she had broken the minute before.

At the moment nobody seemed to be keeping the store at all, except little Ranny, whom Tippy must have set down in here to wait; smelling of violets, he was bouncing a ball in a cleared space, his soft voice going, "... 23, 24, last night, or the night before, twenty-four robbers at my back door—" There were some old fellows ninety years old sitting there around the cold stove, still as sleeping flies resting over a few stalks of sugar cane.

Laura, who loved all kinds of boxes and bottles, all objects that could keep and hold things, went gazing her fill through the store, and touching where she would. At first she thought she could find anything she wanted for a present for her Uncle George, on which she had set her heart. Along the tops of the counters were square glass jars with gold-topped

stoppers — they held the kernels and flakes of seed and, just as likely, crusted-over wine-balls, licorice sticks, or pink-covered gingerbread stage-planks.

All around, at many levels, fishing boxes all packed, china pots with dusty little lids, cake stands with the weightiest of glass covers, buckets marked like a mackerel sky, dippers, churns, bins, hampers, baby baskets, popcorn poppers, cooky jars, butter molds, money safes, hair-receivers, mousetraps, held the purest enchantment for her. Once, last year, she had thrown her arms around the pickle barrel and seemed to feel a heavy, briny response in its nature, unbudging though it was. The pickle barrel was the heart of the store in summer, as in winter it was the stove that stood on a square stage in the back, with a gold spittoon on each corner.

The name of the stove was "Kankakee," written in raised iron writing by a hand unknown but a lady's, and its breast was decorated with summer-cold iron flowers. The air was a kind of radiant haze, which disappeared into a dim blue among hanging boots above — a fragrant store-dust that looked like gold dust in the light from the screen door. Cracker dust and flour dust and brown-sugar particles seemed to spangle the air the minute you stepped inside. (And she thought, in the Delta all the air everywhere is filled with things — it's the shining dust that makes it look so bright.)

All was warm and fragrant here. The cats smelled like ginger when you rubbed their blond foreheads and clasped their fat yellow sides. Every counter smelled different, from the lady-like smell of the dry-goods counter, with its fussy revolving ball of string, to the man-like smell of coffee where it was ground in the back. There were areas of banana smell, medicine smell, rope and rubber and nail smell, bread smell, peppermint-oil smell, smells of feed, shot, cheese, tobacco, and chicory, and the smells of the old cane chairs creaking where the old fellows slept.

Objects stood in the aisle as high as the waist, so that you waded when you walked, or twisted like a cat. Other things hung from the rafters, to be touched and to swing at the hand when you gave a jump. Once Laura's hand went out decisively and she almost chose something — a gold net of blue agates — for Uncle George. But she said, sighing, to Ranny running by, "I don't see a present for Uncle George. Nothing you have is good enough!"

"... 9, 10, a big fat hen!" Ranny cried at her, with a radiant, spitting smile.

But Shelley had stiffened the moment she entered the store. Sure enough, she could hear somebody crying, deep in the back. She went to look, her heart pounding. Robbie was sitting on the cashier's stool, filling the store with angry and shameless tears, under a festoon of rubber boots. Shelley stood beside her, not speaking, but waiting — it was almost as if she had made her cry and was standing there to see that she kept on crying. Her heart pounded on.

Robbie's tears shocked her for being unhesitant —

for being plain, assertive weeping for a man; weeping out loud in the heart of Fairchilds, in the wide-open store that was more public than the middle of the road. Nothing covered up the sound except the skipping of Laura up and down, the little kissing sound of Ranny's bouncing ball, and the snore of an old man. Shelley stood listening to that conceited fervor, and then Robbie raised her head and looked at her with the tears running down, and made an even worse face, deliberately — an awful face. Shelley fell back and flew out with the children. An old mother bird-dog lay right in the aisle, her worn teats flapping up and down as she panted — that was how public it was.

34

ROBBIE bared her little white teeth after Shelley Fairchild and whatever other Fairchilds she had with her. The flat in Memphis had heavy face-brick pillars and cement ornamental fern boxes across a red tile porch. It was right in town! The furniture was all bought in Memphis, shiny mahogany and rich velvet upholstery, blue with gold stripes, up and down which she would run her fingers, as she would in the bright water in a boat with George. There were soft pillows with golden tassels, and she would bite the tassels!

Two of the chairs were rockers to match the davenport and there were two tables — matching. The lamps matched, being of turned mahogany, and there were two tall ones and two short ones all with shades of mauve georgette over rose China silk. On the mantel, which was large and handsome and made of red brick, was a mahogany clock, very expensive and ticking very slowly. The candles in heavy wrought-iron holders on each side had gilt trimming and were too pretty to be lighted.

There were several Chinese ash trays about. (Oh, George's pipe!) The rugs were both very fine, and she and George went barefooted. The black wrought-iron firescreen, andirons, and poker set were the finest in Memphis. Every door was a French door, the floors were hardwood, highly waxed, and yellow.

His books had never a speck of dust on them, such as the Shellmound books were covered with if you touched them. His law books weighed a lot, and she carried them in her arms one by one when she moved them from table to chair to see all was perfect, dusted. She was a perfect housekeeper with only one Negro, and one more to wash. How fresh her curtains were! Even in the dirtiest place in the world: Memphis.

Only the bedroom was still not the way she wanted it. She really wanted a Moorish couch such as Agnes Ayres had lain on in the picture show, but a mahogany bed would come in a set with matching things and she knew that would please George, new and shiny and expensive. Just yet they had an old iron bed with a lot of thin rods head and foot, and she had painted it. There were unnoticeable places where the paint had run down those hard rods, that had never quite got dry, and when George went away on a case or was

late coming home she would lie there indenting these little rivers of paint with her thumbnail very gently, to kill time, the way she would once hold rose petals on her tongue and gently bite them, waiting here in the store, the days when he courted.

They lived on the second floor of a nice, two-story flat, and nobody bothered them. The living room faced the river with two windows. In front of those she had the couch so that they could lie there listening to the busy river life and watching the lighted boats on summer nights. As long as they stayed without going to bed they could hear colored bands playing from here and there, never far away. The little hairs on her arm would rise, to think where she was. Then they would dance barefooted and drink champagne, and sometimes in the middle of the day they would meet by appointment in the New Peabody by the indoor fountain with live pure Mallard ducks in it!

"Give me some of that slick-back stuff for my hair," said a man in front of her. It was Troy Flavin, the Fairchild overseer, with his red hair surely down in his eyes.

"I'm not waiting on people, I'm just waiting. Looking for somebody," she said, opening her own eyes wide, expecting him to see who she was.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Who're you looking for, ma'am?" Troy asked. Suddenly he swept off his straw hat and fanned her face with it, vigorously. When she bent away he held her straight on the stool and fanned her firmly as if he were giving her medicine. "Is it the heat? Who're you looking for?" He didn't know her at all yet, and maybe the heat had him.

"None of your business! Well, all right, I'll tell you. For George Fairchild, then!"

"You asked the right one. I know him good." He put his head on one side as if he talked to some child. "Why didn't you ask me somebody hard, from the way you're about to cry?"

"I'm not! Where is he?"

"Could put my finger on George Fairchild this minute. I'm marrying *into* that family, eight o'clock tomorrow night. You look familiar."

"Not Shelley! Oh — Dabney!" She began to laugh. "Don't you know me? I'm Robbie Fairchild. I'm George's wife."

Miss Thracia Leeds came into the store and fingered over the ribbon counter, like a pianist over trills. "Why, hello, Robbie, are you back at the store?"

"It's a small world," said Troy. "Well, he's right there at Shellmound in the porch hammock, if you want him. His wife? You look like you've been to Jericho and back, so dusty."

"I've been leaving him — that's what I've been doing. If anybody wondered!"

"In the porch hammock, he is," said Troy. "Dabney's who I'm marrying — you know, Mr. Battle's girl. Not the oldest — the prettiest. High-strung sometimes, though!"

"High-strung!" said Miss Thracia with much sarcasm.

"But they're all high-strung. Ready to jump out of their skins if you don't mind out how you step. 'Course, it would be worse for a *girl*, marrying into them."

"I didn't *marry into* them! I married George!" and she beat his hat away, as though he had brought some insufferably old argument into her face.

"Well, it's a close family," Troy said laconically, catching his hat. "Too close, could be."

"A family *can't* be too close, young man," said a new voice. Miss Mayo Tucker had come in.

Robbie wept and laughed gently on her stool, and Troy put his hand over her flushed forehead as if trying to feel there how dangerously close the Fairchilds were. Miss Maggie Kinkaid stood behind Miss Mayo and asked Robbie, if she had come back to work, if she would give her a new nest egg, since the other one broke.

"I might have known! I might have known he wouldn't hunt for me. I could kill him! Right back at Shellmound in a hammock," Robbie cried. "I thought he would drag the river, even."

"Drag which river? Why, Dabney wanted George here to stand up with me at the wedding. That's why he's here," said Troy, looking down at her in concern. "*Dabney* sent for him. He's my what-you-call-it — best man. They didn't care for Buster Daggett for that, friend of mine in Fairchilds City, ice and coal."

"Buster Daggett, I don't wonder," remarked Miss Mayo. "Robbie, did I hear you'd run away, and George Fairchild used to beat you unmercifully every whipstitch, in Memphis? Cut me off a yard of black sateen, child, you're right at it."

Robbie laughed and brushed at her eyes. "Dabney's marrying — marrying you? You're the overseer out there."

"Yes, ma'am, Troy Flavin, that's me. The overseer — how'd you know?"

"We've *met*," said Robbie with energy. "Don't you remember me on the trestle — that day? I remember you. All you did was keep looking up at the sky and saying, 'Why don't she storm?'"

"And she didn't?" Troy slapped his thigh in delight, after a moment. "That day! I don't remember but one thing! I got engaged up yonder!"

"You got engaged, and George Fairchild missed by a hair letting the Yellow Dog run over him for the sake of a little idiot child! Never thinking of me!"

Robbie with furious neatness cut off a yard of sateen, tied it up, and rang up thirty cents on the cash register. "You're Robbie, George's wife. People've been asking about you, sure! Didn't connect anything, though," said Troy. "Well, you're just in time."

"I bet it's a big wedding and all. Did Miss Tempe make herself come? How's Mary Denis?" asked Miss Thracia.

"They've come from far and near, Fairchilds," said Troy mechanically. "Mary Denis is thin as a rail. You *could* have been too late." He gave Robbie a smile and gently reversed the fanning hat and fanned himself. "For the wedding."

"Me! Who's going to invite me?"

"I invite you," said Troy. "Now I've invited me somebody." He stared at her. Then he put his hat, carefully, over her head to make her laugh, and spread a big hand sprinkled with red hair over each of her shoulders.

"Which way is this? Set me straight. Did you run off and leave George, or did he run off and leave you? I believe those Fairchild men are great consorters," said Miss Mayo. "Does he make any money in the law business? It's bad luck for a girl to put a man's hat on."

"It would be fun to walk in *during* it, and make George and everybody jump," Robbie said, looking up at Troy and smiling for the first time, under the yellow brim.

"What! Not during the wedding!"

"Oh, look at me forget about *you* being there."

"It would cause a stir. Furthermore, I'd be scared of Aunt Mac. Why don't you go walk in now? What's keeping you, if you're going in the end, like I say to myself?"

"Do you mean to say, Robbie Reid, you had gone off and *left* George Fairchild and now you're just *coming back*?" said Miss Thracia. "I know what he ought to do to you."

"Must I go now, and push him out of the hammock?" said Robbie softly. Her eyelids fell, as if she were about to go to sleep. Tears ran down her face.

"That sounds better than the other," said Troy. She jumped off the stool. "I rather you didn't shoot up my wedding. We're next thing to kin, so go wash your face."

She gave him back his hat and he stood holding it politely.

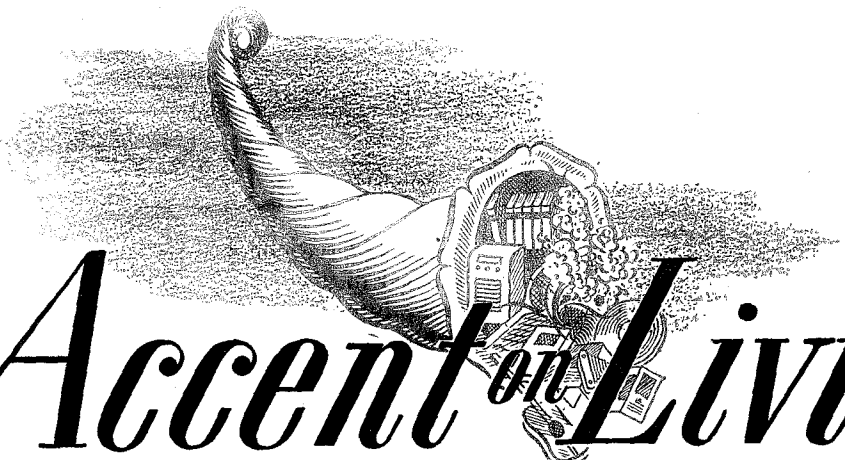
"And to tell you the truth," he said when she came in from the little back porch with a clean face, "I feel without doubt you ought to be getting somewhere near your husband, not sitting here baking by yourself in this hot store."

Robbie went out, past Miss Thracia, Miss Maggie, and Miss Mayo, fluffing her hair. "See if you think she's going to have a baby," said Miss Maggie. "I wonder if it will be a boy or girl and how they'll divide up the land in that case."

"She's not," said Miss Mayo definitely.

With a start Troy went to the door and looked up and down the street. "I forgot to wonder how she'd git there," he said.

(To be continued)



Accent on Living

FOOD

Cheese

By CROSBY GAIGE

OUR cousins in England claim that the name "Cheddar" is theirs, and no one can dispute them. We have no Cheddar Gorge; we have no Mendip Hills; but we make enough Cheddar-type cheese every month to go far toward filling up Cheddar Gorge and to make a nice cheese spread for Somersetshire — eighty million pounds.

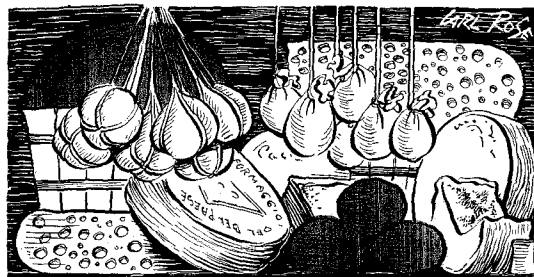
The English, with understandable chauvinism, do not like us to call our Cheddar-type cheese by the name Cheddar, and they are just as right as the French vintners who object to our use of Burgundy or Bordeaux or Champagne to designate our native American vintages. Personally, I think so well of some of our American wines and cheeses that I am certain they should stand on their own feet and assume the names of the locality that produced them.

We Americans have become so embarrassed by the uncertainties of this situation that the average citizen who wants a pound of fine, aged Wisconsin or Herkimer County Cheddar asks for "store" cheese or "rat" cheese, or for "American" cheese, which it is by inheritance but is not by birth. Out in Oregon, however, in a high, rich, and rolling valley in Tillamook County, they make a Cheddar cheese as good as Britain ever dreamed of — and, unashamed, they call it "Tillamook." One of our large dairy companies before the war produced a special Cheddar to which it gave the somewhat opprobrious title of "Coon," in honor of the man who had a new and

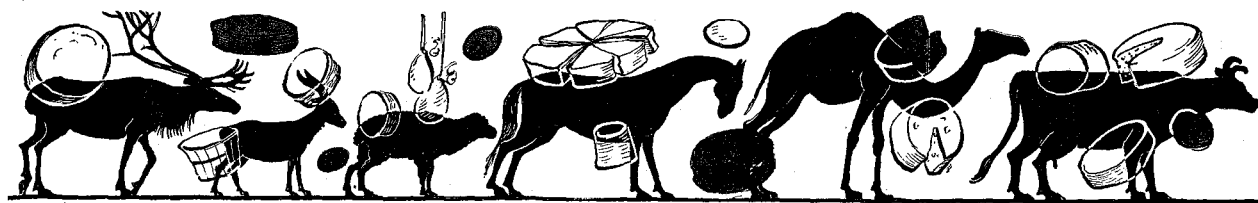
good notion about the preservation of a Cheddar. There was nothing opprobrious about the cheese, however, which belongs in the higher brackets of taste. I hope that it returns to our tables as soon as it can be ripened. In Sodus, New York, a small cheese-maker put out a five- or six-pound loaf of well-ripened Cheddar under the name of "A Hell of a Good Cheese" — and it was.

I have stressed our ability to make good cheese from cow's milk. We have made most acceptable Dutch, Swiss, and Italian type cheeses from the same fluid. We have never, to my knowledge, been able to produce anything remotely approaching Roquefort — that's made from the milk of innumerable ewes who nibble the sturdy grass that carpets the pasturage in the Cévennes mountains in France. No one in the United States would have the patience to milk ewes for a living. The so-called *bleu* cheeses are pale, dry, chalky imitations. My good friend Sir John Squire, and other British savants like Morton Shand and Osbert Burdett, may lament American or Canadian Cheddar, but the English still have to their credit their superb Wensleydale and Stilton. We have tried in vain to reproduce their excellence.

Roquefort, Stilton, Wensleydale, and Gorgonzola are veined with the bluish green mold of the *penicillium glaucum*. Without realizing why they did so, knowing eaters have made a practice of taking a bit of one of these cheeses at the end of a meal to polish off the repast and to help digest their dinners. Undoubtedly there was good reason for this, for Fleming, an Englishman, discovered that *penicillium notatum*, a close relative of *penicillium glaucum*, had the divine capacity to digest many things harmful to the human system. Another of the *penicillium* brothers, this one called *album*, is what gives Camembert its individu-



Author of many cookbooks, an authority on food and drink, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. He is the chairman of New York's Wine and Food Society.



ality, by ridding the curd of any lurking traces of lactic acid.

One sure way of making friends and of keeping them is to know your cheeses and to make a ceremony of their service. Some philosopher profoundly stated that cheese is milk grown up. And as milk is the universal pap of the young, cheese in its infinite variants offers the most complete variety show for the delectation and entertainment of mankind. There is a nice balance in the matter, for the riper and more mature the palate, the more it appreciates the maturer and more sophisticated cheese.

I give thanks to the good God, who gave us cheese and many other great gifts as well, that I have arrived at a state of grace where I can enjoy the racy philosophy of a Limburger. Although the sense of smell and the sense of taste are supposed to be more or less one and indivisible, Limburger is a cheese to be eaten and not to be sniffed. Our own native Liederkrantz has similar qualities and, spread generously on a slice of moist rye bread or pumpernickel, with a glass of cool beer in attendance, is a treat which any local Lucullus would enjoy if he happened to drop in unannounced for lunch.

There is, I fear, no short cut to an understanding of the finer shadings of cheese flavor, any more than there is to a full knowledge of the subtleties in wines. These difficulties, however, need not dismay the uninitiated. There are some five hundred varieties of cheese. Many of them, it is true, differ only in their names and their points of origin; in others, the margin of difference is too thin to be conveyed by the keenest sense of taste.

When all allowances are made, there are still perhaps fifty distinct types of cheese stemming from the milk of cows, goats, sheep, mares, camels, buffalo, reindeer; ranging in texture from the coziest ripeness to a hardness that yields only to the saw, the axe, and the grater; running in flavor from dewdrop mildness to the variety that can be eaten only with the aid of a gas mask. Anyone who pretends to know them all is imposing on our credulity and doesn't deserve the blessings of cheese.

Much of the hocus-pocus about eating and drinking, I believe, is quite superfluous. It scares more potential worshipers away than it ever attracts. One may enjoy a Beethoven sonata without being a musical expert; a glass of sound wine without being an educated gourmet; and a choice of the best cheeses without being overlearned in the lore of cheese-mongery. I shall have failed in my mission if I nip in the bud any incipient enthusiasm for cheese with a frost of exotic names and allusions. Some of the

cheeses I have enjoyed most, in remote places, I never learned to identify by name and shall have to meet and salute all over again if and when I return to their habitats.

The housewife who knows or uses only two or three varieties of cheese is deliberately limiting herself and stunting the culinary education of her family. She is not unlike a painter who, with all the colors of the rainbow on his palette, would restrict himself to two or three and ignore the others. But if she can recognize and appreciate a first-rate cream cheese, the commoner hard cheeses of the Cheddar and Swiss types, a few soft varieties like Camembert, Brie, and Neufchâtel, and a sample or two of the intermediate varieties, let us say Münster and Limburger, she is well enough equipped to inject the stimulating values of cheese into her family's diet.

The problem of influencing a rabbit is a simple one. It merely consists in teaching the rabbit to forget for the moment that it does not of necessity have to be Welsh — that it can be Swiss or French; that it can, under the name of *fondue*, a word which connotes the "melting pot," become a charming social custom that is just in line with the low but pleasant American habit of dunking. Fondue is a national dish in Switzerland. It may, indeed, have kept that nation out of the late unpleasantness, for a confirmed fondueist or dunker is never quarrelsome.

There are many ways of preparing a fondue, but the most famous one is the authentic Swiss. I cannot do better than to quote from Jeanne Owen's highly useful *Wine Lover's Cook Book*: —

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound Switzerland Swiss cheese, coarsely grated
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls flour
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 cup of Neufchâtel wine, or any similar dry white wine
- 3 tablespoonfuls of Kirsch
- Salt, pepper, nutmeg to taste
- A plate or small basket of French bread or hard rolls cubed into fairly large "bites"

Special equipment necessary: —

- A small earthenware casserole.
- An inexpensive, low electric plate, or an alcohol lamp.

Preparation: —

Dredge grated Switzerland Swiss cheese thoroughly with flour. Rub the casserole with the garlic, and bring the wine almost to the boiling point. Then add the cheese slowly, a handful at a time, and stir with a wooden spoon until thoroughly melted. Add salt, pepper, and nutmeg. When the fondue starts to boil add the Kirsch and serve at once, putting the lighted alcohol lamp or electric plate and its casserole on the dining table.



Do not let the fondue cook too much as the cheese is apt to become stringy. It must be kept bubbling lightly while the guests alternate in dunking a bread cube spiked on a fork. The momentary dunker keeps the fondue stirring until the next guest is ready to dunk.

This dish of course can be made from American Emmentaler or Gruyère, although a Swiss cook would have us believe otherwise. Incidentally, I learned from Lucien Prince, one of the really high priests of the fondue, that if the bubbling mass shows signs of stringiness, a little Kirsch, added from time to time, will act as a solvent.

Another of Mrs. Owen's concoctions, which I have enjoyed at her home, is a Tomato Fondue, in which we can use American Cheddar. This method has a quieting effect upon our rabbit and makes it less restless in the stomach.

Here is a dish that can be made at the table for Sunday night supper with great success. Use a spirit lamp or an electric plate. Make the fondue in a small earthenware casserole, and use a wooden spoon for stirring.

Prepare the tray in the kitchen with the following ingredients:—

- 2 medium-sized tomatoes, skin and seeds removed, and the flesh finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of dried sweet basil (or better still, six or eight fresh leaves)
- 1 clove of garlic
- Paprika
- 2 ounces (half a bar) of fresh butter
- 1 cup of white wine
- 2 cupfuls freshly grated Cheddar cheese — American or Canadian — mixed with one tablespoonful of flour

Rub the casserole with the garlic. Put in the butter and heat. When the butter melts, add chopped tomatoes and simmer a few minutes to cook them. Add the basil and paprika to taste (no salt, the cheese will be sufficiently salty) and the wine; stir, and allow to come to a boil. Add the cheese, half a cup at a time, stirring constantly; and when the cheese is melted and all ingredients blended, pour over toast on individual hot plates.

Just for the record, I am now going to register a protest that marks the boiling point of personal vexations. I don't like American processed cheese and I don't care who knows it. Swiss Gruyère and Emmentaler are processed cheeses, but those are cows of a different color. I am willing to admit that processed cheese has a keeping quality that endears it to the pockets of processors, jobbers, brokers, wagon distributors, and finally to the retailer. It has nothing

else to recommend it. Just nice slabs or bricks of chewy latex with a faint, far-off reminiscent touch of butyric acid. My children eat it. Your children eat it. Unless something is done to curb this sacrilegious practice, the present generation will grow to maturity as consumers of processed cheese without the remotest notion of the delightful civilization that dwells in a slice of well-ripened American Cheddar or almost any other cheese that has not been subjected to the present curse that bears the name of Pasteur.

Wise Spaniards had once the proverb: "*Quien no llama, no mama* — A quiet baby gets no milk." And quiet papas of this day and generation will get no good cheese unless they raise their voices against the pest of process and insist upon age, sapience, and maturity from their cheesemongers.

Persian Miniature

By MARTHA BACON

Now sleep the children
In the dark and golden
Wing-spread of evening.
Not loaf nor leavening,
Not wine nor muscat
Nor pomegranate,
Shall be my burden
When I quit the garden.

In desert places
Where bloom no roses
I shall stop to ponder
My love, his splendor.
I shall think on his wary
Hand and the fury
That lives in his thighs.
I shall speak his praise.
Strong breath, inform him,
Brave heart, confirm him,
Red blood, burn brightly
In his veins, and sweetly
In my ears forever
Be the sound of my lover.

In the silver morning
When doves are moaning,
When the air is pearly,
And dew like barley
Lies on green hedges,
Before the midges
Shall start their shrilling,
At the cockerel's calling,
I shall seek his portal
With a sprig of myrtle.
"Who knocks now?"
"Not I, but thou.
Open thy gates.
Thy soul awaits."



FINE ARTS

Paintings and Frames

By MACKINLEY HELM

A COLLECTOR who saw some of my Mexican paintings at the San Francisco Museum of Art sent me a telegram: "I like your pictures. Who is your framer?"

I replied that I had found in Boston a man who had enough taste to know that a new school of art needed new treatment in framing, and along with good taste, enough knowledge and skill to use correct ornamentation. I said that I thought he had taken up the framing of pictures exactly where it left off in the early part of the nineteenth century, and I had only given him head.

In the fourteenth century, cabinetmakers worked along with artists and architects to produce suitable settings for portable pictures. They began by copying the frames of immovable paintings in churches and convents, the fixed altarpieces which were often composed of three Gothic arches. Carved of stone, the arches were rigid, and the empty spaces within were filled with pictures painted on plaster. Carved in wood — the wooden version is the well-known "triptych" — the shrine's outer arches sometimes swung on hinges, and the wooden panels they framed were painted both inside and outside.

The first picture frames followed the more rigid pattern, with free variations. Sometimes the central columns were dropped, so that a continuous painting could fill the whole space beneath the three arches. Pictures may be seen in such frames in museums today for the reason that the frame and the picture were one. The artist did not make a picture and then go to the ebonist. He bought the frame first and then painted the panels with which the arches were filled. Sometimes he even painted landscapes and figures in flat recesses in the carved sections.

When Italian builders turned from the Gothic style with its pointed arches to follow the flat classical models, the cabinetmakers invented rectangular frames which looked like Greek doorways. Two columns held up a carved frieze of richer design than the plinth. When mitered moldings came into use, the carved fruits and cupids from the earlier friezes often looked odd upside down. On some of the mitered Renaissance frames, inlays of metals and colored ceramics vie with plaster motifs of shields, shells, and flowers. I have seen a hunting scene by Annibale Carracci in a period frame on which wild boars and dogs in gilded relief outrun their flat prototypes in the picture. Yet those frames arouse feeling because they partake of their own epoch's emotion.



The baroque style soon flowered in Italy, and the rococo in France, and then the designers of frames had their field day. The ubiquitous fancy gold frame of the present descends from a time when baroque architects outlined large spaces of wall with carved moldings and called in the painters to fill in the flat areas. Except in England and Holland, where the old Tudor and Dutch styles called for small pictures in unadorned moldings, flamboyance was the keynote in ornamentation. The works of many romantic French painters, like Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard, looked well in the fanciful frames; but when the rococo designs were later used to enclose the classical landscapes and portraits of

David and Ingres, for example, the result was monstrously out of keeping.

To Ambroise Vollard, a Paris art dealer, must be given the blame for putting the later nineteenth-century pictures into rococo settings. He showed the works of Cézanne, the iconoclast, in traditional curlicue frames. Other dealers thereupon bought all the old frames they could find, rubbed them down with white lead, for whatever reason, and exhibited all the new paintings in florid surroundings. Those frames, or worse copies, enclose the works of most French and American artists today.

An age which had little dignity in its building could have had none in its ornament. But it does not seem to have followed that with the return of architectural dignity there has been any revival of taste in respect to what goes on at the framer's. Moldings have been turned out by the score — simple, unadorned moldings of wood and metal which look all right, in themselves, against stucco and steel; but they frequently fail of serving the multiple purpose for which frames are intended. They "contain" the pictures; but how unfeeling they are, and impersonal!

There seem to be not many painters who believe with Whistler that frames do serve some good purpose; yet the people who live with the pictures and look frequently at them discern both a practical and an aesthetic function. A frame, first of all, separates a flat work of art from the flat wall it hangs on, and helps it compete, so to speak, with the three-dimensional objects of the room that it hangs in. Some painters feel that a frame encloses the picture too sharply and prevents its expansion; but for myself — and I have friends who agree — I prefer to have my pictures "contained," and not expanding and creeping all over the walls.

Beyond the practical purpose of defining the space that a picture inhabits, a good frame provides atmosphere — an ambient air in which a picture can thrive. Unfortunately, most frames cause the pictures to wither.

MACKINLEY HELM is the author of *Modern Mexican Painters* and of *Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes*, parts of which appeared in the *Atlantic*.

Today's correspondence to the great seasons of painting might be found in modernist houses filled with murals by such abstract painters as Braque and Picasso, or Stuart Davis and Feininger. It could be very exciting to live in that kind of house. But most people have to divide the wall space they have (there seems so little in the modern houses) with miscellaneous paintings and prints. It is that mixture of objects which the framer has somehow to bring into the relation of friendship with the house and itself.

When I began to bring Mexican pictures back to the States, I was confronted by this sort of problem: I lived in an illogical house which I happened to like and which I had not the slightest intention of leaving. It had a vaguely French style with high-ceilinged, wallpapered rooms, and in this old house, which yet bore no outward trace of New England, I proposed to hang pictures from a new foreign school.

I dumped the problem into the lap of my friend Boris Mirski, a Lithuanian dealer who keeps a shop in his gallery.

As a boy of fourteen in London, on his way from Vilna to Boston, Mirski picked up a truth through the fabulous medium of the magnified fact. He had grown up with painters and pictures at home, so he had found his way easily to a London gallery where he saw a drawing which he greatly admired. He inquired the price. It was £200.

"How can you hope to get so much for that drawing?" he said to the gallery director. "It is only a sketch on the back of a program."

"But look at the frame!" the director exclaimed. "Presentation is everything."

Years later, in Boston, Mirski set up a shop and began to practice the lesson he had learned in London: that the pleasure of owning a picture is sharpened by giving it all the frame it will take. What he did for my Mexican pictures illustrates the theories he had compounded for the edification of artists whose exhibitions he gave. He developed a style which the catch phrase "out of this world" exactly describes. He gave to new pictures a new world of their own — to each one its mansion. Pictures which at least kept their health in natural wood in my glass and brick house in Mexico City looked homesick among eighteenth-century tables and chairs in a French house in Boston. Yet I could hardly do the place over in Aztec or Mayan or Zapotec style, or even, though I should have liked it, in the Mexican form of baroque unhandily called *churrigueresque*.

Through Mirski's researches, I did the second-best thing. I surrounded my pictures with frames which contained hints of the cultures they came from; and if the figures in paintings by Siqueiros, Galván, Tamayo, Cantú, and Meza could remark their surroundings, I should think they would say they are kept mindful of home. The exact meaning of much of the carving, often from Indian sources, may escape the spectator who is used to the shell, the acanthus, the ruffled ribbon, and worse; but I think he will be relieved by the absence of gold leaf and

white lead, and see, like the California inquirer, that the framing is right.

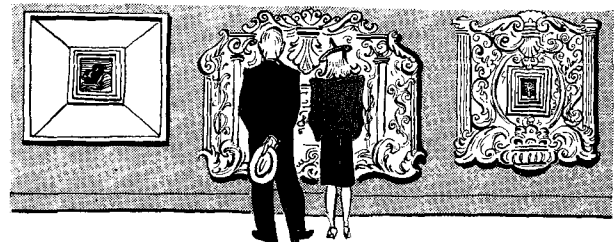
Judging from the misadventures of friends, I should say that the good picture framer is as rare a bird in our day as the excellent artist. I have investigated his sources of teaching and found them meager enough. So limited, in fact, is the bibliography of the art of framing that, in one library which I happened to visit, a shelf on that subject contained, in a French volume called *Passe-Partout*, a novel about a Countess de Casa-Real who, though not virtuous, had some musical taste. On the same shelf, in the book *Picture Frames*, I found stories. In the absence of handbooks, the average framer goes on using the so-called "French" frames, which are categorically bad however concealed with white lead, or the fashionable moldings of natural wood.

The plain woods are tolerable, though even then rarely distinguished, when the tone of the finish corresponds to the tones of the colors enclosed. Most wood tones are warm and should not be used with cool colors. Painted moldings are better, sometimes with complementary colors and sometimes contrasting hues. The painter's own colors must not, as a rule, be brashly spread over the frame, lest the original balance of color be rudely disturbed; although I must say that one of my favorite frames surrounds an Orozco with hot reds and vaporous greens close to the artist's own palette.

I dislike, along with plain moldings, the cloth mats now so much in use with oil paintings. They are used, so it now seems to me, to postpone the impact of irrelevant frames upon the pictures they hold. They are like neutral vestibules where the pictures may pause on the threshold of inharmonious houses. But the doors to the houses stand open, the pictures must enter and stifle. When mats are properly used to protect drawings and *gouaches* from the glazing, they should receive personal treatment in both line and color.

You cannot, of course, get individuality, distinction, and feeling in twenty-four hours. A good framer builds on acquaintance and knowledge. The frame is his commentary, the result of close understanding. If a painting is all shadow and light, without movement, he must take time to build a still house. If the picture rushes, let him give the frame motion.

To get the idea of what not to do, go to the nearest museum. You will see there a dashing John Marin in a staring white mat and a lifeless white frame, and a quiet, still Rembrandt in whirling rococo.



You probably have some definite notions about the kind of programs you'd like to see when the new CBS color television goes on the air regularly. Now is a good time to come out with them and there are two ways to do it:

The first is to volunteer to serve on one of Dr. Donald Horton's test juries of the current programs broadcast. Each week, as part of the activities of the CBS Television Audience Research Institute, he shows small groups of people actual programs, and sets down their eager and searching comments. So far he's polled sixty such juries. So if you want to be "tested" and to express your reactions tell CBS Television so by mail.

The second way is to sit back and mull over your ideas of what would make a good color television program and then write CBS Television (15 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City). We may not be able to manage it, but it will help us to complete a better blueprint of what most people seem to want most. So take your Christmas fountain pen in hand ...

★

Most Virginians know that station WRVA's announcer Joe Brown can always be counted on for help in a worthy cause. A Norfolk detective called Brown at the CBS affiliate in Richmond the other day and said he was looking all over town for a wheel chair for a 14-year-old boy stricken with polio. Brown said he was coming to Norfolk the next day and would get together with him. While the two were talking things over in WRVA's Norfolk headquarters the phone rang. This time it was a woman, another of Joe's regular listeners, who said that she had a wheelchair and wondered if Joe knew anybody who needed it.

Now you know one of the biggest satisfactions of working in radio.

★

The challenge facing American radio to promote world understanding is clearly forecast by William S. Paley, CBS president:

"What most of us think of as primarily a medium of entertainment and

enlightenment I saw used, by our enemies, as a very effective instrument of evil....

"The subtle, devious, persistent techniques of controlled radio, by which masses of people can be led to do and believe what a few other people want them to do and believe, have never been used in this country. For that reason alone, it is difficult for American listeners—and broadcasters—to conceive that they might ever be used on our stations.

"Our system of broadcasting carries with it automatic safeguards against any broadcaster who would direct his operations for selfish ends or in an unfair and autocratic manner. There is the free competition among stations and networks constantly striving for the ear of the listener and there is the right of the listener to register his likes and dislikes by 'tuning in' or 'tuning out'. Then again there is the great good sense of the American people who realize that any form of controlled information is a firm but definite step away from our democratic form of life. But these safeguards are not enough if the broadcasting industry is to become complacent or neglect the high degree of responsibility it must bear constantly.

"...It took the war...to reveal how big radio really is; how important its role can be in the years that are just ahead. If we are to admit the value of our past, we cannot deny the increased responsibility of our future.

"I believe that American radio has more to offer than it has yet contributed not only to our own people but to the people of the world. More than any other group or industry, we have opportunities to foster unity, tolerance and understanding — nationally and internationally. We have opportunities to keep the best informed and entertained audience in the world even better informed and entertained. We have opportunities to make strides and show advances in these fields because of the very strength of our system of broadcasting. It will be strong as long as it is free."



Want to be a sports announcer? How fast are your reflexes? Probably not as fast as Ted Husing's. With the clock stopped in the middle of the final play in the New Year's Day Orange Bowl Game, Al Hudson intercepted a pass and streaked 89 yards for the winning touchdown. You may have heard Husing's commentary over your CBS station, racing down the field along with Hudson; then heard him review two other famous last-minute touchdowns—in the 1937 Orange Bowl game and the Lafayette-W&J game in 1906. Husing named the players and described the plays in each of the games and had time left over to report the kick for the final point.

★

Ever since word went out last November that you stood a good chance of hearing your favorite Hollywood star perform whatever role you requested by writing to *Request Performance* (CBS-Sundays at 9 p.m. EST), 1000 letters a week have poured into Columbia's Hollywood headquarters and affiliated stations throughout the country.

In Tampa, for instance, Mrs. Raymond H. Canaday wrote to her favorite CBS station, WDAE, saying "please let Judy Garland sing *Over The Rainbow*. Please." Then Mrs. Canaday got out her box of watercolors and covered half the envelope with a remarkable likeness of Judy, hair-ribbon and all.

It's this kind of listener-devotion that probably prompted 600 U.S. radio editors to nominate *Request Performance* as the "Best New Program Idea in 1945."

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

The Undecided Ones

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

I HAVE been the victim lately, with increasing frequency, of a certain kind of lady. Whether it is due to some sort of population shift, or economic disturbance, I cannot determine, but this kind of lady appears on the streets in greater and greater numbers. She is found largely near department stores, linen stores, and restaurants. It is my belief that she is usually shopping for guest towels in delicate colors, with dainty appliqué or embroidery designs, and she is generally in an awful state because it is so hard to find pure linen these days, and she can't match the shade of apricot on the border of the dressing-table skirt. She is willing to compromise, because of the hardships of the war, on the pale green in the leaf design of the shower curtain, but nearly every green she has seen is just the least little bit off.



When she isn't shopping for guest towels, she is eating a chopped chicken and vegetable salad roll in a restaurant with her ever present friend, who is eating a Spartan crab flake salad because she is dieting. (Both the lady and her friend are always dieting, but as far as I can see, it never does a bit of good. Perhaps this is because they always wind up with a hot fudge sundae for dessert, with much sighing and moaning.)

This kind of lady (and her friend) is always so upset about the shortage of pure linen guest towels that she is often a little unconscious of where she is and what she is doing. Sometimes she and her friend are strolling along and one of them suddenly spies a simply darling blouse in a shopwindow. They either stop dead in their tracks, in surprised delight at how adorable it would look on Henrietta if only it were black instead of navy, or they suddenly change their course and, without any warning to the unwary citizen behind them, veer across the sidewalk to the window.

Both of these maneuvers are pretty rough on the person walking behind them, who is usually, unfortunately, *Me*. The instep of my left foot is beginning to look as though I'd caught it in a waffle iron by mistake. Sometimes they have the decency to say they're sorry (though they're not nearly so sorry as I), but more often they're so intent on the darling blouse (which they have no intention of buying) that they don't even realize they've stepped on something softer than pavement. Perhaps they think I'm a bit of old apple core or something. I don't know.

These ladies are very prone to stop and chat in front of revolving doors, escalators, elevators, and

swinging doors. When I am forced to go to a department store, at whatever floor I have to get off the escalator, there is always a pair of them in front of me, and I have had to learn the technique of a rabbit on a treadmill while the ladies decide whether to shop for lamp shades first or girdles first.

It always happens, too, that these ladies are always going in the opposite direction from everybody else. They're always getting *on* elevators when everybody else is getting off. They're always getting *off* the bus just when everybody else is getting on. They're always walking in the wrong direction on the sidewalk. When everybody else is crossing the street, they're

standing on the sidewalk trying to decide whether they should go to Brown's or Green's. And when everybody else is safely across the street, the lights have changed, and traffic is just starting to move, they decide to go to Green's, and run across right in front of the cars.



These ladies have never learned to balance themselves on buses, with the result that every time a bus stops or starts, they have

suddenly to rearrange their stance, and I get a new wound on my left instep.

I suppose they can't really help it. They have worries. And besides, the green towels are going to be just the least little bit off again, and they'll have to come downtown tomorrow to return them, and then they'll have to go to Brown's after all. Or perhaps Wasservogel's would be better? Well, never mind. Time enough to decide that just as they're getting off the bus. The front door of the bus will be a *good* place to talk it over.

And I think I know a good place for the instep of my left foot.

Firewood

By SGT. HERBERT MERRILL

IF YOU want fire tonight, you'll chop some wood
This afternoon before the early dark.

Northeast in the far orchard there's a good
Stand of old trees with scaly tinder-bark.

Dead limbs, green lichen'd, ready for the fire,
Grown up with poison oak, though — mind your hands.

Look for bright berries, vines as tough as wire,
And when you see it, leave it where it stands.

What kind? Why, apple trees, past bearing now.

Lord knows how old they are. Sometimes in spring
A few white blossoms creep along the bough.

None last year though. The only blessed thing
That orchard's good for is to burn at night.

So get along now. Hurry while there's light.

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared in several recent issues of the *Atlantic*.

FILMS

“ . . . and Selected Short Subjects ”

By GORDON KAHN

FROM the time of May Irwin's thirteen-second Kinetoscope *Kiss* — when everything played in a cloudburst, lit by a plumber's candle — to last week's Fitzpatrick Traveltalk, more than a billion feet of one- and two-reelers have snarled through the projector. Enough film to reach from here to Betelgeuse and double back after girdling Elliot Paul and Meade Lux Lewis. Yet, of that entire output, perhaps five — certainly not more than ten — reels have merited anything more than the prudent phrase “. . . and Selected Short Subjects” on the theater marquee.

The first time that standing head came down was for *Fight Between Mongoose and Cobra*, which was designed as a purely scientific reel. Again, ten years later, in 1933, Walt Disney's *Three Little Pigs*, which has not been equaled, even by its maker, was advertised by its title.

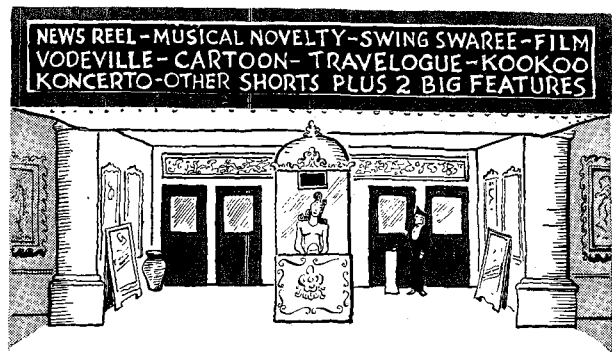
An output of advertisable short subjects at the rate of one every ten years gives the producers little to swagger about, but they continue to manufacture 450 titles annually, exclusive of newsreel footage and short subjects under the auspices of the armed forces and the State and Treasury Departments.

Admittedly, nobody is leaving the dishes in the sink to catch the spectacular hoe-down in the six-minute reel called Novak's Comedy Band, except possibly Novak. And most people can take their Nostradamus or leave him alone. No petition has yet been filed urging Paramount to hurry its release of *Pitching Woo at the Zoo*. Why not then give the customers their double feature, the current newsreel with trailers of next week's dual attraction, and have done with the whole gruesome eclecticism of selecting short subjects?

It isn't that simple. Like the suit with two pairs of trousers, the selected short subject will stay so long as the theatergoer seems to enjoy wearing the original suit and the premium pants at the same time. He wants his show, every last foot of it, particularly since theater admissions have doubled in price in the last six years. Along with his *Song of Bernadette* he wants Buster Crabbe and Fifi D'Orsay in *Nabonga*; a Who's Who in Animal Land, an Unusual Occupations reel, and a Puppetoon. If the manager will run Dude Ranch Buckeroos in addition, the customer will hold still for that also.

People who are quiet and patient over some mechanical delay in projection will bay ominously if the exhibitor dares to follow one feature with another without a few shorts in between. In Balaban and Katz tajmahals as well as independently owned bear

GORDON KAHN is a frequent contributor, from Hollywood, to the *Atlantic*. Our readers are advised that he has not made up a single title of the shorts and features mentioned in this report; all were bona fide releases during 1944-1945.



gardens, the audience wants that segue of selected short subjects to defrost on. Between *Gaslight* and *I Accuse My Parents* they will have Hunting the Devil Cat with Howard Hill, The All-Star Melody Masters, and Trifles That Win Wars. And on the way out they will ask what about a Bugs Bunny or a Looney Tune.

Like the prize in a box of Cracker Jack, “. . . and Selected Short Subjects” means that there is a little cumshaw — tawdry but not always useless. For every five Puppetoons in which little black Jasper is chauvinistically represented as a handkerchief-head who steals chickens and slobbers over a ham bone, there may be one *The Negro Soldier*. For every half-dozen Leon Errol and Edgar Kennedy two-reelers that RKO puts out, it releases one of the “This Is America” series.

Larded between *Double Indemnity* and *Hat Check Honey*, MGM's Nostradamus, in Divination No. 4, may augur through false whiskers and an equally specious script that Hitler is foredoomed to have his throat cut by Heinrich Himmler — all of which he reads in a pious miasma created by pouring henbane over an Alka-Seltzer tablet — but the newsreel saves the show. There is a scene of Marshal Pétain in the accused's chair during his trial for treason. A close-up shows the hand that signed a million patriots to despair, fluttering like a hooked carp.

Either *She Snoops to Conquer* or *They Stooge to Conga*, or both, may be coupled with *Laura*, but the program still calls for a travelogue. “. . . After the roasting process the coffee is packed in bags and shipped to all parts of the world. . . . And so, with heavy hearts we board the good ship *La Cachimba* of the Yellow Flag fleet, sailings every two weeks, and bid Aloha Oe to Rio de Janeiro, truly a veritable Atlantic City of the south!” Here again, the newsreel may be a piece of frozen history, perhaps the one which was preceded by the warning title, “Those who do not wish to witness the filming of an actual execution are advised to shut their eyes for 33 seconds.” Those who didn't, saw Pietro Caruso, the Italian traitor, blasted at twenty paces by a like number of rifle bullets.

In a more recent newsreel, without warning to the squeamish except the title, *Death of a Nazi Criminal*, the murderer of a wounded American paratrooper was hustled up the steps of a gibbet and exquisitely hanged. The feature that followed was *A Royal*

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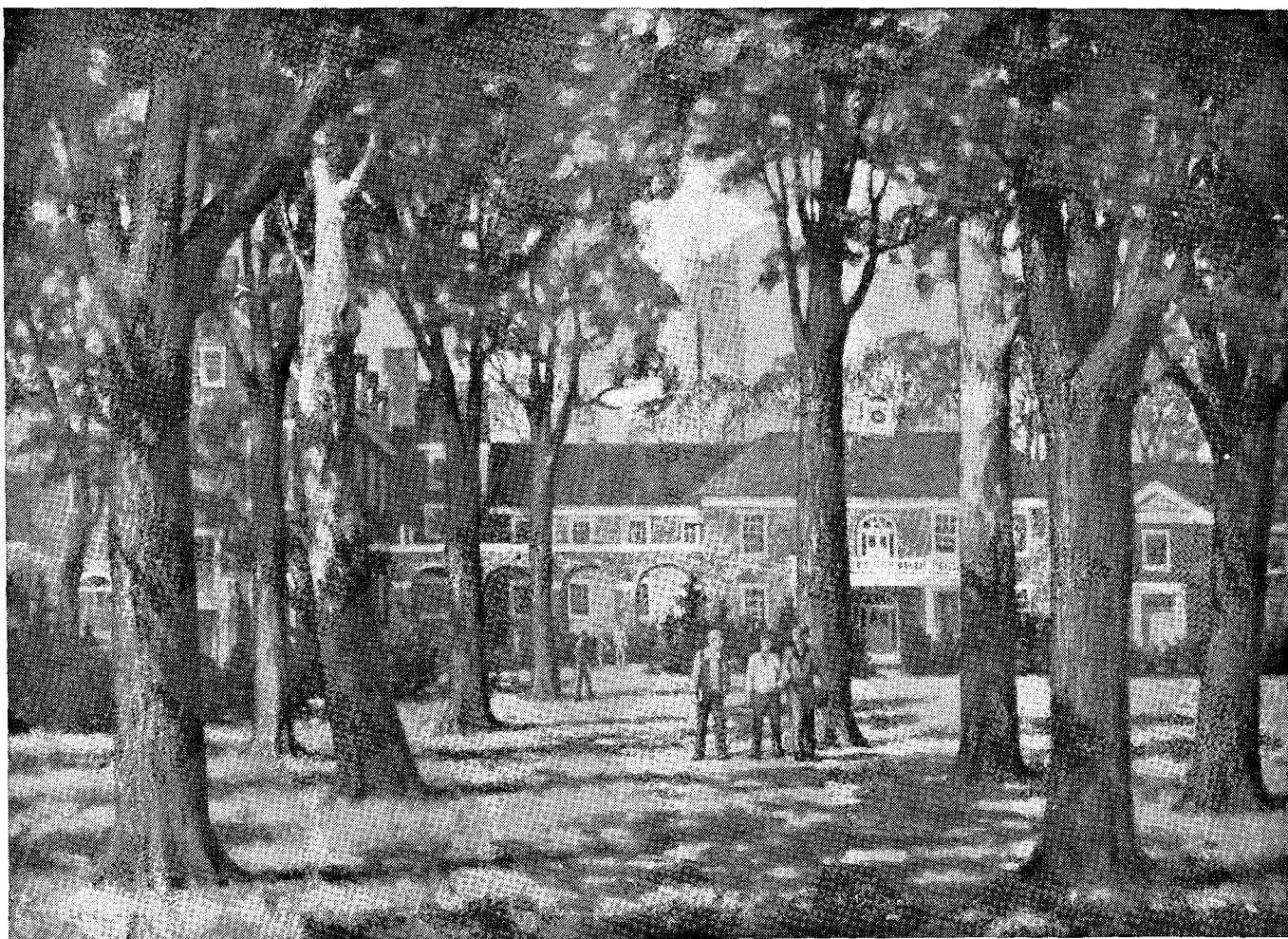
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Scandal and the selected short subjects were Fannie Hurst and Her Pets, and Kehoe's Marimba Band, a display described as follows by its manufacturers, Columbia Pictures:—

Reg Kehoe and his Marimba Queens are but one of the vaudeville acts on this variety show. Opening the reel in time-honored custom are the acrobats, the Winter Sisters. Following in order come Glenn Miller and his Modernaires, Andy Mayo, made up as "Pansy" the horse, and the featured band brings down the curtain.

Warner Brothers, whose shorts department has been well ahead of the pack in the documentary field, will, however, not be outdone by its rivals who produce filmic vaudeville. Warners' little afterpiece called *Listen to the Bands* is described by them as

A medley of four orchestras playing tunes of varied tempos. Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Band play a sprightly number, "Hep and Happy." Joe Reichman gives his version of the "Moonlight Sonata." Skinnay Ennis and his crew offer the favorite "Three Little Words." And Milt Britton winds up with the "Poet and Peasant Overture" slightly swung.

Once, shorts of this type were called "chasers" and thrown on the screen in the event of fire or civil disturbance. Nowadays only hunger will drive a patron out of his seat, and he need go no further than the inner foyer, where there is a candy counter heaped with nutritious Turkish Delight and highly vitaminized nut bars.

In the past, when shorts were but one to a program, the animated cartoon comprised the bulk of the minor product. Felix the Cat was the prime character then and he has joined that pantheon of cartoon beasts to which RKO has recently sent the immortal Mickey Mouse. They still have Donald Duck, but Warners' Bugs Bunny is proving far more popular. MGM publishes Tom and Jerry, a cat and mouse team whose specialty is refined mayhem. This studio also has a shambling cartoon bear who gives the impression that his placket is always open.

Two of Paramount's attractions in the shorts market are the Popular Science and Unusual Occupations series, which are photographed in color. A trade publication describes a typical issue:—

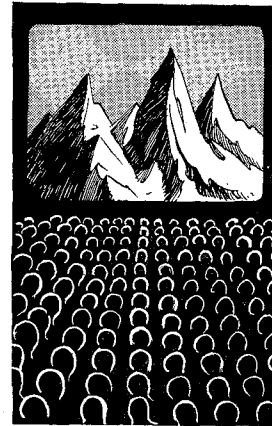
The items in this reel are many and varied — all the way from São Paulo, Brazil, to the Great Gildersleeve. In between are accounts of orchid growing in Java; an alligator enthusiast in St. Augustine, Fla.; a Cleveland, Ohio, man who makes fish lures from hub caps; and a New York woman who creates personal crests from names and signatures.

Al Capp's rustic Werther, Li'l Abner, performs in one-reelers for Columbia. Twentieth Century-Fox controls the "March of Time" releases and in its travel reels wisely processes film exposed by scientific expeditions and tourists intelligent enough to aim their cameras where MGM's Marco Polo, Fitzpatrick, has not yet ventured. In the cartoon division, Twentieth has entered Terrytoons, which must pulse with

drama as well as horseplay. Synopsized, the plot of *The Cat Came Back* reads:—

The Cat, which has been a sore trial to the farmer and his dog, is finally taken for a ride. He returns to plague them, but falls down a well which the farmer boards over and weighs down. Amazingly enough, he finds an escape and stalks triumphantly into possession of the house, while dog and farmer retire in a rout.

There's the meat of high theater there. One might even say it is a little *Wilson*.



With a laudable exception, the studios are timid about documentary films, leaving them mainly to private venturers. The studios will cheerfully make "historicals," showing how a domestic accident gave us the boon of vulcanized rubber; or how the Mormons were saved from extinction by a flock of gulls that flew a thousand miles inland and destroyed a plague of grasshoppers.

A film like *The Fighting Lady* plays only once a day in a theater where *Crash Goes the Hash* gets four showings. *Mouse Trouble* wins the Academy Award and *With the Marines at Tarawa* goes begging. Exhibitors pay handsomely for the rental of *Chick-a-Dee-Bom-Bee*, but will send back, after one screening, a rent-free War Department reel.

This, in the face of appeals such as this:—

THE BATTLE FOR THE MARIANAS! Free at your Warner Exchange. Show this 100% filmed-under-fire two-reeler at every performance! Made by Marine Corps combat photographers, *The Battle for the Marianas* is filled with actual scenes of Jap snipers at work — Jap mass suicide — Jap civilians under combat conditions. Start it going now! Show it at every performance! Do this for America!

In the same publication which printed that, an exhibitor in rural Indiana responded, "These OWI subjects were supposedly produced to make the public war-minded. They had better close the book on this outfit. . . . As for us, we run no more of them. It is still a free country and I'll use my own judgment of what I will show my public."

There's evidently a man who selects his own short subjects shrewdly. With *All This and Heaven Too* he may well have shown Bugs Bunny in *All This and Rabbit Stew*.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokio with *Junior Jive Bombers*.

Little Clayton the Farmfront Wonder with *Dragon Seed*.

Delinquent Daughters with *To Heir Is Human*.

And for that big Founder's Day quintuple feature, *Rhapsody in Blue* and *I Got Plenty of Mutton*.

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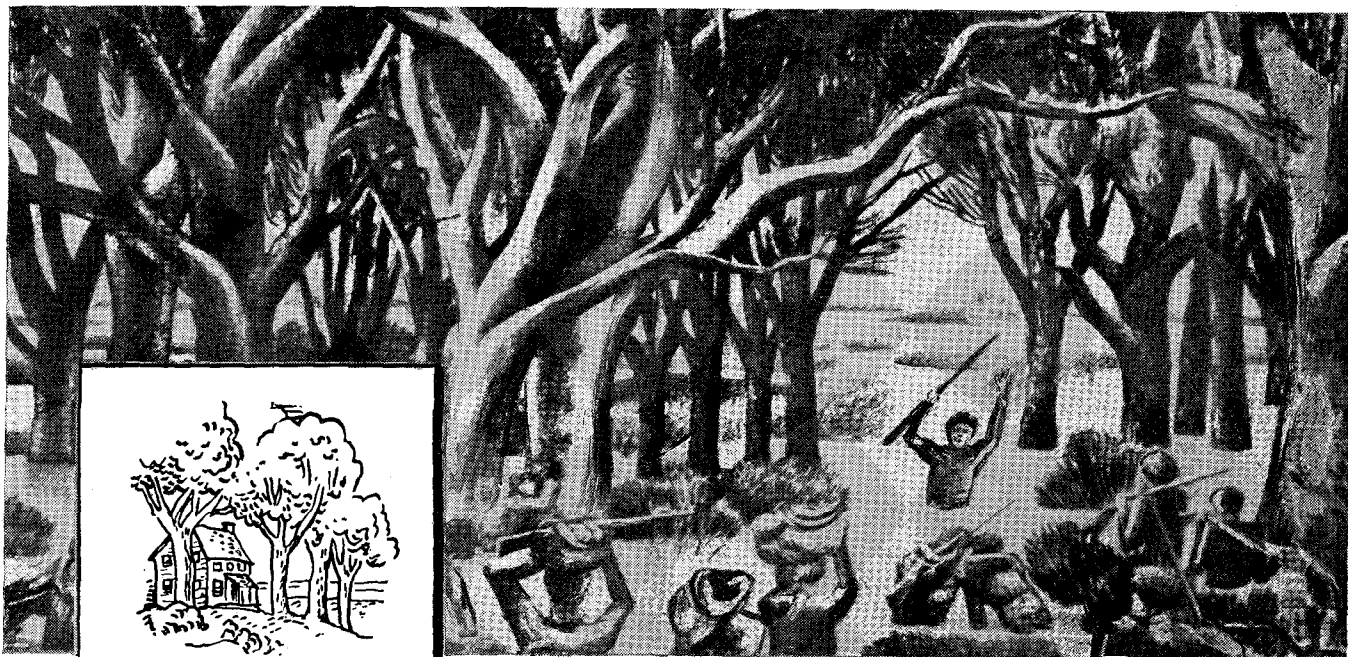
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Illustration by John de Martelly for William E. Wilson's *THE WABASH*

It Happened in February...

"ON the 4th of February I got everything complete, and on the 5th I marched." This sounds incredible when you consider that George Rogers Clark's little army of Kentucky frontiersmen was entirely inadequate to capture Vincennes. He had no base of supplies, no avenue of retreat, no reinforcements, and the French at Kaskaskia were not eager to join a march across two hundred miles of "drowned" country.

But Clark so imbued his men with his own spirit that nothing could stop them. They were real men, and they knew it! They danced and sang and splashed—and they marched. They crossed the torrent at one fork of the Little Wabash. Another five miles of flood water lay ahead.

"Is that all?" asked a tall, gaunt Kentuckian. "Why, that's not even worth me-a-tuckin' my shirttail inside of my britches fur!" He plunged waist-deep into the water, beckoning to the others with his rifle, held high above his head.

When the little drummer climbed abroad his drum and paddled on ahead of everybody else, they laughed, until someone shouted: "Lookie thar! That-air young'un's a-tryin' to beat us to it!"

With a war whoop they were after the drummer, scrambling and stumbling. On and on they marched. Slow, cruel, incredible it was. Starved and exhausted, they marched two hundred and forty flooded miles in nineteen days to Vincennes...

THE WABASH by William E. Wilson is a "lyrical history... The humor of the descriptions and breezy directness of the historical narrative are proper to the flavor of this cheerful book."* And the pages of each of the great books in the *Rivers of America*, added together, make up a thrilling panorama of America's past. This series presents a new kind of history—history brought to life with fiction, poetry, humor and folklore. Each of the twenty-eight volumes has been the work of an outstanding author whose association with its river is close and personal. The illustrations are by distinguished American Artists who have worked on the actual scene.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

THESE are the days when to be shut in is a pleasure. I have never been a great one for tumbling in the snow, nor ever shall be, now that the accumulation of reading has first claim upon my week-ends. The rhapsodies of skiers I must take on faith; I have never broken a leg on Cannon Mountain, nor felt the heroism of being trundled across country to have my collarbone repaired at the Hanover Hospital. But I have watched the blue of the conifer's shadows as it deepens on the untouched snow, and the stripped perfection of beech and elm as they point to the cobalt sky. My appetite for the open winter has been made keen by the splitting of wood or by walking with my old spaniel (until ice forms in his pads and he has to be carried). And my appetite for the open fire and the open book which are the benison of February make me realize how much I love the city and how little time any of us has had for true reflection since Hitler's voice began to scream in 1938.

Winter never shut us in for long in my part of New Jersey; even after a heavy fall of snow the slush came quickly. During one blizzard, when Father was away on a business trip, I fabricated a pair of snowshoes out of a couple of old tennis rackets and used them that very afternoon on Clinton Place. It was a tribute to their maker that the gut lasted as long as it did; they were made by Slazenger's, and the name has ever since had a tingling association for me, as the rackets proved not to be as old as I had suspected.

Not until I came to New England did I really know what it felt like to be blanketed and shut in by the snow. In my twelfth year I spent the winter with my Navy cousins on Kittery. There for three days we were shut in by the greatest blizzard I have ever known. It blotted out school and ferry; it made visits

and naval routine all but impossible; it made each of those old rose-brick houses a warm, happy island protected from life. We had hours, days, to do as we pleased; we read and were read aloud to; we made fudge (the chocolate for which had been unfortunately impregnated with Lifebuoy soap), and we did our stamps stretched out on the floor — which is the only way to do them when you are twelve.

The President's collection

Every boy who is collecting today, every philatelist old enough to be critical, must have felt a covetous curiosity about F.D.R.'s stamp collection. As a philatelist F.D.R. was lucky from the outset. His collection was started by his mother, Sara Delano, and when it was passed along to him early in his boyhood, it was certainly better than average. The Delano family had extensive business in the China trade, and therefore young F.D.R.'s collection of Hong Kong stamps and covers which he corralled from the family papers was very near a "specialty" at a time when most of us would have been trading to round out our simplest U.S. edition.

Stamps must have been a great solace to him during those shut-in days of his illness. Certainly he worked hard at them then as he did in the White House later. There for thirteen years he had an unrivaled, some say an unfair, opportunity to fill out his volumes with presentation sheets which came his way in number. Loyal lieutenants were sending back to him dies from abroad, and here at home he naturally had first choice of the National Parks and the other Farley imperforates, one sheet of each being reserved for the President with the Postmaster General's inscription: "This is the first sheet just as it came off the press today."

We know that Mr. Roosevelt was working with his stamps at Warm Springs on the last morning of his life, and we now know that the whole collection, unique as it is, has been well and fairly appraised by an expert, George B. Sloane. Mr. Sloane made his examination at Hyde Park shortly after the President's death, and the account of his appraisal, which I recommend to every collector, appears in the November 24 issue of *Stamps*. "I am certain," he writes,

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"that I was the first person, aside from the President himself, who had ever seen his *entire* collection, and I doubt that even Mr. Roosevelt realized the size of the collection he eventually assembled. . . . It is a valuable collection of stamps, but not a million dollar collection, as I have seen reported on several occasions. I appraised it at \$80,000. It contains no spectacular or famed rarities in single stamps, and there is no 24c airmail invert, nor even a proof of the invert, contrary to past rumors. The President had a hand in almost all of the stamps issued during his administration, and it is generally understood that he drafted numerous rough pencil sketches for the designs. . . . If these sketches are in existence, they more likely are in the files of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the final designs are customarily completed for our stamp issues."

Mr. Sloane tells us that the collection shows evidence of prodigious labor in its mounting, that the President did all his own writing up, and that long-hand notes, often in pen and ink, usually in pencil, extend through all the volumes. He tells us that for years Mr. Roosevelt had given over some part of his time each day to his collection, and he often worked on his stamps while in bed. He tells us that in the deep wire basket that held the results of his last morning's work, there was a booklet containing a collection of Japanese issues used in the occupation of the Philippines, and among other things an envelope containing mixtures of duplicates, on the outside of which F.D.R. had written, "To give away."

The lost cause

Lost causes are the brocade of romance. Napoleon, the ogre of Europe who was feared during his life only a little less than Hitler, has now moved into the golden light. The lost cause of the Confederacy needed no such perspective: Southern chivalry was heroic ten years after Appomattox. But it takes rather longer to bestir sympathy for Benedict Arnold or for the Tories in New England, as Kenneth Roberts has done, and it will take longer still, I hope, to attach any romance to the monstrosity of the Nazi regime. Loss when it is coupled with devastation, immeasurable cruelty, and disease (as in the War of the Roses) is not remembered in romantic terms.

In her new novel, *The King's General*, Daphne du Maurier has found a time and cause beautifully suited to her talents. The time is three hundred years ago, the forties of the seventeenth century, when Britain and Ireland were bitterly divided in their hatred or loyalty toward that "proud, stiff little man," Charles I.

Miss du Maurier revives those hotheaded days when the Duchy of Cornwall rose and rose again in its loyalty to Charles I. Fiercely and craftily led by Sir Richard Grenville, the King's General in the West, the Cornishmen cut off the Roundheads and drove them into the sea. It was at dear cost, for the great country houses, like Menabilly, which were Sir Richard's headquarters, were sacked and burned.

And the triumph was short-lived. Sir Richard, the best professional soldier in the field, was the evil genius of his cause, as he is the Svengali of this story.

He was contemptuous of mediocrity, and his cruel quips, his swift, malicious answers to authority, won him no friends at court. He exacted unquestioning obedience from his troops, just as he demanded that his men be paid, even though the Cornish squires had to be pinched to do so. A ruthless soldier, it rankled that his Prince could never trust him with complete command.

But there was another side to Richard, so sudden, so tender, so unaccountable, that the women who loved him, and chief among them Honor Harris of Lanrest, saw him as he might have been, and therein lies this tale.

The story is written in retrospect, as Honor, a crippled and broken woman, might have written it, in the last autumn of her life when the King lived over the water and the country lived groaning under Puritan severity. The reminiscence is set down in the long hours of the night, when Honor is too cramped to sleep, and it is part of Miss du Maurier's spell that we continually see the eager, kindling spirit of eighteen shining through the wasted woman ("My camp follower, my trailer of the drum," as Sir Richard once called her), and that we attach such intensity to a story which is doomed from the start. Here are the passing moods of romance — the courtliness of the Duke of Buckingham, whose birthday party first brings the pair together, the love-making in the apple tree, the venom of Gartred Grenville, Richard's sister, who could so easily have prevented Honor's accident, the bucolic beauty of Cornwall before the troops laid it waste, the black moods of Skellum Grenville, and the loyalty with which the Cornishmen went to their death. The posturing, the hidden passages, the cold steel of jealous lovers are the old familiar effects of melodrama; yet here in *The King's General* the blend of fact and fiction is to me more brooding and plausible than in *Frenchman's Creek*; it is written pensively and accompanied by that feeling of loss which must today have been sharpened in any sensitive Englishwoman who surveys the present and remembers the past.

A German in Paris

In the winter of 1941 Mr. Somerset Maugham was the guest on one of my broadcasts, and at the close of our discussion I asked, "What effect do you think the last war had upon English fiction? And what may we expect from this?" "That's a very difficult question," he replied. "I've never pretended to be a prophet, and if I've ever preached it's been unbeknownst to myself. Early in the last war I was dining with some French officers in their mess and the conversation turned to this very topic. I hazarded the opinion that defeat was a better subject for fiction than victory, and so I suggested that the best novel about the war would be written by a German. If you remember *All Quiet on the Western Front* you will



Peony

A novel by Keith West

Readers of Keith West's *Winter Cherry* will anticipate the charm and delight of this new Chinese romance. Peony is a girl of independence and perception—qualities on which neither East nor West, past nor present, has a monopoly. Her story has the sophistication, deftness, and wit which characterize all of Keith West's writing. \$2.00



A Macbeth Production

By John Masefield

Here is a delightful book in which John Masefield gives his directions, scene by scene, for the ideal production of *Macbeth*. \$1.75

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*Introductions by
H. W. L. Dana*

This is a representative collection of the most recent Soviet plays in English, including the work of Simonov, Leonov, and Afinogenov.

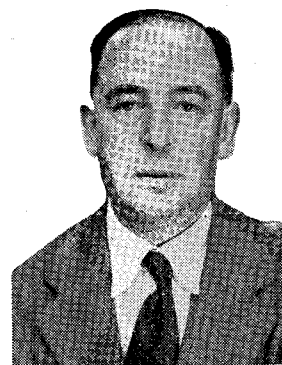
\$4.00

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*By
C. S. Lewis*

*Author of
The Screwtape Letters*

Whatever Blake may have meant by the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, some sort of marriage between them is continually attempted. C. S. Lewis, against all such efforts, proclaims the inevitable divorce. Here is brilliant symbolism very like the author's famous *Screwtape Letters*. \$1.50



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By E. R. Punshon

A baffling puzzle for mystery fans who prefer people to types and problems to gunplay. By the author of *Night's Cloak* and *The Conqueror Inn*. \$2.00

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By Ruth Pitter

A new volume of poems by Ruth Pitter, whose gifted lyrics have won an appreciative audience among critics and readers both in America and England. \$1.50

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admit that I was right. I can only say the same thing now."

If he is right and defeat is a better subject for fiction than victory, then we should look to the French, who lived with defeat for four years; to the Greeks, who were riven by it; to the Italians, who still taste the gall. But I question if this time we can expect much from inside Germany: the Nazi contamination resulted in a mental paralysis, and the greatness of man in defeat would be hard to find in the Germany of today.

In *All Quiet on the Western Front* Erich Maria Remarque concerned himself with men in defeat. Now in his new novel, *Arch of Triumph*, he has selected for his protagonist one of that considerable number of Germans who were outcast and marked for tragedy before the war began. Ravic, his hero, was once the chief surgeon of a great German hospital. He was tortured by the Nazis; as an exile he served as a surgeon with the Spanish Loyalists, and after that defeat he comes to Paris, without papers or passport, living in the Hôtel International, "a little island of uncertain existence," supporting himself as an operator for Dr. Veber, who runs a private hospital, and as a ghost doctor for Durant, a wealthy French physician too old to do his own surgery. His hard knocks have detached him from any base; he stands alone, observant and ironical, accepting the present for whatever it may bring.

Ravic's is a hard philosophy: "When there is no longer anything sacred to one, everything again becomes sacred in a more human way. One reveres the spark of life that pulses even in an earthworm. . . ." Ravic enjoys the sanctuary which Paris gives him; he finds forgetfulness in surgery, alcohol, and women; he lives for revenge against the Gestapo; and most of all he lives because of his responsibility for the human body, a surgeon's responsibility which has never been beaten out of him.

On the surface this is a hard story, a story of gynecology and of brothels, of abortion and death. The author must provide us with some sentimental or comic relief from these sordid details, and he does so in two ways: by showing us Ravic's occasional nostalgia for the Germany that has perished, and by high-lighting the doctor on his nocturnal adventures in Paris. There is a kind of inverted romanticism in this — for instance, when Ravic and his mistress Joan set out for an evening of drinking. They have two vodkas before dinner, and a carafe of *vin rosé* with their hors d'oeuvres; they then go on to the Colisée, where they clean up two cognacs, and then on to the Scheherazade, where they buy a bottle of Courvoisier. Three o'clock brings them back to his hotel, where they drink cognac out of tumblers, while Ravic reminds Joan from time to time that he will have to be operating at nine. This is not exceptional; it is Ravic's steady diet, although he is apt to switch to Calvados as bedtime approaches. Well, there might be a few surgeons who could stand such punishment. There might be one.

Against a tawdry background, Mr. Remarque has animated for us the nervous beauty of Paris in those fateful months before the Occupation. Here is the French character caught in a flash, and skillfully caught, in its harsh reality — the taxi driver as he glances back at the lovers, Madame Boucher, who specializes in abortion, Boris, chess player, philosopher, and doorman at the Scheherazade, the spunky hotelkeeper who harbors the refugees, and M. Laval, the pompous official who with unconscious irony condemns to deportation the surgeon who had saved his life the month before. But neither these quiddities nor the prophetic fatalism of Ravic can save the story from running down. Remarque, who is an addict of melancholy, has here let his themes run away with him. The dialogues drone on too long for their best effect. The mood of loneliness is repeated with variations that become wearisome. The surgery is painfully excessive, and in his alcoholic fortitude, Ravic becomes superman. Powerful writing and many fine touches of characterization are clotted for want of selection.

FLORIDA

by R. E. DANIELSON

THIS is the time of year when there isn't very much for us Hardy Northern Races who live in New England to do, except to sew ourselves into our red flannels and parkas — in itself no mean feat — and creep into our igloos. Some of us do not emerge until the blithe season of strawberry festivals in our respective Sunday Schools. It is our privilege to spend the winter months in contemplation. We can ponder the thought that it must be a pleasant season somewhere else, and comfort ourselves with the reflection that a severe climate inevitably produces people of great physical strength and moral virtue.

To me, however, as an adopted Floridian, the season brings nostalgic memories of escapist flights to warmer climes, to "that vanishing Eden," as our Dr. Barbour, in a downright treacherous mood, calls it. Writing, as I am, in an early Igloo phase of the moon, my indignation as well as my nostalgia has been roused, not only by Dr. Barbour's book (which should be instantly banned and burned by the Watch and Ward Committee of the Miami Chamber of Commerce), but also by a volume recently published by the Yale University Press and edited by Evangeline and Charles Andrews. This volume bears the title: —

JONATHAN DICKINSON'S JOURNAL

or

God's Protecting Providence

Being the Narrative of a Journey From

Port Royal in Jamaica

to

Philadelphia

between

August 23, 1696 and April 1, 1697



The Street

A Literary Fellowship Prize Novel
By Ann Petry

This is the search for a home—a home that might be permanent and secure, that might be comfortable and sheltering. But it had to be found on the Street—116th Street in Harlem, and life on the Street was raw with violence and tense with a whispering intrigue. There was no shelter for Lutie Johnson, whose beauty was a constant source of danger. There was no security for Bub, Lutie's nine-year-old son, a solemn, tragic, little boy, whose world quivered with the imagined terrors of the Street. There was only the setting for drama and betrayal and a fierce protectiveness that was most dangerous of all.

In this novel Harlem emerges from its scaffolding of statistics and "angled" stories. It is the first such novel to be written by a Negro woman. It is one of the most powerful in its impact in the history of our Literary Fellowship Award.

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The original edition of this famous journal, brought out in 1699, is more explicit in its title page. God's Protecting Providence is "Evidenced in the Remarkable Deliverance of divers Persons from the devouring Waves of the Sea, amongst which they Suffered Shipwreck, and also From the more cruelly devouring jaws of the inhumane Canibals of Florida." This is the earliest and one of the unkindest references to our well-known Florida realtors which I have seen in any publication.

On the face of it one would think it unlikely that either Dr. Barbour or Jonathan Dickinson was a Southern Californian. There is little or no external evidence to prove this thesis. In fact the dates of Dickinson's Journal strongly argue against what is admittedly a moot point. But the internal evidence seems to me overwhelming. We Floridians are psychic about Southern Californians.

Before analyzing Brother Dickinson's document, it may be well to explain certain aspects of the Good Neighbor policy which prevails between Southern Florida and Southern California. To the outsider the fundamental principle of that policy would seem to be summed up in the one word *Sympathy*, the sympathy felt by the Floridian for the Californian and, laughably enough, *vice versa*. This sympathy manifests itself, not so much in the ordinary, placid routine of life, as in moments of sorrow and tribulation. If Mother Earth so much as shrugs a shoulder or raises an eyebrow beneath California's drenched and frozen winter soil, knocking down a brown Fedora or two, or canting a Filling Station and Barbecue establishment (Eat Here and Gas Up!), the Florida newspapers are one great wailing wall of sympathy for their suffering brethren in that unhappy land. Miami papers, with one accord, will spread the sad news all over the front page. Editors will devote their allotted space to establishing "A Rescue Fund for Southern California's Homeless Earthquake Victims!"

The response is uniformly generous. Not in money, perhaps, — though I have known one Rescue Fund which reached the grand cash total of \$14.97, — but in other ways. Citrus fruits — of which, as is well known, there are few of any decent quality in California — will be generously forwarded to the starving refugees. We do not need or possess, in Sunny Florida, clothing suitable for the cold, rainy climate of Southern California. Yet Northern tourists are canvassed, and sometimes quite respectable collections of turtle-neck sweaters, galoshes, ear muffs, and heavy underwear are forwarded, post haste, by "Bundles for California."

But when a high wind happens to run off its course and strike our famous beaches instead of New England, what does California do? She pretends that it is a hurricane! Ha! Ha! Hurricane! And sends us carloads of tomatoes. Tomatoes! As if our truck lands did not produce the finest tomatoes — faugh on such hypocrisy disguised as sympathy! Let us have done with their crocodile tears and return to the healthier subject of Brother Jonathan.

That good man, a Quaker planter and merchant of Jamaica, went to Florida the hard way. Together with his wife and six-month-old child, two other passengers, one of whom was Robert Barrow, "the Quaker Saint," and ten of Jonathan's Negro slaves, he sailed on August 23, 1696, from Port Royal, Jamaica, in the barkentine *Reformation*, Joseph Kirle, Commander. She carried a crew of eight men. After stormy wanderings, they were driven ashore near Jupiter Inlet on the Florida East Coast in the latter part of September. While they were getting ashore and trying to salvage useful material from the wreck (four of the party were invalids, the Commander having broken his leg in the storm), they were greeted in a dreary fashion by the native sons: "... their Casseekey (for so they call their king) with about thirty more came down to us in a furious manner, having a dismal aspect and foaming at the mouth." The travelers were robbed of everything, stripped naked, beaten, abused, starved, threatened with death.

During their long and dreadful odyssey to St. Augustine, on foot and by canoe, marching barefoot on the sandy coral beaches and in constant danger in their unseaworthy craft, exposed to flood and storm, they suffered almost every elemental misery. (The next edition should be expurgated by the Chamber of Commerce, deleting the passages on pages 42 and 49, and elsewhere, dealing with sand flies and mosquitoes, and those really unfortunate references to the extreme cold from which they suffered as they approached St. Augustine. Tactfully edited, with certain omissions, footnotes could point out that, after all, only four of them died from cold and starvation and that, at any rate, in going from St. Augustine to Charleston, they did not have to change trains at Jax.)

It would be hard, however, to excuse the conduct of the local Indians — unless one adopts the plausible but unproved theory that they were really Japanese. Incidents like the following were constantly recurring: "My wife received several blows, and an Indian came and took hold of her hair, and was going either to cut her throat or something like it, having his knife nigh her throat; but I looked at him, making a sign that he should not, so he desisted: at which time another Indian came with a handful of sea-sand and filled our poor child's mouth. By this time the Casseekey's wife came to my wife seeing her oppressed and they pulled the sand out of our child's mouth."

In fact, barring a few instances of kindness by Indian women who suckled the sick child, these noble redmen hardly rate as people. The child, incidentally, survived and grew to manhood in Philadelphia. It is pleasant to record that these unfortunate travelers — at their last extremity — were received by the Spaniards at St. Augustine, which they reached on September 15, with the greatest sympathy and kindness, and nursed back to health, clothed and fed, and sent under military escort to Charleston, whence they took ship to Philadelphia. Robert Bar-



PRESS ASSOCIATION

SUMNER WELLES *says:* "I believe it to be one of the most valuable documents of our times . . . Those who will read the Diary in its complete text will obtain an opportunity to gain a clearer insight into the manner of being of Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy."

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1939-1943

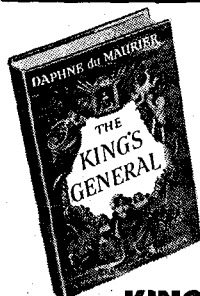
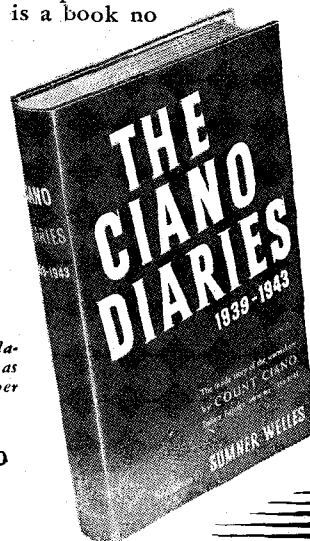
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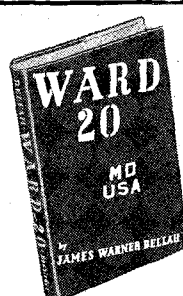
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By James Warner Bellah



One of the most beloved humorists of our time has left behind him this charming account of boyhood, revealing a new Leacock to his old admirers. Nostalgia blends with humor in a book of mellow reminiscences. \$2.00

THE BOY I LEFT BEHIND ME

By Stephen Leacock



For lovers of the naive charm of the Eighties, the intrigues of social and political Washington, and the hilarious behaviour of a wonderful, wonderful family. Guaranteed to brighten a dreary winter. \$2.00

PAPA WENT TO CONGRESS

By Kenneth Horan



A new novel in which the hero is a heel, this sensitive, thought-provoking book is a penetrating analysis of marriage, goodness and greed in a Southern town. A story that is different — brilliantly told. \$2.50

THE STONE IN THE RAIN

By Laurette MacDuffie

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row died there, shortly after landing, truly a saint, if genuine piety, Christian fortitude and firmness, enduring faith in "God's Providence," and utter selflessness are attributes of sainthood. Of him, the author writes on February 4, 1697: —

This day in the evening Robert Barrow departed this life and was buried the 6 instant having passed through great exercises in much patience; and in all the times of our greatest troubles was ready to counsel us to patience and to wait what the Lord our God would bring to pass. . . . And so this good man having finished his course with joy laid down his body and is with Him who rewards the just.

Many editions of this journal have appeared in the past, from the first, published in 1699, to the fourteenth in 1868. Never before, however, has it been treated in so thorough and scholarly a manner. Itself a mine of valuable source material concerning the Indians of Florida, it has been embellished by the editors with maps, reproductions of old engravings and of former title pages, and with appendices filled with apposite information.

The editors have traced, where possible, the antecedent and subsequent careers of the leading characters among these unhappy castaways. They have left — as far as I can discover — nothing undone to explain and illustrate this short but moving chapter in American history. And they have preserved unspoiled a story written as Bunyan wrote, but of an earthly pilgrimage.

Although Florida has been denied me this season, thanks to my iron-hearted partners, nevertheless I did manage to sneak in a fortnight or so of absence from my office. It was hardly worth while. On my return I was faced by a desk fairly groaning beneath its load of bad things. The reason for the paper shortage is crystal clear. All kinds of people print all kinds of things on perfectly good paper and send them to all kinds of other people who don't want them. Then we other people turn right around and send our product to them and they don't know what to do with it, and we keep the circle circling, and thousands of acres of forest melt away and erosion sets in, and the climate changes, and no one's sales resistance has responded with the slightest quiver or tremor. Nothing happens except on those days when you have mislaid your letter opener, and then you are very likely to cut your forefinger tearing envelopes apart.

Take a look, just take a look at my desk! First, sort out the publishers' announcements and advertising and publicity. Ninety-eight per cent of this material consists of adventures in futility. Publishers fall over their feet to assure me on December 15 that publication of "Who's Who in Tien-Tsing" has been postponed from November 3 to November 9. One and all labor under the natural delusion that they are writing either to Mr. Davidson or to Mr. Daniels. This gives an atmosphere of eery unreality to such a one-sided correspondence. Even when the tone of the message is chummy and cozy, I feel as if there were a

mistake somewhere and that I am really the ghost of somebody else.

Wandering in this limbo of anonymity, I have some hesitation in criticizing the output of my colleagues in the outer publishing world. Probably they send more interesting data to people whose names mean something to them; but at that, they send me certain communications they shouldn't send to anyone. First of all, I object to glossy photographs of authors and authoresses. I am unable to explain why it is so — except perhaps that ours is a sedentary and inward trade — but it is a fact that most authors look like shad. Not the vigorous shad, he or she, who rushes up the *cloacae* we call rivers, in order to perpetuate the shad race, but the tired shad who lingers in tidewater and spends its time breathing deeply and making pouting faces at other tired shad. And it does something to one's simple faith in the godlike quality of ladies to look at the shining face of the authoress who has just produced a best-seller and to be forced to the conclusion that there is something vaguely marsupial about her. Also, it is distressing to learn from a photograph that the author of that profound work, "What's Wrong With Everything?" will not require a razor for another ten years or so. How can so young a man know so much? No, authors should profit by that aura of mystery which enshrouds the great and the aloof. No more photographs, please.

It is heartening to see how many people, every day, want to help me in so many ways — people whom I don't know at all. There's the Commodity Research Bureau, Inc., for instance, standing ready to help me with my income tax problems. The American Iron & Steel Institute thinks I ought to know more about iron and steel and very kindly sends me a copy of *Steelways*, an excellent magazine of its kind.

Then there's the George S. May Co., which mails me a handsome folder entitled "20 Years of Trouble" — a work of supererogation in my opinion. Another friend obliges with "The Facts About Jackson Hole," and *Facts Magazine* furnishes me with an entrancing leaflet, "How to Write a Letter." The People's Lobby of Washington, D.C., wants to help me too, but I can't make out how. A lumber company — to me unknown — announces cryptically, but perhaps with an eye to my coffin comfort: —

We have on hand
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The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities wants money, probably to preserve me, and lots of other people want to help me to give money to excellent causes in other continents and climes. It is all a little confusing but at the same time extremely comforting to realize how many altruistic people are trying all the time to be of service to me, telling me what to do and how to do it. I'm afraid I must be a disappointment to most of them. My thanks to them, just the same.

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standing of America's
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BLACK METROPOLIS

**By ST. CLAIR DRAKE
and HORACE R. CAYTON**

Introduction by RICHARD WRIGHT

THOMAS SANCTON: "A great book . . . By virtue of its range, its labor and its insight, the book seems certain to become a landmark . . . BLACK METROPOLIS comprises 809 pages of data, graphs, narrative and incisive analysis of the Chicago black belt. For any open-minded man, it answers the question of what the Negro found in Chicago, and why the poverty-bound overcrowded black belt, with its high-rent kitchenettes, its discriminations, its towering barriers of real-estate covenants and racial job-ceilings, still calls to others from the mild climate and the open fields of the South . . . From cover to cover, this is a book of intellectual discipline and talent."—*The New Republic*

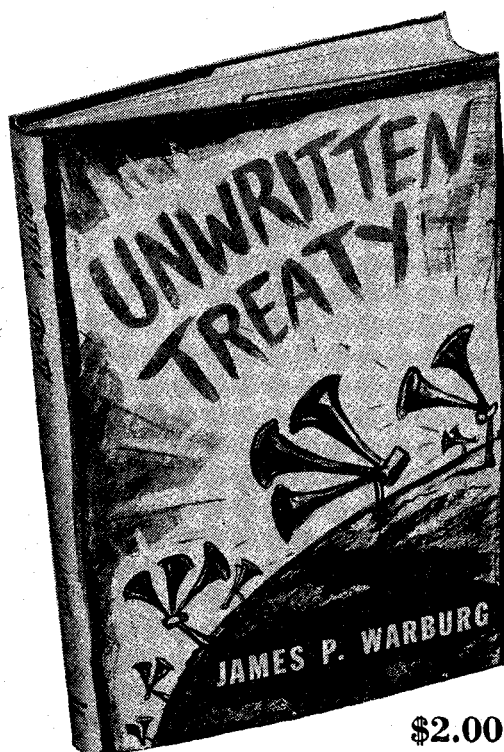
BUCKLIN MOON: "A rare combination of research and synthesis, a book to be deeply pondered. It offers no short cuts or magic solutions, but it contains the clearest picture of what it means to be a Negro in America that I have ever encountered."—*The Nation*

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR: "Readable, provocative both for the trained ecologists and general readers, such as students, social planners, and persons who wish to know more of the phenomenon of the growth of cities." *Charts and diagrams, \$5.00*

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UNWRITTEN TREATY presents the first concrete proposal ever put forward for the elimination of psychological warfare and for the organization of worldwide freedom of information—a freedom essential to lasting peace.

JAMES P. WARBURG in this book states clearly the difference between information and propaganda; he studies Axis propaganda techniques, and tells the inside story of Allied psychological counter-attack. His strong arguments in favor of psychological warfare disarmament, and detailed study of methods and techniques for accomplishing this purpose will excite provocative discussion everywhere.



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SINCLAIR LEWIS: A COMPARISON

by A FEMALE ADMIRER

As good Americans, we spend a vast amount of time wondering about our "progress" and measuring our own I.Q.'s and filling out quiz tests — with the answers on page 67 — and taking our cultural temperatures by checking over *How Good Are Your Manners?* Now we know. Sinclair Lewis of the photographic eye and the phonographic ear has told us. He has made careful recordings, at twenty-five-year intervals, of our manners and marriages out here in the great duck-shooting, furnace-regulating belt known as the Middle West.

His first clinical report in 1920, called *Main Street*, virtually obligated him to write this second report, which he has called *Cass Timberlane*. For the last scene of *Main Street* was both a promise and a threat, as Carol Kennicott, the pretty, iconoclastic, but innocuously straying wife, points to her sleeping baby and warns her husband, "Do you see that object on the pillow? Do you know what it is? It's a bomb to blow up smugness. If you Tories were wise, you wouldn't arrest anarchists; you'd arrest all these children while they're asleep in their cribs. Think of what that baby will see and meddle with before she dies in the year 2000!" And Will Kennicott yawns in husbandly agreement and wonders about putting up the storm windows.

Now, a generation later, we find out from *Cass Timberlane* whether that small human bomb turned out to be a dud, and just what kind of things it probably saw and meddled with during the twenty-five years while it was growing up and all the little Gopher Prairies were straining to be Grand Republics (and the Grand Republics to be Omahas).

Make no mistake about it; our progress in sophistication and civilization out here in the land of the nasal twang has been spectacular. Consider first the manners of naïve, gawky Gopher Prairie as depicted in *Main Street*, circa 1920; then compare them with those of Grand Republic as portrayed in *Cass Timberlane*. In the former book the rich, rude, noisy Harry Haydocks own the Bon Ton store and lord it over the town socially. But twenty-five years later, according to *Cass Timberlane*, we have progressed to the rich, rude, noisy Boone Havocks of Grand Republic, who own a construction business and a controlling interest in the Blue Ox National Bank.

You can see what a step up that is.

And the staunch, ungrammatical, highly solvent good friend, Sam Clark, of Gopher Prairie, whose house is filled with golden oak and cut-glass vases on doilies, gives way in the later book to the staunch, ungrammatical, highly solvent good friend, Roy Drover, whose house has air-conditioning and a rumpus room with a bar. Progress, obviously.

The social oligarchy of Gopher Prairie, the female Jolly Seventeen card club, which meets to eat and feel exclusive, is supplanted today in Grand Republic

by a male oligarchy, the Federal Club, which meets to eat and feel exclusive, abetted by plate-glass windows and a doorman. Pretty sophisticated, that last. And the amateur theatricals of funny little Gopher Prairie have now become the amateur theatricals of funny biggish Grand Republic, but this time they boast a paid director. That shows you our cultural strides.

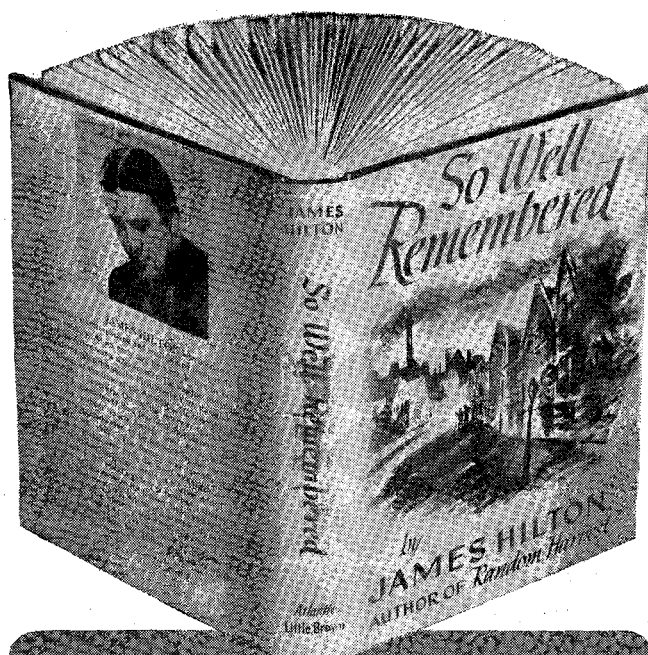
The two books point up sharply our vastly more civilized attitude today, over what it was twenty-five years ago, toward that old and sometimes trying institution, marriage. Each book relates the efforts of a solid citizen to tame a much younger wife. A wife just brimming over with whimsy and quick-silvery carping and sensitiveness and self-deprecating smugness. But whereas the husband in the earlier *Main Street* is only a rugged, capable, leaned-upon village doctor who reads nothing but the medical journals and the newspaper, the husband in *Cass Timberlane* is a rugged, capable, leaned-upon judge who reads law journals and the life of Lord Birkenhead. You can see the immense difference there.

Our new maturity is evidenced in the modern treatment of the discontented wife. In the first book, the doctor takes his bored wife away on a trip to the Grand Canyon in order to try to win her back. He fails, for she still insists on leaving him in order to Think Things Out. In the second book, the judge takes his bored wife clear to New York and the night clubs. True, his effort fails too, for she also insists on leaving him in order to Live Her Own Life; but think how much more broadening the latter trip must have been!

Nowhere is our newly mellowed attitude toward marriage and sex more clearly indicated than in the respective courses followed by the two bored wives. Poor Carol Kennicott, back in *Main Street* in 1920, can achieve relief from marital ennui only by going to Washington and holding down a rather tedious office job. Her doctor husband comes East once to plead with her, and make love to her, but he nobly goes back home to let her make up her mind. Actually, of course, it is her body which makes up her mind. For not until she feels her second baby stirring within her does she return to the tepid claims of marriage and home life.

Now observe Jinny, the Grand Republic wife, and see how fearless and untrammelled she is in 1945. No banal job-holding for her when she gets bored with matrimony. Instead, on that trip to New York and the night clubs with her husband, she slips out one afternoon while he is engaged in stodgy business and expresses her freedom by committing adultery with his best friend. Anyone can see what an advance this is in honesty and naturalness over the timid reticences of twenty-five years earlier. From stenography to adultery.

Again, like Carol, Jinny must have her freedom for a while — which freedom assumes the guise of the best-friend heel. And like Carol, when freedom palls, she returns to the lusterless claims of marriage and



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home life. Once more it is the body, rather than the mind, which decides; but the decision is not due to anything so artless as morning sickness. It is diabetes that sends her back to her singularly put-upon spouse — diabetes and the need for regular meals, insulin shots, and the payment of her bills. You can see how much more sophisticated this solution is. Diabetes in place of diapers.

However, nothing is so indicative of our amazing progress in the past twenty-five years as are the final words of the two books. *Main Street* ends with the mutterings of Doc Kennicott, the husband, about putting up storm windows. Whereas *Cass Timberlane* ends with the musings of Jinny, the wife, about putting up storm windows. Certainly that ought to be significant of something.

1 1 1

ALL TRIVIA

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By Logan Pearsall Smith

HARCOURT, BRACE

WHEN every new book is a "classic," the word loses most of its integrity and is merely an ornament in the hands of a reviewer. But if any small book of our time deserves to be called a classic in the sense that it has gently helped to enrich the minds of men and women, and has not perceptibly faded or lost luster in the quarter of a century of its existence, that book is *Trivia*. It is a minor miracle, also, that *Trivia* begot *More Trivia* — an equally enchanting and flawless cache of disembodied essays. Some years ago these two were combined with Mr. Smith's *Afterthoughts* and published as *All Trivia*. Now we have a new edition, emended and revised; presumably the aftermost afterthought of the author and afterthinker. In this tidy package, the immortal sketches which proved above all else that fine and even precious writing does not have to be long-winded are preserved for posterity. And may there be an atomic posterity urbane, intelligent, and sufficiently cultivated to keep the book in print.

There is nothing which one can say about *Trivia* which has not been said many times before. I never see the words Tulip, Lilac, Jasmin, Azure, Taffeta, and Scarlet, for example, without thinking of Magic and that little half-page essay in exquisite tribute to the Persian influence in our language.

Can there be any who have never so much as looked into *Trivia* — all or otherwise? If so, may these serve as a sampling.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

I sat there, hating the exuberance of her bust, and her high-coloured wig. And how could I listen to hushed music so close to those loud stockings? Then our eyes met: in both of us the enchanted chord was touched; we both looked through the same window into Heaven. In that moment of musical, shared delight, my soul and the unembodied soul of that large lady joined hands and sang like the Morning Stars together.

A FANCY

More than once, too, I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is good Company which will like this small sententious Book — these Thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of gray soft matter in the bowl of my skull.

No, this is a book, a mind, a personality, a lovely and televised daydream. I would give much not to find myself saying that this is the perfect bedside book. It is more than that. It is a day book and night book all in one. It is the comfort of inconsequential delight which is

the best by-product of your true personal philosophy. I come on but one aphorism which frightens me: "Pins, penknives, spectacles, scissors, great paper-cutters, umbrellas, and friends as large as life — the things I lose grow bigger and bigger every day, and one day soon I shall lose the big world itself." Until I have lost it, I shall not lose the memory of this book.

DAVID McCORD

NEW FRONTIERS IN ASIA

\$3.00

By Philip Jaffe

KNOFF

EVIDENCE accumulates that American interest in Pacific affairs will long outlast the more immediate consequences of victory. This interest is emphasized not only by an alert attention to the evolution of our policy respecting China's place in post-war Pacific Asia; it is equally evident in our nation's plans for Pacific bases and in the discussions relating to Japan's future. For the first time since the days of the old China trade and the clipper ship, the vast, intricate problems of the Pacific world stir popular imagination and economic curiosity simultaneously.

One stumbling block that has hitherto slowed progress in understanding the Orient has been the casual character of our diplomacy toward Asia. Even so recently as the Hurley affair, there has been testimony to the persisting hang-over of old-fashioned ideas among our policy makers. Of the social and economic forces at work among Asia's billion and a half human beings, little seems to have been officially known of them, and there has been only scant appraisal of their importance.

Brilliantly written, richly informed, bold in its challenge to the common sense of the West, *New Frontiers in Asia* is at once a warning and an appeal. The warning is set down in unmistakable fashion. Its gist is that the days of the old colonialism are finished, and the sooner all holders of imperial preserves in Asia recognize that fact, the better for all concerned.

No recent book on the Orient provides a more expert and cogent analysis of present political and social realities than the reader will find in these pages. Few critics of imperialism have performed a more workmanlike job of laying bare the inner impulses and consequences of the system. In the successive studies of India, China, and Japan which form the body of this volume, and in the two penetrating studies of Britain's and Russia's Asiatic policies which complete the book, Mr. Jaffe moves with confident familiarity.

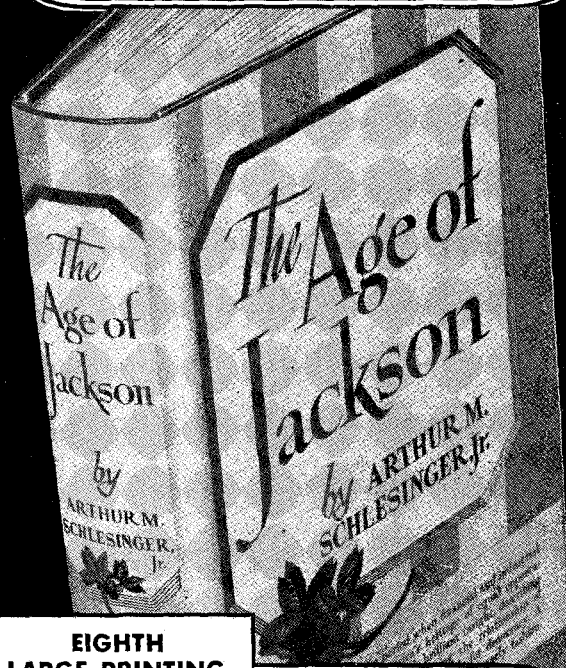
New Frontiers in Asia is, however, much more than a warning to the West to mend its ways. It is a study of the relationships between the advanced industrial powers and the vast, undeveloped Oriental world, and the author seeks to chart a course of accommodation of mutual interests between them.

Mr. Jaffe's thesis, dramatized against the background of surging nationalisms, is that progressive industrialization of Asia, through the coöperative assistance of the Western powers, promises prosperity for both and offers the only hope for preventing a fundamental division of the world into two armed camps. The industrial development sorely needed by India, China, and other Asiatic peoples is bound to proceed, whether or not an archaic and a frightened European imperialism seeks to thwart it. The Asia depicted in these pages is in no mood for continued quiescence. Mr. Jaffe foresees the teeming peoples of the greatest of continents, with other help denied them, turning to Russia.

The authority which the author brings to this whole subject is immense. As editor of the outstanding journal on Asiatic affairs published in this country, *Amerasia*, as an

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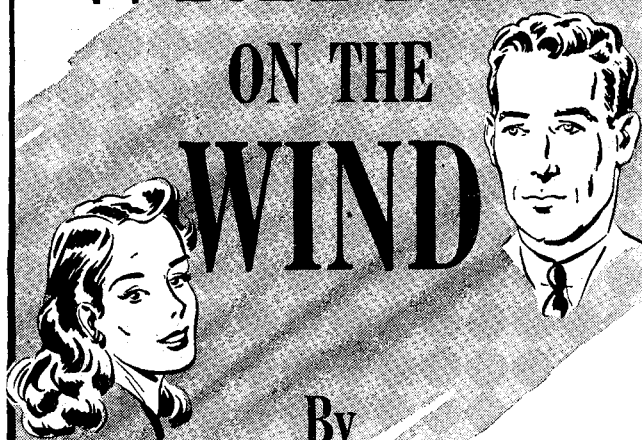
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JAMES H. POWERS

THE DIARIES OF TCHAIKOVSKY \$4.00
Translated by Wladimir Lakond NORTON

THE private (very private) diaries of Tchaikovsky, long preserved in the Tchaikovsky Museum at Klin, and released in 1923 by his brother Ippolit for publication in the original language, have now appeared in English translation. The composer is nowhere favored by expurgation. There is a diary for the summer of 1873, another for the spring and summer of 1884, and a series of them, with slight interruptions, from February, 1886, to May, 1890. The diary of the composer's visit to America in the spring of 1891, which appeared (almost complete, together with occasional excerpts from the earlier diaries) in the English version of the *Life and Letters* by his brother Modeste, is also included here.

Thus the diaries are carried through Tchaikovsky's ripest years until two years before his death. He was composing through all of them, but not his greatest works, except the Fifth Symphony, which he hardly mentions, and "Pique Dame." "Pique Dame" he seems to have written (contrary to his mood revealed elsewhere about his work in hand) with some satisfaction and even elation.

"It seems to me," wrote the self-examining Tchaikovsky on June 27, 1888, "that letters are never entirely sincere. I judge, at least, by myself. Regardless to whom or why I write, I always worry about what impression the letter will produce. . . . There, I am posing. . . . I am never myself in a letter." There is no question of "pose" in his diaries, but many momentary impulses are recorded. In one place he writes of his friend Taneiev, who had been indulging in some of his free criticism: "I cannot stand the provoking stupidity of that bully." But later, when Taneiev helps him with his orchestration, he writes: "I had a lively chat with the lovable Taneiev." He records his deeds with the sometimes devastating candor of one who never suspects that mortal eye will see what he has written. We live close to the composer, following his day-by-day routine, his neurotic fears, his reactions of affection or aversion to those about him, his indulgences and self-castigations.

It is a pitiable spectacle. He is a prey most of the time to nerve excitation. His composing relieves him ("work is a saviour," he writes). But when he overdoes it, he is left with a throbbing head. He writes elsewhere of the "mysteries of the creative spirit, which elects for its temple a vase so fragile and apparently incongruous." He is speaking of Glinka, but more closely describing himself. It seems a marvel, as one reads through the diaries, that that vase was not shattered. His physical disorders become a catalogue. More than death, he fears the loss of his power to compose.

His homosexual cravings leave him in an agony of frustration, and when, in the diary of 1884, he must stifle his affection for his nephew of thirteen, he calls himself a "monster," unfit for the society of men. In this most terrible of the diaries, he throws himself into card games for distraction, is unmannerly when he loses, and so gives himself new cause for self-reproach. Here and elsewhere he takes walks to quiet his nerves for composing. There is the oft-repeated self-accusation "drunkenness," and on the following day, "katzenjammer." Tchaikovsky was anything but a cheerful sinner.

That fragile "temple" of the spirit which was Tchaikov-

sky is not to be wholly understood by the music alone or the biographical record. He could not have been understood by the friends who loved him and no more than dimly suspected what lay hidden in the diaries. But the diaries are not the whole picture — God forbid! They are more for clinical knowledge than casual reading.

JOHN N. BURK

THE HOUSE NEAR PARIS

\$3.00

By Drue Tartière, with M. R. Werner

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

LAST summer thousands of Frenchmen flocked under the Eiffel Tower to inspect at close range American airplanes like those they had watched in sky battles over their country only a year before. The USAAF spokesman who inaugurated this exhibition dedicated it to the thousands of anonymous men, women, and children who had risked their lives sheltering fallen Allied airmen and piloting them to safety.

For security reasons it was impossible, as long as any deportees remained in German prison camps, to publicize the exploits of this great underground network. Books like *The House Near Paris*, following on the heels of such accounts as David Prosser's *Journey Underground* and Beirne Lay's *I've Had It*, should make the general American public more fully acquainted with the extent and nature of these rescue activities.

Drue Tartière, an American woman married to a Frenchman, also known on the stage and screen as Drue Leyton, remained in France during the entire occupation. "I am deeply conscious of the fact," she writes, "that I was merely a cog in the vast machinery of heroism which functioned daily in France against her oppressors." In finding food, clothing, and entertainment for many fallen Allied aviators, in sheltering some of them in her own house in Barbizon, in accompanying them to mysterious rendezvous, she was taking the same risks as hundreds of others.

Her peculiar usefulness came from her ability to appreciate the state of mind of boys from Texas and Iowa as well as the reactions of their French hosts. Among the aviators there were a few problem children who caused needless risks to their protectors; but on the whole, Drue Tartière testifies, they appreciated the kindness and courage of the people whose language they could not understand.

There are both poignancy and humor in these descriptions of bailed-out Allied flyers, silently suffering in the forest or cooped up in crowded Paris apartments. Who can forget the picture of M. Christol, clerk in a government office, who slept sitting in a chair when there were more flyers than beds in his home? Or the remark of Bill Spellman from Indiana, when he was put to bed on a divan in an American woman's Rue de Seine apartment beneath a Picasso portrait: "Do I have to sleep under that?"

Helping Allied airmen is only part of the author's "adventure in occupation and resistance." The earlier chapters of her narrative, unnecessarily long perhaps, cover more familiar ground: the flight to Bordeaux, the internment camp for American women at Vittel, and the countless problems of daily living in a Nazi-occupied country.

With a keen eye for places and people, Drue Tartière re-creates for American readers the atmosphere of fright and anxiety that went with living in a country which was for more than four years "one big prison, even for those who were not locked up officially."

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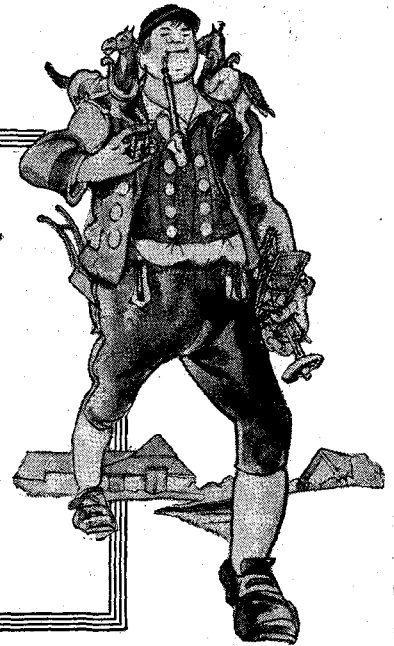
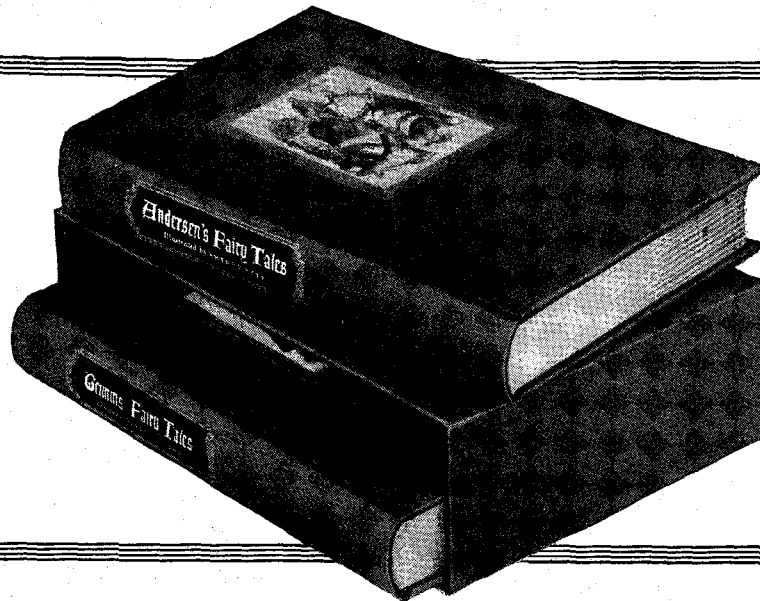
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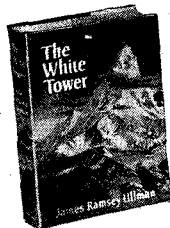
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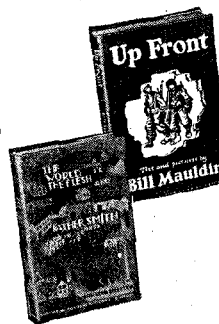
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